

PART OF
LUCIAN
MADE
ENGLISH
FROM THE
ORIGINALL.

In the Yeare 1638.

By IASPER MAYNE *then Master of Arts,*
and one of the Students of Christ Church.

To which are adjoynd those other Dialogues of
Lucian as they were formerly translated by M^r Francis Hicks.



OXFORD,
Printed by H. Hall. for R. Davis. 1663.

1941



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TO HIS EXCELLENCY,
W I L L I A M
MARQUESSE OF NEWCASTLE,
Knight of the most Illustrious Order of
the Garter, and one of the Lords of His
Majesties most Honourable Privy Councell.

May it please Your Excellency,



*These Pieces of LUCIAN, which (as
your Excellency can beare mee wit-
nesse) were Translated for your pri-
vate Entertainment above five and
twenty yeares since, like Fugitive
servants broken forth out of your Clo-
set, do now returne to you in a more Publike way. And
truly, My Lord, whether it were Malice or Mis-
take I know not, but they were here in this place ta-
ken for Wanderingers; And when they went to the
Presse, met the Whipping-post in their way, by*

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the over severe persecution of some needlessly morose.

Ineed not tell your Excellency, that Translations compared with their Originals are commonly pictures of very differing shapes; Or that the Conversion of the meanest Author from one Tongue into another is so hard a Taske, that the undertaker may as well contrive a Marriage between two disagreeing Elements; or beget a friendship between Fire and Snow, as reconcile the severall proprieties in which the severall. Tongues speake.

For as the Painter who would draw a man of a bald head, rumped fore-head, copper nose, pigge eyes, and ugly face, drawes him not to Life, nor doth the businesse of his Art, if he draw him less deformed, or ugly then he is; Or as he who would draw a faire, amiable Lady, limbes with an erring pencill, and drawes a Libell, not a Face, if he give her not her just features, and perfections: So in the Translation of Bookes, He who makes a dull Author, Elegant and quick; or a sharp, elegant Author flat, rustick, rude and dull, by contrary wayes commits the same sinne, and cannot be said to translate, but to transforme. Now of all Authours, I know none more hard to be render'd like Himselfe then Lucian: whose Greeke is not of one uniforme Webbe, like Plato, Thucidides, Polibius, or Eunapius; but of such a new, and particular Stile, and Composition, that his best Interpreters into Latine, Erasmus, S^r Thomas Moore,

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Moore, Melancthon, and some others, after all their learned diligence have but made him speake like a raw Traveller from one Country to another, and to expresse his mind imperfectly in the broken language of the place. The sharpnesse of his wit, the salt of his Expressions, the humour of his stile, and the Ayre of His conceptions, which in all his Writings have a secret, charming mixture, will require a pen dipt often in the standish, and the very Soul and Genius of the Author transmigrated into the Quill and Fancy of the Translatur.

How great a Rhetoritian, and Orator he was, appears by his Orationes, Some of which for the weight of his Arguments, the Distribution, and close pursuit of the parts, the Roundnesse of his periods: the rare Art in the choyce of his words, and Transitions, naturally sliding into one another, and musically tyed together, in a full floud, and torrent of perswasion: and yet like an even, un-interrupted stream, every where like himselfe, without Inæqualities, or swellings, may, without disparagement to such great Princes in that Art, stand in competition with the best Orationes in Demosthenes, or Isocrates; And do farre exceed any thing spoken by Gorgius, Leontinus, or Æschines, who in their Times were called the Eloquence of Greece.

'Tis true, His Subject, like Quintilian's in his Declamations, is sometimes Poëticall, and Fayned. But so free from Impossibilities, both for the matter, and

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the Dresse, the same skill which made him plead for the Dis-inherited Sonne, in any reall Court of Justice would have sent him victorious from the Bar, and have made the Judges side with his defended Truth.

Perhaps some, who (without Rivals) do think themselves great Oratours, may differ from me in Opinion. But surely more out of Pride, and Kindnesse to their own Meteor-compositions, then justice to Lucian: who, had he seen a self-conceited Preacher goe up buskind into the Pulpit, and there in a Tragickall stile, and voyce as Cothurnall, entertain his Hearers with a Romantick shewre of words, which promised Demonstration, the great Mountain of Discourse, but brought forth an abortive, poor, topicall Mouse; If he should hear a Text of Scripture transformed into a Chaos, pursued without just order, & stuffed with Bombast, & confusion; sometimes flying aloft into a thin cloud of Non-sence, as if the Preacher aymed at some high preferment in the Moon; or else had stolne his Sermon from Lucian's true History, which speaks of Ants & Gnats as big as Elephants, and Whales; and describes Battles fought by two Armies in the Sun; sometimes puffed up into such bubbles of Expression, as sound big to the eare, but are but bubbles to the eye, he would doubtless send such Garagantua, tumid Orators to the Doctor who cured his Lexiphanes of his Fustian disease, who upon the taking of a purge was deliver'd of a Tympany, and made to vomit all his tuffe, affected words, his Anodynes, Efforts, and Exertions up againe.

But

But I do not wonder that such Opiniators should be sick of this Disease: who having succeeded a canting Generation of men, whose Rhetorick was as rude, & mechanick as their persons, do defile the English Tongue with their Republick words, which are most immuscall to the Eare, and scarce significant to a Monarchicall understanding. Words which are the meer Excrements of Language; which proceeded from the late Body politic of this Vncivilized Nation, and were not allowed their legitimate concoxion, but broke forth into the World with Brutishness, and Rebellion. Coyned, & minted by those Seditious, Rump Grammarians, who did put their own impressions to the Kings Silver, and so committed Treason against their Prince, and their own rude stamp and sense to their Goth and Vandall words; and so committed Treason against His good people. Quem penes Arbitrium est & Jus & Norma loquendi.

Indeed it would make a man, who hath a true Taste in Rhetorick, and knowes from what fountains the waters are to be drawn, what ancient Examples in that Art are to be followed, and what just measure of Oyle is to be powr'd into his Lamp, who will speak with success, fall into a fit of Indignation, when he hears a rumbling fellow, to whom a Trope or Figure is unknowne, much more the Laws which give power and strength to a Discourse, start up a Rhetorician with no other furniture but Face, Impudence, and Noyse. And affront the ears of his hearers with a lump & heap of

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such indigested stufte, as hath no other excuse but that he spew'd it unpræmeditated. Such fellowes are only eloquent by faction; and nothing can preserve them from being like the tumultuary Orator, who bespoke a set of friends still to vote his speeches good.

How exactly skiled in all sorts of Philosophy he was, and how fit to sit down in the chaire, and be the Iudge of Controversies, your Excellency may perceive by his curious, and Logickall examination of all Sects, In his Hermetemus. From whence I know not whether Lactantius did not borrow his Christian Arguments to prove, that as they all grossly erred in their Notion of true Happines, (concerning which there were as many Opinions, as there were severall Schooles and Sects) so they were all no less mistaken in their Notion of Truth. Both, like the Oracle, concluding Socrates to be the VVisest man for saying, That he only knew this one Truth, that he truly knew nothing.

As for his VVit (a thing never yet perfectly defined) He hath had this previledge beyond most other VVriters, That as it never wanted a solid Ground and Foundation in Matter, so after so many Ages 'tis still Fresh and currant. Aristophanes, in a Comickall way, was doubtless one of the greatest wits of his Time. And the like might be said of Menander, if Time, which devours its children, had left us more the his Fragments, to judg him by: yet their wit being only fitted to the Humours

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mours and Persons of their own present Times, for the most part entred with the Prologue, and expired with the Epilogue of their Comœdies. And is now wit to none but those, who have taken the paines to be acquainted with the Manners of that Age; And can raise Laughter to themselves from the help of a Scholiast, to tell them, why Socrates was made ridiculous for being a grave man, or Cleon for being a Knight, and Senator of Athens.

The truth is, some kinds of wit are like some kinds of Garments, which hold fashion for a while, but grow old in the wearing, and are left off in compliance to a newer mode. Or as 'tis with small wines, which taste quick upon the place where they grow, but pawle, and dye, by the way, if they be transported by Sea into another Country.

Men of vulgar Judgments, and sanguine, aëry cōprehensions, think all wit cōsists in the sudden breaking of a Jest, or the quickness of an Epigram, or the Tooth of a Satyre, or the Newness of a Saying, which was not heard before: but these are but the lighter Ingredients of wit, which like Squibs, flash, and blaze, and perish in the kindling. To make wit lasting, and long lived, a well weighed mixture of Reason is required; A working Invention to contrive, and design, a quick fancy to give the Edge, and a sharpe Iudgement to apply, and to shape, and square all this to present Subject, and Occasion. In all which this Author was so great a Master, that his Compositions
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will be as lasting as the World. And his Images have already out-liv'd the Statues of Phidias, and Lysippus, though to give them Immortality, they were carved, and wrought in Marble, and Corinthian Brasse.

Notwithstanding all these Excellencies, set off with as great a variety of wit and matter, as can possibly match profit with delight; some Vineger men, at whose Births sure Saturne reign'd, and convey'd his leaden Influence into their Morosity and Manners, are not content in their dull, pedantick way to persecute all wit, as vitious, and profane, but seem wholly to incline to S^r Iohn Sucklin's opinion, who made a rich Alderman of London to have the greatest wit, for being perfectly well gifted in the Art of getting Money.

And these are they, My Lord, who have most wretchedly endeavour'd to change the fabulous Tradition, which goeth of Lucian's Death into true story; That returning from a Feast he was torne in pieces by Dogs. For first, among their other Ignorant aspersions, they have not stuck to call him Atheist: But is it not strange they should accuse Him of Atheism, who so ingeniously drove Idolatry out of the World? Before whose wit the Heathen Images fell to the Ground, as Dagon did before the Arke of God in the Scripture? Who did the business of S. Paul, and the rest of the Apostles, by taking their Divinity from Gods of wood and stone? Who stopt the mouthes of Oracles, quencht the fires upon their Altars, turn'd their Temples into Deserts,

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Deserts, undisguised their Delusions, and taught the
cosen'd World that they payd deare for Lyes and
Cheats? Was he an Atheist who would not allow
their Jupiter to be the Thunderer in Heaven, whose
Sepulcher and Cradle were to be seen in Creet?
Who thought no Religion was due to a Venus made
of Ivory; or to an Æsculapius which was the Crea-
ture of a Smith? Who laugh't at Gods made of the
same Materials with their Altars; And thought an
Apollo hewn out of a Tree not fit to be VVorship't,
but to Kindle an Oblation. If for this they call him
Atheist, they cannot acquit themselves from being
Infidels, and Heathens. They might as well affirme
that Clemens of Alexandria, Arnobius, Justin
Martyr, St Austin, and as many Fathers of the
Church, as armed their Pens against the Super-
stitions of those Times, were bred in Lucian's
Schoole: and like Him, were Atheists too. Since they
onely in a sober way proved such Gods to be no
Gods: He exposed them to the scorn and contempt
of those who did adore them. So that for my part, I
know not to whose writings wee more owe our Chri-
stianity, where the true God hath succeeded such a
multitude of false, whether to their grave confuta-
tions, or to his facetious wit.

Next, they object That hee is too Satyricall, and
puts too much Gall into his Inke. 'Tis much to be su-
spected That They who thus object, are guilty of the
Follies, Hypocrisies, and Crimes, which he with
so

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So much pleasant wit labours to reforme. For if they were innocent, why should they read his Workes with such trembling apprehensions, as if he were risen from the dead to pluck off their Disguises, and say, Ye are the men I meane? Why should any man who is not like the Fantasticke Gentleman, who thought the bare having of a great Library, which hee understood not, nor ever meant to studie, would make him a great Scholar, quarrell with a dead Author, and speake hardly of his Ashes, for telling a story of one sick of this Disease, who bought Epictetus Candlesticks in hope it would make him a Philosopher? Or of one who at an excessive price bought Orpheus Harpe, thinking it would enable him to draw Beasts and Trees like Him, and without learning of the Art, would make him a rare Musitian? Why should they be troubled with his Description of a Feast, where a company of Wrangling Philosophers met; who began the meale with a grave Discourse of Vertue; then drank themselves drunke in praise of Sobriety and Fasting; Then, as their wine inspired them, proceeded to hard Notions; Then by vertue of a bigger Glasse to a comparison of Sects; From a comparison of Sects to most rude, un-manlike Raylings; which concluded in a Civil Warre, where Platters were made weapons, and were changed to pewter Syllogismes, throwne at one anothers Heads? Was he too much a Satyrist, who called such a meale as this, by the name of the Battle fought

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fought betweene the Lapithæ's and Centaures? Or was his Character too Keene of such Hypocritical pretendrs, for saying, that they were meere æquivocall Good men, whose Phylosophy and Vertue lay in their sowre looks, their artificiall Gravity, their long beards, and formall Gownes? Did he bait his Hooke with too much Gall, who baited it with Gold, by which he makes whole Sholes of such grave dissembling men, place Happinesse in Wealth, and swimme Captives to his Angle? If such Truths as these deserve the name of Satyre, I must confesse hee was the best Satyrist in the World.

But can they who thus reproach him with the sharpnesse of his wit, say he was an Enemy to any thing but Vice? Was there ever a fairer Picture drawne of a truly Learned, Vertuous man then his Demona? Or could Demosthenes himselfe speake more in praise of his Owne Eloquence, then Lucian hath done for him? Or was there ever such a Picture of Beauty mixt with Vertue, as he drew of the Lady, which gave the Title to his Images? Yet some sowre formalists, who only want the long beards of his two faced Philosophers, to be as Pedantick, and perhaps as learned as They, have not onely without wit disparaged Lucian's wit, which hath beene the Delight and Admiration of all Ages, but have grinned at Mee for being his Translatour. 'Tis not a worke proper for a Divine, say they. 'Tis well

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well St Chrysostome lives not in our Dayes. For if I be thus censured for turning a few pieces of him into English, what punishment did he deserve, who, being a Father of the Church, with a very pious Theft, converted severall parts of him into Homilies and Sermons? But to assure their Wisedomes that they have barkt in the darke, without the help of Moon-shine to direct them in their Snarling, your Excellency knowes, I was no Divine, but a young Student of this Colledge, when these Sheets past through my Pen. But Lucian wrote against the Christians. 'Tis more tolerably spoken, and with lesse Ignorance then his, who said, Lucian was an Aerian, and wrote against Bishops. He might as well have sayd, that he wrote in Defence of Antichrist; Or that by the same Figure of wild Anticipation, He was an Arminian, because, In his Jupiter confuted, he wrote against Stoicisme, in the point of Fate, and Absolute Decree. The truth is, these men have taken popular error for their Guide. For if they will give credit to the Judgement of Philander, Micyllus, Opsopæus, Cognatus, and some others, who by the difference of Wit and Style, could discover a Spurious Author from a true: the Dialogues in which the Christians are reproacht, were none of his. Or if they were, How am I to be accused, who have not made them English, but have left them lockt up in their owne untranslated Greeke? But he Wrote an Obscene Lucius, and Meretricious Dilaogues,

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not fit for the Eyes or Eares of a Chaste, or Christian Reader. These too I have left with their owne Curtaine drawne before them, and have not held a Candle to the Mysterious doings of a Stewes.

The truth is, My Lord, in this Translation I am guilty but of one great Offence, which these sharpe-sighted Men have most grossly overseene. And that is, not an Offence against them, but against your Excellency, for not Translating more. Which I had done, if the late barbarous Times had not broke into my Study. And by raising a Rebellion against Learning, and their Prince, had not called You away to lead an Army in the Field. Where I reasonably supposed, that in the Head of a Campe, you could not finde leisure for such Divertisements as these. But when a Powerfull Enemy was in view, and ready to joyne Battle, would have thought it a very incongruous Recreation to read such Bookes as these with your Sword and Helmet on; or to Issue forth your Orders with a Lucian in your hand. For the clearing, therefore, of the many Obligations, which beyond all requitall you have often layd upon mee, I beseech you to accept of my VWill for the Deed; Nor to dispise this Sacrifice, because the Sheepe is taken from another man's Fold, or because the Sheafe grew in another man's Field. But to put the greater value upon this meane Addresse, which
to

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to show mee gratefull, hath put mee into the Number of those very poore people, who are fayne to borrow the Money with which they pay their Debts.

Christ Church.
Aug: 10. 1663.

Your Excellencie's reall Honourer,

and much obliged Servant

JASPER MAYNE.





An Answer to one that said, You are PROMETHEUS in your Speeches.



PROMETHEUS am I then? If good Sir, you say so, because my works have *Earth* in them, I allow the Comparison, and confesse my selfe like him; nor refuse to be call'd a potter; though my Clay be much baser, and almost as barbarous and course, as that which lies in the streer. But if over praying my speeches for curious, and artificial, you entitle them to the wisest of the *Titans*, take heed lest some body say, you speak Ironie; and that you attire an Attick flout in a Commendation. But where, I pray, am I so curious? Or in which of my writings perceive you this overpolish'd *Promethean* Wisedome? 'Tis enough for me that they are not wholly compoled of *Earth*; or fit to be rewarded with *Caucasus*. But with how much more Justice may you be compared to *Prometheus*, who are so fam'd for your pleadings, and for making Warres against the Truth? Yours are living, breathing works, and carry a heat with them, which hath flame in it; wherein you truly imitate *Prometheus*, only here's the difference; most of you work not in Clay, but raise golden pieces. I, who addresse my selfe to the Multitude, and glory in their Attention. shew forth only some certain dead Images; And, as I said before, like puppet-makers, and potters, busie my selfe in clay; having neither life nor motion in my doings,

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but

but making my Recreation and Play my businesse. I cannot then, but consider, whetheryou call'd me not *Prometheus*, as the Comœdian call'd *Cleon*, when he said *Cleon* was an after game *Prometheus*. Or as the Athenians call'd all those who made pots and pans, and wrought in clay, *Prometheus*; alluding, I suppose, to their materials, and the baking of their vessels in the fire. If this be the meaning of your *Prometheus*, you have aimed your dart aright, and have tipt it with an Attick sharpnesse, and point. Since my works are as frail, and brittle as their pots, and are ready to shiver and break upon the least dash of a stone. But some man, for my encouragement, will say, in comparing my doings to *Prometheus*, you have prayesd their Novelty, as following no Copie, or Example. As he when there were yet none, first invented, and framed Men; shaping and trimming his new Creatures so, as to be quick of Motion, and graceful in Aspect. Wherein though he were the Artificer, yet *Minerva* assisted; who inspired the Clay, and breathed a Soul, and life into the Workmanship. Thus may some man say, and give a fair construction to your Words. And perhaps this was your meaning. But this satisfies me not, if I be thought a Broacher of Novelties; since nothing can be named more ancient then that Originall by which my works are drawn. Yet if they wanted Gracefulnesse, or Beauty, I should both blush for them, and, would have you know, should tread them under foot. Who am not forsaken with Novelty, as not to despise it, if it come misshapen. Since, should I think otherwise, I were worthy to be torn by sixteen Vultures; Not understanding how much the Deformity of things is increased by their strangenesse. *Ptolomy*, therefore the sonne of *Lagus*, having brought two strange things into *Egypt*, a *Bactrian* Camel all over black; And a man equally divided into two Colours, one halfe exactly black, the other exceeding white; and having assembled the Egyptians in the Thea-

ter, and entertain'd them with many other shovves; at last presented the Camel, and party colour'd man, thinking to raise their wonder by the sight. But they much frighted at the Camel, were ready to runne away in Tumult: Though he were deckt all over with gold, had trappings of purple, and a bridle inlaid with Jewels; The wealth or Treasure perhaps of some *Darius*, or *Cambyses*, or *Cyrus*. But at sight of the man many laught: Others turn'd away their faces, as from some Prodigie. Whereupon *Ptolomy* perceiving, that they took not as he intended, and that the *Ægyptians* were not at all amazed with their strangeness, but rather prefer'd things comely and well featur'd, caused them to be removed, not having the man afterwards in such value as before: And suffering the Camel to die neglected, he gave the two-colour'd man to one *Thespius* a Minstrell for playing well at a drinking. So I may well fear lest my works shew like a Camel before the *Ægyptians*: However some men may admire their bridle, and purple. For that they are compounded of two excellent things, *Dialogue*, and *Comedy*, is not enough to give them Elegancy, and forme, unlesse there be agreement, and measure, and harmony in the Mixture. For from two Excellencies may arise a disfigured composition, as is ordinarily reported of *Centaures*; which you will not call an amiable creature, but rather a Creature of Contempt: If we may believe painters, who alwaies limbe them amidst their drunkenness, and slaughters. What then? may there not spring a well favour'd Compound, from two beauties mixt? As when Wine is mingled with hony, may I not say both are sweetly tempered? I will not earnestly affirme my writings to be such; But fear lest their Composition have corrupted their beauty. For *Dialogue* and *Comedy*, have not alwaies been friends, and matcht together. Since that kept at home, and delighted in solitary walks, and maintain'd discourse but with some few; whereas this wholly

giving over it selfe to *Bacchus*, lived in the Theater, and there raised sport, and laughter, darted jests, and danced to the pipe in numbers: Sometimes speaking in Anapaests; it scott at those who studied *Dialogue*, calling them men of anxious Contemplations, and Romancers of high matters, and the like; observing only one way of presentment, which was to jeer them, and with a *Dyonisian* Liberty to bring them in, sometimes walking in the Ayre, and conversing with Clouds; sometimes measuring the jumps, and skippings of Fleas; as men who disputed light, Aery matters too subtly. On the other side *Dialogue* held reverend disputes of the nature of things, and of virtues of Philosophers; so that, according to the Proverb of the Musicians, there was twice the distance of all Gamut, from the highest note to the lowest and basest, between them; And yet have I dared to unite things of this distance, and to raise agreement from things disagreeing, and not well enduring fellowship: And from hence have reason to feare, lest I seem to have attempted something like to your *Prometheus*, in mingling a woman with a man, and do therefore undergoe your Arraignment. Nay, lest I have enterprized something worse, and conzened my Hearers by inviting them to bones cover'd with fat, and drest a *Comick* Laughrer in the Gravitie of a Philosopher. As for Thee very, of all things you can never charge that upon my writings. From whom should I steal? unless there be some one, not yet come to my knowledge, who hath written of *Chimæra's*, and *Gyants*. Besides, what would would you have me do? 'Tis good to pursue an Enterprize once begun; since to change purposes belongs to *Epimetheus*, not *Prometheus*.

An

*An Epistle to Nigrinus.**Lucian to Nigrinus wisheth prosperity.*

OWles to Athens, sayes the Proverb; as if 'twere ridiculous to carry Owlesthither, where is such plenty. So for me to write, and send my book to *Nigrinus* accompanied with power and force of vvords, vvere to fall under the ridiculous Proverb, and to send Ovvles indeed. My purpose being only to acquaint thee, hovv I am, and hovv thy Speeches have left such deep Impressions in me, I dissent from *Thucydides* saying, that Ignorance makes men bold, and consideration fearfull: Since 'tis manifest that not Ignorance alone, but the desire and love of Conversation and Speech is the cause of this my boldnesse. Farevvell.

*Nigrinus, or the Manners of Philosophers.**The Speakers. Lucian and a Philosopher.*

Lucian. Hovv venerable, and exalted you are return'd? neither vouchsafing to look on us any more, or to afford us your Company, or to mingle discourses vvith us, but are of a suddain transformed into One vvho contemnes all men. I vvould gladly knowv of you, hovv you arriv'd to this Insolence, and upon vvhat reasons?

Philos. What Reasons can there be, my friend, but felicitie?

Luci: Hovv say you?

Philos: Marry, that beyond my Expectations I am return'd prosperous and happy, and to borrowv an Expressi-on from the Stage, thrice happy.

Luci: O *Hercules*! in so short a Time?

Philos:

Philosoph: Tis even so.

Lucian. But what else is there which makes you so proud, as not to allow us to rejoyce at your good fortune, or to hear the truth of your whole Story?

Philosoph: Is't not a thing to be admired, think you, for a slave to returne free, a begger rich, a fool wise, and a mad-man recover'd?

Lucian. Yes surely: Yet I understand not clearly what you drive at.

Philosoph: I went into the City, then, to find a Surgeon for my Eyes; whole pain very much increased, and grew upon me.

Lucian. All this I know; and wisht you might light upon a skilfull one.

Philos: Having purposed also, of a long time to bestow a visit upon *Nigrinus*, the Platonick Philosopher, rising early, I went to Salute him, and knocking at his door, a boy carryed in the Message, and I was sent for in. At my first Entrance, I found him with a book in his hand, beset round with the Images of the ancient Wise-men. In the midst of the room stood a table bettrewed with Geometricall Diagrammes, & figures; and a Sphere resembling the Universe. Saluting me very friendly, he askt me how I did; I having made him an account, for return, askt him how he did, and whether his resolution held for another voyage into *Greece*. He no sooner began to speak, and to open his mind, but his words fell upon me in such a showre of *Ambrosia*, that me-thought (if ever there were any) I was among *Homers* ancient Syrens, and Nightingales. So Divinely he uttered himselfe, when falling into the praise of Philosophy, and the Child thereof, Liberty, he laught at those things which the vulgar esteeme good; Riches, Glory, Kingdomes, and Honour, Gold also, and Purple; and those other things prized commonly by the most, and till then by me. Which I received with an attentive
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and open mind, saw not for the present, the thing to which I might compare my selfe: but was cast into a Distraction; sometimes greiving to hear those things most precious to me, Riches, Gold and Glory disproved; almost weeping at their Confutation; now again accounting them bale and contemptible. Much joyed, though, that I now began to look through the clouds, and Gloominesse of my former life: wherefore wholly forgetting the cure of my eyes, as a vanity, my mind by little and little began to be very sharp sighted, which till then I carried about with me blind; till passing on, I became the thing whereof you accuse me; a Man advanced, and carried aloft by his discourse, and unable ever since to submit to small contemplations. For that happen'd to me concerning Philosophy, which is reported to have happen'd to the Indians concerning Wine; who being naturally hot, upon their first taste of a liquor so enflaming, presently grew mad, and were twice as much enraged as other men. Just so doe I appear to you, drunk and reeling with all discourtes; though this is not to be drunk, but discreet and sober.

Lucian. I would faine, (if it may be without your trouble) hear his discourses reported, securing them from my disdain; being such a hearer as is both a friend to your selfe, and one who hath heretofore spent time in such lofty studies. •

Philosoph. I obey your desires Sir, since according to that halfe verse in *Homer*, you petition One already willing; who, if you had not prevented me, had voluntarily craved your attention. For I desire to make you a witnesse to others, that I am not mad without reason; it being my delight to exercise, and make repetitions to my selfe, though no body be present; and twice or thrice a day solitarily to revolve what I heard. And as lovers supplie the absence of those they love with the remembrance of their Words or Actions, and fixing their
thoughts

thoughts upon them, couzen their Longings with their memory, as if those they loved were present; framing to themselves imaginarie Dialogues, and takeing pleasure in those things which they then seem to hear, as when they were at first spoken; and applying their minds to the remembrance of things past, busiethemselfes as if they lay before them: so I take no small satisfaction in recollecting those absent discourses of Philosophy which I once heard; and like Sea-men, or Travellers in the dark, do steer my Course by this Candle, alwaies imagining that man to be present to my Actions, and as it were still hearing his discourse; sometimes raising my Contemplation, methinks I have his face in my eyes, and his words in my eares; so truly did he verifie that of the *Comedian*, and left a sting in his Hearers.

Lucian. Spare further Prefaces, admired Sir, and begin your storie; for you doe not a little torment and tire my expectation.

Philosoph: You say true, my friend, and what is fit; But first I pray have you seen an ill Tragick or Comick Actor; those I mean who are hist, who spoiling good Poems with bad Actions, are at last pluckt off the stage, though the play, perchance, deserve Bayes and Clappes?

Lucian. I know many such; But why aske you?

Philosoph: Because I fear lest I seem to you to imitate them; whilst giving no right order to my rehearse, I corrupt his meaning by my weaknesse, and wrong the Play by repetition. As for my selfe your disallowance will not much trouble me; But I should be sorry a good argument should suffer in my delivery, or grow disfigured under my performance. Remember then, that through my whole Narration the Actors faults be not laid upon the Poet, but remove him far from the stage, as not concerned by that which is done in the Theater. I, in the meane time, will give you a taste what a play-

yer I am for my memory ; otherwise not at all differing from a messenger in a Tragedy. Wherefore if I report any thing imperfectly, think that which was left out, best; and that the Poet would have told it with more advantage : and then if you hisse me, I shall not much care.

Lucian. An excellent exordium, by *Mercury*, and continued like a Rhetorician. You would adde now, that you stayed not long with him, and that you come unprovided to speak, and that 'twere better hear him make his own report; and that you brought not away all, but as much as was possible for you at that time to binde up in your memory. Were you not about to say thus? I shall therefore hold you excused, and desire you to think you have Spun a sufficient preface to your Story : Since I, for my part, am ready to give you my applause; whereas if you tire me longer, I shall remember my vexation by the way, and hisse aloud.

Philosoph. Surely 'twas in my purpose to say as much as you have past over; and to have added, besides, that to deliver things in this order, and to draw them into the like continued web, is to me impossible; since striving to make him speak with my voice, I should once more be like those players, who sustaining the person of *Agamemnon*, or *Creon*, or *Hercules*, and being richly drest, and looking majestickly, and straining to speak bigge, come off in a slender, treble, womanish voice, much smaller then that of *Hecuba*, or her daughter *Polyxena*: least therefore their Accusations become mine, by acting a part too great for me, and thereby disgracing my properties, I will speak in my owne naked person; least where I slippe, that Divine personage, whom I represent, should fall with me.

Lucian. This fellow will never leave vexing me with similitudes taken from Tragedies, and the stage.

Philosoph. I have done, and now come to the matter.

The entrance to this discourse, then, was a Commendation of *Greece*, and of the students at *Athens*, who were equally bred to Philosophy, and want; neither vainly delighted with the sight of the Citizens, nor so taken with strangers as by their new fashions to corrupt their education; But if any came among them so disposed, they by little and little transformed him, and untaught him his former manners; and wrought him into a purer kind of behaviour and carriage. I remember he told a story of one of those spanglers, and glittering men, who came to *Athens* very brave, and gallant, numerously attended, and variously apparelled; who supposed himself to be much æmulated by all the Athenians, and thought a Demigod: but appeared to those a man much to be pittied, who presently began to instruct him, not harshly, or openly dissuading him to live in a free City, as he pleased. But after he began to be troublesome to their Schooles, and Bathes, thronging all Passengers with his Crowd of followers, one in a concealed low voice, scarce able to reach him, would say, I was affraid least this gallant would have been smother'd at washing: Another, the Bathes have enjoyed a long peace, what need of such an Army then? He in the meantime over-heard things as they were, and took in Instruction. Again when he took off his Imbroideries, and purple, pleasantly jeering his Flowers, and colours, some would say, The spring is come: others, From whence flew this peacock? others, Perhaps these feathers were his mothers, and the like. And so passing their scoffes on other things, sometimes they would flout the multitude of his Rings: sometimes the superfluous curling of his haire: sometimes the Luxury of his Diet, till insensibly he grew discreet, and being thus publickly reformed, departed much better then he came. How little they are ashamed to professe poverty, appears by a passage vvhich he recounted to me, vvhich happen'd publickly at the celebration of the Athenian Games; where

vvhere one of the Town was apprehended and brought before the Judge of the sports, for coming to the showv in a died suit; vvhen the rest sawv, they pittied the man, and besought his pardon; and vvhen the crier proclaimed, he had broke the Law, which allowed no spectators so apparell'd, as if they had before consulted, they all cryed out with one voice, that liberty should be granted to one so arrayed, seeing he had no more cloathes. Such passages as these he much extol'd; as also the freedom of the place, the frugality of their Diet, the Calmes, and tranquillity of the people which they possesse un-envied. Assuring me withall, that their life was agreeable to their Philosophie; and was able to preserve manners in their purity; and that to a vertuous man, and one who had learn'd to despise Riches, and had resolved to order his life by these things which were naturally honest, no place afforded such suiteable Conversation. But to a man that loved wealth, and took delight in Gold, and measured happinesse by his power, and purple; who never tasted liberty, or made tryall of freedome, or beheld Truth, but was bred up in flatteries, and servitude, vvho sacrificed his soule in obedience to pleasure, and loved luxurious feastes, or excesse of wine, or use of women, filling himselfe with Impostures, Cousenage, and lies: As also to him who took pleasure in light Musicke, or in loose lascivious songs, the conversation of this place was most proper. For here every street, and market place is stored with the things which they most affect; and men are free to take in pleasure at all their gates and senses, their eyes, their eares, their smell, their palate, their Imbracements, and Touch; which running in one eternall, muddy, troubled stream, drownes and overflowses all passages; Adultery, and coverousnesse, and perjury, and such a tribe of pleasures, meeting there together in one

chanell: whence the soule being over-whelmed by a deluge, modestie, vertue, and justice become utterly unjoynted, and lost; leaving the place void and empty, and in their stead a thirst, and spring of vices of severall kinds and formes. This character he gave me of this City, the nurse and mistresse of such vertues. I therefore, said he, no sooner set sail from *Greece*, and arrived neer my owne shoare, when recollecting my thoughts I askt my selfe the reason of my returne; Applying that verse of *Homer* to my selfe, O most unhappy Wight, why leaving *Phæbus* light, (*Greece* you must suppose, and the happinesse, and the liberty of those parts) art thou come back? that thou mayest behold the disorder of this place, Sycophants, proud salutes, prolonged suppers, flatterers, murders, expectation of dead mens wills, and dissembled friendship? or what wilt thou doe, who canst neither reforme, nor yet practice the bad Customes of the place? Reasoning thus with my selfe, as *Jupiter* did *Hector*, so I withdrew my selfe from the pikes, and slaughters, and skirmishes of the World; resolving ever after to keep at home, and proposing to my selfe this womanish, or (as some may call it) dastardly course of life. I hold discourses with *Philosophie*, *Plato*, and *truth*: And placing my selfe as if I were in some populous Theater, I look downe from aloft upon the Carriage of affaires abroad; partly as they are able to stirre recreation, and provoke laughter, partly as they are able to prove the Constancie of a resolute man. For if it be seemly to speak in praise of vice, you cannot imagine where the exercise of vertue is greater, or where mindes undergoe stronger trials, then amid'st the manners of this City. For 'tis no small victory to resist so many temptations, so many charming spectacles, and attracting allurements: But like *Ulysses* to sail by them, not with hands bound,

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(which were cowardly) nor with eares stopt with wax, but with attention, and loose, requires a mind sublimated, and raised above them. You will admire Philosophie, if you set it in comparifon with fuch madneffe; and contemne the Goods of fortune, beholding, as it were in a Scene, or varying Comedie, a fervant fometimes to come forth a mafter, a rich man to become poor; And on the contrary, a beggar to become a Lord, or Prince; one man to be a friend, another an enemy, a third an exile. But the thing moft deplorable is, that though fortune plainly teftify that the bufinesses of mortals are her paffime; and though men dailey fee that nothing is ftable, and fixt, yet they ftill itch after riches, and great place, and ftill walke on in the purfuit of fucceffleffe hopes. Now whereas I told you 'twas fit to laugh and raife mirth from ordinary Occurrences, fo I will give you fome examples. Is't not good Comedie to fee rich men difplay their purple, brandifh their rings, and bewray fo much folly? But the great vanity of all is, that they falute thofe they meet by others mouthes, and account it a great favour to vouchsafethem a look. Others more venerable, and expecting Adoration, are not to be faluted a far off, nor after the Persian manner, but are to be approach't with a low obeifance; And in fashioning your addrefse before you come neer, you are to fignifie the humility of your mind, by the pofture of your body; and then are permitted to kiffe their breaft or hand: which in thofe who were never fo favoured, ftirres a matter of emulation, and regard, whileft you, all the while, deliver your felfe over to be coufen'd. Where I cannot but praife their inhumanity, for not faluting us with their mouth. Much more ridiculous are thofe their retainers, and clients, who rifing at mid-night, fetch a Compaffe, and walke about the Citty; and after all are excluded by the fervants; and fuffer themfelves to be called dogges, flatterers, and the like. The reward of their tedious Circuit,

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is a troublesome supper, and the cause of many mischiefs; where eating much, and drinking more then is fit, and speaking many things not to be named, at last finding fault and discontent they depart, either blaming their entertainment, or disrespect, or the baseness of the invitation: Bespewing the Lanes also, and Allies, as they passe; or quarrelling in vile bawdy-houses, whereby most of them the next day are faine to keep their beds, and to send for Chirurgeons; others, most absurdly, scarce refrain making visits in their sicknesse. I, in the mean time, hold these who thus flatter, much more miserable and lost, then those who are flattered: as being the principall authors of the others pride. For when they admire their plenty, and extoll their wealth, and every morning beset their doors, and in their ordinary accostments salute them as their Masters, what must the others think of themselves? Whereas, if by common agreement they would forbear, though it were but a while, this voluntary servitude, do you not think the rich would come a begging to poor mens doors, and make suit to them not to let their Felicity lie without spectators, and witnesses? or the bravery of their tables, and magnificence of their Buildings, to stand uselesse and unregarded? For none are so enamoured of their treasures, as to think themselves therefore happy because they have them; since possession would give little value to stately palaces, Chests of Gold, and boards of Ivorie, were there not some body to admire them. 'Twere fit therefore, for the Abatement of their estimation and power, to encounter rich men with contempt; since humouring of them increases their folly. But for men unletter'd, and openly professing ignorance, to doe thus, may perhaps be thought tolerable. That which most deserves a Satyre, is, that those who make profession of Philosophy, doe things yet more ridiculous. How think you, am I troubled in my soule, when I see a man of reverend years
mingle

minge himfelfe with a troop of flatterers, and give his attendance to fome great officer, and at fupper to mix difcourfe with other retainers, yet the more taken notice of for his habits fake? Though I ftomack moft that they change not their garb, as well as act all the other parts in the Play. For as for thofe things which paffe at fuch invitations, to which of the flatterers are they to be compared? Doe they not eate with much leffe moderation? Are they not much more apparently drunk? They alwaies rifelaft, and ftrove to carrie away more then others: And if there be any one of them of a finer education, many times he will offer to fmg. Thefe things he obferved as ridiculous, particularly alfo taxing thofe who taught Philofophy for reward, and fold vertue, as it were, in the market; calling their Schools fhopps, and fhambles; and thinking it moft reasonable, that he who taught others to defpife wealth, fhould firft render himfelfe above gaine: fince it was his owne ordinary courfe, not only to inftitute thofe who would learne gratis, but if need were to fupply their wants out of his generous contempt of riches; being fo farre from coveting things which did not concerne him, as not to bend his cares to the prefervation of thofe things which were his owne; for many years not once vouchsafeing to vifit a farme which he had neer the City. For firft, he made queftion whether he might call it his owne: proceeding I fuppoſe by this diftinction, that by nature we are not Lords of any thing; but that by law, and fucceſſion, we obtain an uncertain poſſeſſion, and uſe of things; and are for a little time called owners; and when our ſet terme is expired, that then they paffe on to another, who bares that name. Many other exemplary things he had in him worthy of imitation; the plainneſſe of his diet, the moderation of his exerciſe, the gravity of his perſon, the decency of his apparel, but above all the equall temper, and ſweetneſſe of his behaviour. His manner was to admoniſh ſuch as reſorted

to him, not to deferre their amendment, (as many do; who set themselves certain feasts, and solemne times, from whence to beginne to leave off lying, and to do things which are honest) maintaining that the imbracements of vertue ought to be without delay. He also condemned those Philosophers very much, who placed the exercise of vertue in accustoming their young Schollers to the labours, and hardnesses which they were to resist; commanding them sometimes to be bound, and whipt; others, somewhat more elegant, used to cut prints in their flesh with a rasour: whereas, said he, 'twere much better to beget an hardinesse and courage in their soules first; that way of education being still to be preferred, which partly regards the minde, partly the body, partly the learners age, and former course of breeding; it being a great fault in Tutors to take their Schollers beyond their abilities; since many too hard set have died under their impositions. One I knew, said he; who having tasted their cruell discipline, at the first hearing of more rationall discourses (as if he had then come to himselfe) irrecoverably forsook them, and lived ever after very contentedly. Here he past on, and speaking of other professions, at last fell upon the disturbances, and Justlings of the City; not omitting the Theater, the horse-race, Horsemens statues, names of great horses, and the Crackes made of them in by-Corners. For, said he, there is not a more usual madnesse then that of Horse-race; wherewith also many who weare the countenance of vertue are infected. After this entring, as it were, upon another Act of the play, he toucht upon those passages which fall out at funeralls, and making of wills: Adding, moreover, that the Romans in all their life time uttered but one true word, meaning in their wills; so that the Testator never enjoys the benefit of his owne truth. I could not refrain laughter, when he proceeded, and said, the Romans desired to have their ignorance buried with them,
and

and yet proclaimed their stupidity by their wills; whilest some command those cloathes of best value worn by them in their life time to be burnt with them; Others leave so many servants to attend their graves; Others give order for the crowning of their pillars with chaplets; prolonging their folly beyond their funeralls; and leaving it to conjecture what they did alive, when they provide for such monuments after their death. For these are they, said he, who buy only that meat which costs most; who at their entertainments drink wine with musick, and Odours; who in the midst of winter crown themselves with roses, which they prize from their unseasonableness, and scarcity; disdayning those as worthlesse which are of a timely and naturall growth. These are they who drink perfumes: where, by the way, he carp't at those who knew not how to order, and use their pleasures; but sinned by the preposterous shuffling, and confusion of them; suffering them utterly to trample upon and vvashte the soule; being, according to that saying of the Tragedy, themselves hurried beyond the mark. This he said, vvas a meere solœcisme in pleasure; Imitating *Momus*, I believe, in his reprehension. For as he found fault vvith God for making a Bull, and not placing his horns before his eyes; so he blamed those vvho vvore Garlands, and knew not their right place; For, said he, if they delight in the Ayre, or sent of violets, and roses, they should vveare them just under their noses, as neer the place of breathing as may be, that the smell may strike their sense the stronglier. He laught also at those vvho spent their studies in the contrivance of curious entertainments; affecting unknowvn sauces, and variety of dishes, and putting themselves to so much charge and trouble for the love of a short transitory pleasure. For he made it a clear case, that all their paines vvore laid out upon the bredth of four fingers, vvhich, said he, is the measure of the longest throat; For they cannot enjoy the pleasures of their

dainties before they eat them; nor differ they in taste, though never so costly, from courser fare after they have eaten them. It remains, then, that after their great sums, they bought meerly that short pleasure which they took in the passage and going down. And they are justly punished, said he, for their ignorance, who understand not those true pleasures which Philosophy bestowes on the industrious. He discours'd to me, also, many things concerning Bathes: How vainly they are frequented; what affronts are there offer'd; how some are carried thither upon their servants shoulders, as it were to their funeral. One thing ordinarily practis'd in the City, but most usuall in Bathes, he much inveighed against: That is, to have some servants go before to warne them to look to their footing, as they are to passe over some hole, or by some place which jets out; most absurdly instructing them how they are to tread. A thing in his judgment much to be complain'd of: that since they did not dine or suppe with others mouthes or hands, nor hear with others eares, yet being in perfect sense they should imploy others eyes to see for them, and be guided by directions scarce fit to be given to men blind or lame; and this at mid-day, in the open street, when as they themselves have the managing of the state. This and much more he briefly past over, and so ended his discourse. I all the while listening to him like one entranced, and still fearing he should give over. For he was no sooner silent, but that befell me which happen'd to the people of *Corcyra*. Long fixt I mine eyes upon him like one enchanted; Then suffering in my selfe a great confusion, and Tumult, first I fell into a cold sweat, next labouring to speak, I sunk down, and was unable: my voice failed, and my tongue denied its office; and to conclude, for want of other expression, I fell a crying. For his discourse did not lightly raze my skin, or leave in me a casuall impression, but the stroke was deep, and home, and his speech so rightly aimed, that, as I may so say, it entred, and cleft my very soule.

For if, under correction, I may now passe my judgment of Philosophicall discourses, this is my opinion of them: The mind of every ingenious man is like a soft delicate Butt; many Archers there are in the world, who carry quivers filled with discourses of all sorts; yet all doe not hit the marke: But some drawing their Bow too hard, give too much force to their Shaft, which flies home, indeed, but stickes not; but through too much strength passeth through the Butt, leaving a great gappe and wound in the Soule. Others again on the contrary through the weaknesse of their Armes, and slacknesse of their Bow, shoot not home; but their Arrowes languishing in their flight, fall down many times in the mid-way: Or if they chanceto reach the marke, they doe but superficially touch it, and leave no impression; as not being discharged with might enough. But a good Archer indeed, and like him I spoke of, will exactly consider whether the Butt be not too soft, or too hard for his Arrow: (for there are some Markes not to be pierced) and as he makes his discovery, dipping his Shaft (not in poyson, like the *Seythians*, nor in harmfull juyces, like the *Cretans*, but) in poignant, and soveraigne Medicines, he discharges; allowing such just aim to his shot, as to pierce and not passe through, but to remain and stick, till the vertue of the dart, diffusing it selfe, over-spread and season the whole mind. And this is that which at once stirres the delight, and teares of the hearers. As it then befell me, when I felt his Balsam gently creep over my Soule. I applyed therefore unto him that verse:

Still shoot, if unto men thy darts prove rayes.

For as those who hear a *Phrygian* Cornet winded, doe not all run mad; but those onely who are possesst with their Goddesse, upon the sound of the charme, fall into their former distractions: so all who hear Philosophers doe not depart astonisht and wounded, but those only between whose Soules and Philosophie, there is some sympathy and alliance.

Lucian. What reverend, admirable, Divine things, my good friend, have you delivered! who are (now I confesse) return'd full of Ambrosia, and Myrtle: wherefore all the time of your discourse my Soule felt commotions too, and I now grieve you have done so soon; and can use your words and say, I am wounded. Nor let it stirre your wonder: for those, you know, who are bitten by mad Dogges, run not only mad themselves, but if they in their fury bite others, they whom they bite run mad too. For the rage conveying it selfe with the wound, one infection begets another, and spreads at last into a stream, and large succession of madnesse.

Philosoph. You confesse your selfe toucht then?

Lucian. I doe, and request you to finde out some common remedy for us both.

Philosoph. We must doe then as *Telephus* did.

Lucian. How's that?

Philosoph. Aske our cure of him, who gave us our wound.

The *Kings Fisher*, or a Discourse of TRANSFORMATIONS.

The Speakers, Chærephon and Socrates.

CHÆREPHON. What sound is this, *Socrates*, which strikes our eares from yonder promontory, and Cliffe? hark how sweet 'tis: what muscall creature may this be?

Socrates. A sea-Fovle, *Chærephon*, call'd the Kings-fisher, wholly made up of Complaints, and woes; of whom there goes an ancient Fable. For 'tis reported, that being once a Woman, *Æolus* the Græcians daughter, and that loosing her Husband *Ceyx* the Trachinian, descended of *Hesperus* the Evening-starre, a beatifull sonne of a
bright

bright Father, when she was yet a Girl, out of extreame love, she much lamented his death; And thereupon, by the power of some God, was put into feathers; and hath ever since in the shape of a Bird flown about the Sea in search of him.

Charephon. A Kings-Fisher call you her? I never heard her before; and therefore to me she seemed some outlandish fowle. Truly she sings in a very mournfull tune; pray, *Socrates*, what manner of Bird is it?

Socrates. Not great, *Charephon*, unlessse it be for the great honour she hath received from the Gods for her love to her husband. For all the while she sits, though in the middest of winter, the world enjoys Halcyon daies, of a different calmenesse from other times; whereof this day is one. See you not how clear the Heavens are? and how the Sea without wave or billow, resembles for smoothnesse a mirrour, or Glasse.

Charephon. True. This is, indeed, a Halcyon day; and yesterday was such another. But for Gods sake tell me, *Socrates*, may I give credit to what you said, in the beginning, that women have been raised out of Birds; or that Birds have been transform'd into women? It sounds to me altogether impossible.

Socrates. O my friend, *Charephon*, we are but purblind Judges of what is possible, and impossible. For we pronounce according to the ignorant, faithlesse, dull abilities of men; And therefore, many things in themselves easie, seem to us difficult; and many things in themselves attainable, seem to us not to be attained: And this befalls us sometimes through unexperience, sometimes through the infancy of our mindes. For compared to the first cause every man, though never so old, is but a child; And compared to Æternity our whole life is but a childhood, and spanne. How then can they who know not the power of the Gods discourse of them, or precisely tell what is possible, and what is not? you saw the storme, *Charephon*, about

about three daies since, what lightnings, and Thunders, and tempestuous winds were there? some man would tremble at the thought of them, fearing least the whole world would have fallen to ruine: yet you see it ended in a wonderfull Calme, which lasts yet. Which, then, think you is the harder, and more unlikely, to raise a stillness out of a blustering tempest, and to cast faire weather over the world, or to change the shape of a Woman into the forme of a Bird? we see children every day raise severall figures, and shapes, from wax or clay. Then certainly to God, who is too great and excellent to be brought into Comparison with our performances, all these things are most familiar, and easy. How much bigger is the Heaven then you, can you tell?

Charephon. No, *Socrates*, nor any man els: such comparisons are not to be known, or taken measure of.

Socrates. Well then: do we not see the vast disproportions of some men compared with others, and how they differ in their impotencies, or strength? what wondrous difference is there between a man of mature age, and a child five or ten dayes old, both for their infirmity, and might; as also for all the Actions of life, whither they be the defence of those our walls so often assaulted, or any other performances either of body or mind? which things cannot possibly enter into the apprehension of a child? Then, for greatnesse of strength, a grown man carries no proportion, or measure, to a child; vvho vvith one hand can easily overcome millions of them. For naturally men are born of an age at first altogether unexpert, and unfit for action. If, then, one man so much excell another; how much the Gods excell us, they may consider vvho have abilities for such contemplations. It vvill, therefore, I doubt not, seem credible to most, that as much as the whole world exceeds *Socrates*, and *Charephon* in magnitude and space, so much doe they exceed us in power and providence, and wisdom. Many things, therefore,

to you and me, and such as we are, seem impossible, which to others are easie. For to winde a Corner well to those who cannot play, and to read or write to those who are ignorant of Grammar, shoves more impossible then to make women of Birds, or Birds of women. Nature, we see, finding in a Comb of Wax a shapelesse worme, without Legges or Feathers, gives it Winges, and feet, and enamelling it with great diversity of fair coloures, produceth a Bee, the wise Architect of Divine honey: out of dumb senselesse egges she formes severall sortes of flying, walking, swimming Creatures, assisted (as 'tis thought) by the Sacred influence of the skie. Wetherfore, poor mortalls and infants, who can neither comprehend great matters, nor understand small, but doubt of most things, even of those which concern our selves, can say little concerning the power of the immortall Gods, or of their transformations of Kings-Fishers, or nightingales. Onely as the Glory of the Fable hath bin Conveyed to me from my Ancestors, so will I, to the praise of thy songes, O thou bird of mourning, convey it to posterity; and will often repeat thy vertuous love of thy Husband to my Wives Xantippe, and Mirto; not forgetting the honour bestowed upon thee by the Gods: and doe you *Charephon*, doe the like.

Charephon. 'Tis fit I should *Socrates*, since all your words carry double perswasions, and are able to instruct both sexes.

Socrates. Now then, 'tis time we bid the Kings-fisher farewell, and returne into the City.

Charephon. 'Tis so, and therefore let us goe.

Prome-

Prometheus or Caucasus.

The speakers. Mercury, Vulcan, Prometheus.

Mercury. **L**ook *Vulcan*, yonder's *Caucasus*, to which wee are to nail this wretched *Titan*: let's finde out some eminent place, uncovered with Snow, where we may the firmelier chain him, and where he may hang most open to passengers.

Vulcan. You say well *Mercury*: For if we chain him to some low place, neer the earth, his creatures, men, will come in to his succour; and if we fasten him to the Hill-toppe he will not be seen below: wherefore, if you think fit, let's crucifie him here in the middle of the hill, which hangs over this valley, and let him stretch one Arme that way, and the other this.

Mercury. 'Tis well contrived, for here the Rock is craggie, and inaccessible, and inclining to a precipice; and the ascent so narrow, that you can hardly stand tip-toe; and every way fittest for his Crosse: make no delays therefore *Prometheus*, but mount and suffer your selfe to be fasten'd.

Prometheus. *Vulcan*, *Mercury*, pittie me, who without desert am thus unfortunate.

Mercury. Pittie thee *Prometheus*? why is't not enough for thee to be bound to *Caucasus*, unlesse *Jupiter* doom both us to the same punishment, for disobeying his Decree? Stretch forth thy right hand: unmanacle him *Vulcan*, and nail him, and be sure to give strength to your Hammer. Now reach out thy other hand, that he may fasten that too: well done. An Eagle will fly hither presently, and will prey upon thy Liver, and then thou wilt be fully rewarded for thy rare and most ingenious peece of work-manship.

Prometheus. O *Fapetus*, *Saturne*, and mother Earth, what

what tortures doe I feel, who never offended or committed fault.

Mercury. Did'st thou never offend, *Prometheus*? Who at a division of sacrifices, did'st deale so unequally and deceitfully, and stealing the best for thy selfe, left'st nothing for *Jupiter* but Bones cover'd with fat; As I remember *Hesiod* tells the story so: Next thou madest men, a most flie and fallacious creature; but especially women: But above all thou stolest Fire, the most pretious treasure of the Gods, and bestowed'st it upon men. And after all these offences, can'st thou say thou art causelessly fasten'd?

Prometheus. Methinks, *Mercury*, you as well as the Poet doe accuse the innocent; when you charge me with things, for which if I had Justice done me, I should be allowed a pension. If therefore, your leasure serve you, I will gladly wipe off your accusations, by showing how unjustly *Jupiter* hath given sentence upon me. Doe you, in the mean time, being both eloquent of speech, and skilfull in the lawes, make his defence as if he held equall Scales, in dooming me to be here crucified neer the *Caspian* streights, upon this *Caucasus*; where I am a miserable spectacle to all the *Scythians*.

Mercury. Thou spendest wordes in vaine, *Prometheus*, and to no purpose; yet say on. For since I am otherwise enjoyn'd to tarry till the Eagle alight, and feed upon thy Liver, 'twill not be amiss to fill up the time with listening to thy Sophistry, wherein thou art most expert.

Prometheus. First, then, *Mercury*, doe you aggravate your charge as much as you can; and as well as you can defend your fathers justice. In the mean time, *Vulcan*, be you Judge between us.

Vulcan. So help me, *Jupiter*, I will rather bethy accuser. Doe you remember how you stole my Fire, and left my Forge cold?

Prometheus. Divide the accusation between you then, and doe you say all you can against my Theft, let *Mercury* plead against my Creation of men, and division of the sacrifice: you seem to be both your Arts-masters, and very able to speak.

Vulcan. *Mercury* shall speak for mee; who am not for your pleadings, and Law Cases, but imploy my selfe about the Anvill, and Forge. For he is an Orator, and hath studied Rhetorick.

Prometheus. I believe *Mercury* hath little to say against Thee very, and will not charge me with a thing, whereof himselfe is the Author. If you have, *Mercury*, 'tis time you produce your Accusation.

Mercury. It would aske a long speech, *Prometheus*, and much preparation to repeate all your offences: It shall suffice me to recount onely their heads. First, being permitted to cast Lots for a Sacrifice, you kept the best for your selfe, and cheated the King; next, you made men, which was not fit; lastly you stole Fire from us, and bore it to them: wherein, in my opinion, you did very indiscreetly, to provoke *Jupiter*, who is such a friend to men. Now if you deny this, for your greater convincement, 'twill be fit I enlarge my selfe, and try to make the truth of things yet plainer. If you confesse that you made a false Division of the Sacrifice, and that you formed men, and stole Fire, my Accusation will be full, and I should but tisse to say more.

Prometheus. Whither you have not spoken trifles all this vvhile, vve shall see anon; I, since you think you have made such a full accusation, vvill strive, as vvell as I can, to dissolve it: First, then, lend me your attention concerning the Sacrifice. I call Heaven to witnesse whether in making my defence, I blush not for *Jupiter*, to think he should be so poor spirited, and whining, as for one small Bone, which came

to his share, to send hither so ancient a God, as I am, to be crucified; not remembring of what assistance I have been to him, nor weighing how childish the ground of his displeasure is, to be angry, and fret, because he had not the greater piece. Nor do I think, *Mercury*, that cheats of Entertainment are to be remembred, but that all faults committed at feasts are to be reckon'd sport; and that he was to leave his anger behind him at the Table. But to bury his hate till the next day, and to lay up a past injury, and keep it in fresh memory, is neither Kingly, nor like a God. For take away from Banquets wit, breaking of Jestes, putting of Tricks, Jeeres, Comickall abuses, and laughter, and nothing will remaine but drunkenness, surfets and silence; Things dull and unpleasant, and misbecoming a Feast. I, therefore, could not imagine *Jupiter* could have remembred things the next day; much lesse have proved so Cholerick, or taken matters so haynously, if in the division of a little flesh, one should make sport with him, and make triall whither he knew how to choose the better part. But put the worst, *Mercury*, that I gave him not the lesser piece, but deceived him of all; must he therefore (according to the proverb) bring heaven and earth together, and project sciters, Crosses, whole mountaines, and Eagles to devoure my liver? Look if such proceedings as these do not betray great weakness, and poornesse of Spirit, and inclination to revenge. If he do thus for a little beefe, what would he have done for the losse of a whole Oxe? Mortall men deal much discretlier in the like cases, then so; who should be proner to, wrath then the Gods. For never any yet crucified his Cook, for dipping his finger in the sauce, and licking it; or for cutting a slice of beefe from the spit, and eating it: but rather pardon'd him; or if he were very angry, gave him only a cusse on the eare, or a blow on the cheek. But never any was crucified for things of this light nature. And thus much be spoken concerning the flesh; a matter

unworthy of my defence, but much unworthier of his complaint. I proceed to speak next of my workmanship, and Creation of men: which falling under a twofold charge, I know not, *Mercury*, of which you accuse me most; whither because it was not fit for men to be made at all, but to have laine unformed, and the Earth to have remained unoccupied; or because they should have been made otherwise, and of another shape, and Figure. I shall easily reply to both; and will first endeavour to prove that the production of men is no hurt or dammage to the Gods; next that 'tis of much more convenience and advantage to them, then that the earth should lie desolate, and unpeopled, whereby it will plainly appear, whither I have offended in my gracefull formation of men, the only creature of a divine and heavenly race. For the earth was a rude, shapelesse thing, grown over with thickers, and dark woods: the Gods had neither Altars, nor Temples, nor Images, nor statues; who are now every where adored with much reverence. I therefore (for 'twas ever my care to provide for the common, and to advance the honour of the Gods, and to project things of ornament and beauty) did cast with my selfe, whither I could do better then take a peece of clay, and forme Creatures like us Gods, in visage and figure. For this, methought, was wanting to our Divinitie; that there was not a contrary, or foyle, which set in Comparison with us; might set off our felicity: which nevertheless was to be some mortall thing, though otherwise most ingenious, understanding, and sensible of the best things. At length, according to that saying of the Poet, mixing earth with water, and working it into a soft mortar, I framed men; requesting *Pallas* to assist me in my work. This is my great offence against the Gods: and how great my punishment is you see, only because, forsooth, I raised creatures out of Clay, and gave motion to a thing which before moved not. And as if the Gods were the lesse Gods,

Gods, because there are mortalls on earth, therefore *Iupiter* is thus displeased, thinking the number of the Gods diminish't by the production of men: unlesse he be affraid least they should attempt a rebellion, and make warre upon the Gods, as the Giants did. 'Tis plain then, *Mercury*, that there is no fault either in me, or my workmanship. If you can show any though never so small, I will be silent, and will think I suffer deservedly. But that the Gods are hereby much benefitted, you may easily learn, if you behold the Earth no longer untill'd or unmanured, but adorned with Cities, Agricultures, and generous plantations; the Sea navigated; Ilands inhabited; Altars every where erected, sacrifices offered, Temples and solemnities frequented; streets fill'd with *Jupiter*, and markets with men. Had I made this Creature for my selfe only, I had bin the wealthiest of all the Gods. But I wrought for the publick, and for the rest; especially for *Jupiter*, *Apollo*, and you *Mercury*; whose Temples are every where to be seen, but not one for *Prometheus*. Can you, then, at all perceive, that I have considered my selfe, and have diminish't or taken from the Common? Tell me, *Mercury*, can you think possessions desireable without a spectatour; or any peece of workmanship pleasant, or delightfull to the owner, if not seen and praised? which I therefore say, because if men had not been made, the beautie of the Universe had lackt a witnesse, and we should have posses't riches neither admired by others, nor valued by our selves: Nor should we have wherevithall to comfort our selves, or understand how happy vve are, did vve not see others voide of our condition. Thus great things seem great by their comparifon vvith lesse. But you, vvho ought to have honoured me for this publick service, have revvarded my endeavours and studies vvith a Crosse. But, say you, there are great malefactors among them, Adulterers, Rebels, men that marry their sisters, and plot against their parents. As if there vvere not
the

the like among us, and that heaven might not be accused as well as the Earth, for producing us. But, you will say, there is a burden cast upon us to take care of their affaires. For the same reason a shepherd may count it a Burden that he hath a flock, because he is troubled to look after it. Though, indeed, this very trouble be season'd with pleasure, and this care be delightfull in the exercise. Besides, how should we spend our time, if there were none to busie our providence? Sit idle, and do nothing but drink Nectar, and stufte our selves with Ambrosia? But that which vexes me most is, that you inveigh most against me for making women, and yet love them, and are still descending to them, sometimes like Bulls, sometimes like Satyres, sometimes like swannes, and are content to make them Goddeses. But, say you, 'twas fit men should be made, but after another manner, and not like us. What other patterne should I propose to my selfe, then that which I knew to be most excellent? unlesse I should have made a witleffe, beastly, rustick creature. Besides, had they not been as they are, how should they sacrifice to us, or give us due honours? You, when you are invited to Hecatombes, can saile sometimes the whole length of the Ocean, to the faultlesse Æthiopians. But you crucifie the Author of your honours, and sacrifices. And let this suffice to be spoken concerning men. I now passe on to the haynous stealth of fire. Answer me without delay in the behalfe of the Gods, have we lost any fire since it came among men? you cannot say we have; since 'tis the nature of this Element not to decrease by communication, nor is one flame extinguish't by the kindling of another. 'Tis plain envy, then, to forbid the necessary use of those things which take nothing from us; whereas it becomes the Gods to be gracious, givers of good things, and free from all envie. But suppose I had stoln all your fire, and conveyed it to the Earth, I had not vvrong'd you much; for you need it not, being neither cold, nor accustomed to boile

boyle your Ambrosia, nor used to the supply of an Artificiall light; but to men fire is necessary, as for other uses, so especially for their sacrifices; not able else to perfume your temples, or to send you up clouds of incense, or burne their oblations on your Altars. Besides, I observe you are much delighted with their smoke, and much pleased with the smell, when a cloud of perfume ascends to heaven; you condemne then what you desire. Lastly I wonder you forbid not the Sun to shine, whose fire is much diviner, and hotter then mine; or that you blame him not for spending your treasure. I have said. If I have spoken amisse, I would have you, *Mercurie*, and *Vulcan*, correct or disprove me, and I will make a second reply.

Mercury. 'Tis hard, *Prometheus*, to contend with so generous a Sophister. But you may be glad *Iupiter* heard you not; who doubtlesse had sent sixteen Vultures to devour your entrailles, so grievously have you accused him in your own defence. I marvel, being a prophet, you did not foresee your punishment.

Prometheus. I did, *Mercury*; and do also presage that ere long a friend of yours shall come from *Thebes*, and shall shoot the eagle, which you say is to light upon me.

Mercury. I wish to see it, *Prometheus*; and that you were releast, and making merry with us again, but not dividing a sacrifice.

Prometheus. Be confident I shall once more feast with You, and *Iupiter* for his no small happinesse shall release me.

Mercury. What mean you? speak clearly.

Prometheus. You know *Thetis*, *Mercury*. But I forbear to say more; 'tis better to keep thee secret, till it bring me a reward for my punishment.

Mercury. Do as you think best *Prometheus*: let us depart, *Vulcan*; the Eagle is coming: expect you a while, *Prometheus*, for the *Theban* Archer, you spake of, to come and ease you of the Fowles tortures.

A Dialogue between Prometheus and Jupiter.

Promet. **R** Eleafe me now, *Jupiter*, for I have been miferably tortured.

Jupiter. Release thee, faift thou, who deferveft more shackles, and that all *Caucasus* fhould be laid upon thy head, and that thy liver fhould not only be gnawn by fixteen Vultures, but that thine eyes fhould be digged out, for making fuch Creatures as men, and women, and for ftealing fire? I forbear to mention the cheat you put upon me, at the divifion of flefh, allotting me bones covered with fat, and keeping the beft for your felfe.

Prometheus. But I have felt fufficient punifhment, having thus long been chained to *Caucasus*, and fed an eagle, the cruelleft, and worft of fowles, with my liver.

Jupiter. This is the leaft part of what you ought to fuffer.

Prometheus. But you fhall not releafe me gratis, *Jupiter*. I will reveale a fecret which much concernes you.

Jupiter. You play the fophifter with me, *Prometheus*.

Prometheus. What fhall I get by it? if I deceive you, you know where *Caucasus* ftands, and want no fetters.

Jupiter. Firft tell me what ranfome you will give me?

Prometheus. If I tell you where you are now going, will you believe my other Divinations?

Jupiter. How can I choofe?

Prometheus. You are going then to lie vvith *Thetis*.

Jupiter. Well, and vvhat more? hitherto you have gueft right.

Prometheus. Have nothing to do *Jupiter*, with that fea Goddeffe; For if ſhe conceive by thee, the child will juſt deale with thee, as thou dealtſt with *Saturne*.

Jupiter. Not expell me my Kingdome, I hope?

Prometheus.

Prometheus. I wish he may not, *Jupiter* But your copulation with her threatens as much.

Jupiter. Farewell *Thetis*, then. *Vulcan*, *Prometheus*, shall strike off thy shackles.

A Dialogue between Jupiter and Cupid.

Cupid. IF I have offended pardon me, *Jupiter*, who am yet a child and lack wit.

Jupiter. Art thou a child, *Cupid*, who art much older then *Iapetus*? or being so aged and cunning as thou art, wouldst thou be thought a child because thou hast not a beard, or gray hayres?

Cupid. As old as thou saist I am, wherein have I wronged thee, that thou goest about to bind me?

Jupiter. Consider, thou Varlet, if it be a small matter to make me thy pastime; since there is nothing into which thou hast not transformed me, a Satyre, a Bull, a Showre of gold, a Swanne, an Eagle: and yet never madest any woman love me againe; no nor my own wife. But I was still faine to Court them in borrowed shapes, and to disguise my selfe. And those who were enamoured of a Bull, or Swanne, if they saw me in my likenesse, died for feare.

Cupid. And justly. For thy presence, *Jupiter*, is too glorious for mortalls.

Jupiter. How come *Branchus*, and *Hyacinthus*, then to love *Apollo*?

Cupid. But *Daphne* fled from him, for all his bright haire and smooth chinne. If, therefore, thou wouldst be loved, shake not thy target, and carry no lightning; But make thy selfe amiable, by letting thy locks on both sides hang curled and encircled with a mitre; weare purple robes, golden shooes, and dance gracefully to the pipe, or flute, and thou shalt see more will follow thee, then frantick women *Bacchus*.

Jupiter. No more, Boy. I would not thus effeminate my selfe to be beloved.

Cupid. Then you must leave off wenching, *Jupiter.* 'Tis no hard matter.

Jupiter. I will not, and yet I will enjoy with lesse trouble; and so for this time do let thee goe.

A Dialogue between Apollo and Vulcan.

Vulcan. **A**pollo, have you seen *Maia's* new born child, what a pretty infant 'tis, and smiles upon every body, and promises much to expectation?

Apollo. Call you him an Infant, *Vulcan*, or imagine he will prove good, who for his Jugling is elder then *Iapetus*?

Vulcan. Whom could he cheat, being but newly born?

Apollo. Aske *Neptune*, whose Trident he stole; or *Mars* who lost his sword out of his scabbard; I could tell you too, how he robb'd me of my bow and arrows.

Vulcan. One new born to do this, scarce able to goe, and in his swadling clouts?

Apollo. Observe him, if ever he come to your shop
Vulcan.

Vulcan. He hath been here already.

Apollo. And have you all your Tooles? none lost?

Vulcan. Not one, *Apollo.*

Apollo. But search diligently.

Vulcan. By Jove, I misse my tongs.

Apollo. But you shall find them among his clouts.

Vulcan. Are his fingers so quick, as if he studied theevry in the womb?

Apollo.

Apollo. Do you not marke how talkative and voluble he is? He will needs be our messenger. Yesterday he call'd *Cupid* to him, and in wrestling, I know not how, trip'd up his heeles. And while *Venus* praised him, and would have hugg'd him for his victory, he stole her girde, whereat *Jupiter* laughing he filch't his scepter. And had it not been too heavy and fiery, had stolne his lighting also.

Vulcan. This is a nimble youth, indeed.

Apollo. He is a Musician too.

Vulcan. How d' you know?

Apollo. He found a dead *Tortoise* some where, and made a Lute of it; so ordering and disposing the pins, laying barres and covering them with a belly, then applying strings, that he plaies most harmoniously; even to my envy, who have alwaies exercised my harp. His mother sayes he staves not in heaven by night, but that he may be nimming, goes down to hell, and pilfers there to. He vvas borne with wings, and hath made himselfe a rodde, of strange force, wherewith he musters souls, and leads the dead.

Vulcan. I gave it him in stead of a Rattle.

Apollo. And for recompence he stole your tongues.

Vulcan. 'Tis well remembred. Ile fetch them again; and see if I can finde them, as you say, amonge his Clouts.

A Dialogue between Jupiter, and Vulcan.

Vulcan. **W**Hat am I to do now, *Jupiter*? here I am come at your command, and have brought an Axe sharp enough to cleave a stone at a blow.

Jupiter. 'Tis well done, *Vulcan*; prythee strike hard, and cleave my head asunder.

Vulcan. D' you think I am mad? speak truly, therefore, what you will have me do.

Iupiter. Divide my scull, I say. If thou refuse, thou shalt perceive this is not the first time I have been angry: strike with all thy might, therefore, and make no delays, For I am ready to die with the torments which whirle my head about.

Vulcan. Take heed *Iupiter*, I hurt you not, For my Axe is sharp, and will not; like *Lucina*, be your midwife without blood.

Iupiter. Strike boldly, *Vulcan*, I know what's fit.

Vulcan. Against my will, then, since you are not to be disobeyed, have at your scull. What's this? An armed wench? I blame you not *Iupiter*, for storming, being molested with such a head Ache, and lodging in your brain a Girle alive, and armed; your head was not a head, but a Camp. Look she capers, and dances the *Matachine*; clashes her buckler, and shakes her speare, as if she were divinely possesst; nay, which is more, she is grown handsome, and full statured of a suddaine; blew eyed, but her helmet turnes that to beauty: wherefore *Iupiter*, as the reward of my midwiferie, let her be my wife.

Iupiter. Thou dost ask impossibilities, *Vulcan*; she resolves to live a Virgin: how ever I will not be thy hindrance.

Vulcan. 'Tis all I desire, leave the rest to me. I will ravish her away with me.

Iupiter. Do if thou canst; but I know thou lovest an Impossible.

*A Dialogue between Jupiter, Æsculapius,
and Hercules.*

Jupiter. **C**Ease *Æsculapius*, and *Hercules*, to quarrell like mortalls; such discords misbecome the meetings of the Gods.

Hercules. Shall this quackfalver then, *Jupiter*, sit down before me?

Æsculapius. Yes, Sir, being your better.

Hercules. Wherein, good Thunderstruck? Because *Jupiter* for your knavery once slew you with lightning, and afterwards out of pitty restored you your immortality?

Æsculap. Have you forgot, *Hercules*, how you your selfe were burnt in *Oeta*, that you lay fire in my dish?

Hercules. Lets compare the Actions of our lives; I am *Jupiters Sonne*, have undergone famous labours, vanquisht monsters, and subdued barbarous men: thou root-scraper, and Mountebank, able perchance to administer Phylick to sick folke, art not famous for any manly performance.

Æsculap. 'Tis true, Sir, I have only cured your scalds, when you came up to us halfe burnt, and your body almost turn'd to oinders by your Coate, and woodpile. Yet 'tis something that I never was a serving-man, like you; and that I never spunne at a distaffe, as you did in *Lydia*, when you wore a scarlet petticoate, and suffer'd your mistresse *Omphale* to correct you with her golden slipper; and that in a fit of madnesse I slew not my wife, and children.

Hercules. Stoppe your fowle language, Sir, or your immortality shall not secure you, for I will cast you down headlong from heaven, and dash out your braines so as *Phæbus* shall not cure them.

Jupiter.

Jupiter. Give over, I say, and disturb not the feast; or I will banish you both from the Table. 'Tis fit, *Hercules*, *Æsculapius* should sit before you, who died before you.

A Dialogue between Juno and Jupiter.

Juno. I should blush, *Jupiter*, to have such a Sonne, so effeminate and lost in wine: who weares a Miter, lies with mad women, more womanish then they; dances after Timbrels, Pipes, and Cimbales; and resembles every body more then you his Father.

Jupiter. This Miter-wearer, and wencher, *Juno*, not only subdued *Lydia*, and the Inhabitants of *Tmolus*; as also the *Thracians*; but went against the Indians, with his female Army, took their Elephants, possess their Countrey, and brought away their King, who made resistance, captive. And all this he did revelling and dancing, and carrying rodde twined with Ivey, and drunk, as you say, and beside himselfe. But those who reviled him, or blasphemed his rites, either he punish't with shackles of Vines, or caused to be dismembred, by their mothers, like Fawnes. Are not those valiant Acts, and worthy of me his Father? Nor let it be any disparagement that he mingled Maskes, and Revellings with his Conquests; But rather consider what he would do sober, who can do thus drunk.

Juno. Me thinks, Husband, you should have made a panegyrick of his invention of Grapes, and wine. Though you see how men reele when they are drunk, and incline to quarrels, and forget themselves in their drink; and how that *Icarus*, to whom he first taught the use of Vines, was kill'd by his Companions, and slaine with pitch-forkes.

Jupiter. This is nothing to the purpose: For 'tis not Wine, or *Bacchus* which do this, but the excesse of wine, and

and drink taken in beyond fit measure. But wholoever drinks moderately is cheered, and made the merrier. And as for *Icarius* it wrought not so upon any of his Company. But you show your jealousie, *Iuno*, and spleen to *Semele*, when you accuse *Bacchus* of those things which are most commendable.

A Dialogue between Venus and Cupid.

Venus. **V**Vhy, Love, dost thou Conquer all the other Gods, *Iove*, *Neptune*, *Apollo*, *Iuno*, and me thy mother, and spare *Minerva*; towards whom thy Torch is flamelesse, thy quiver empty, thou without a Bow, and unable to shoot?

Cupid. I am afraid of her, mother, she is so terrible, of such a sterne countenance, and of such a manly grimnesse; so that when I draw my bow, and aime at her, she shakes her plume, and so astonishes me, that I begin to tremble, and my arrow drops out of my hand.

Venus. Is not *Mars* more terrible? and yet thou hast disarm'd and conquer'd him.

Cupid. He willingly meets my shafts, and invites them, Mother; but *Minerva* perpetually frownes. I once unawares brought my Torch neer her. If you approach me, quoth she, by my Father, ile thrust you through with my javelin, or take you by the legge, and hurle you down to hell, or peece-meale you. Many such threats came from her. Besides she looks fiery, and weares on her Brest a *Gorgons* head, hair'd with snakes, which much affrights me, and makes me run away at the sight.

Venus. Thou saist thou fearest *Minerva*, and her *Gorgon*, But fearest not *Ioves* lightning. But how come the Muses impenetrable, and beyond your shafts? Do they shake their Crests too, and weare their *Gorgons*.

Cupid.

Cupid. These I reverence, mother, for they are venerable, and are allwaies busied in contemplations, or songs; so that many times I frequent their company, taken with their Musick.

Venus. You spare these, then, because of their Gravity; but why wound you not *Diana*?

Cupid. To satisfie you in a word, I can never find her but alwaies wandring in mountaines. Besides, she loves a Cupid of her own already.

Venus. What *Cupid*? my Boy.

Cupid. Marry, to hunt, and shoot wild beasts, staggess and Fawnes; which is her whole study. But as for her brother, though he be an Archer, and shoot well.

Venus. Yet thou, my Boy, hast shot him often.

A Dialogue between Mars, and Mercury.

Mars. **D**Id you heare, *Mercury*, what proud, absurd threats fell from *Jupiter*? I, said He, if it please me, will let down a chain from Heaven, at which, pull you never so hard, you shall never draw me down: But if I list to pluck, I will not only draw you, but the Earth, and Sea aloft, with many the like brags, which you heard as well as I. For my part I should not denie him to be superiour, and stronger then any one: But that singly he should excell so many, as that we should not be able to weigh against him, though we took the Earth and Sea into our scale, is past my beliefe.

Mercury. Good words, *Mars*, 'tis not safe to speak thus; least your petulancie procure your punishment.

Mars. D'you think, I would speak thus to any but your selfe, whom I know to be no teltale. 'Twas not in my power to conceale from thee, how ridiculous, methought, his threatning was. For I remembred, how not
long

long since, when *Neptune*, *Iuno*, and *Pallas*, being but three, conspired to imprison, and cast him into chains, how fearfully he varied himselfe through all shapes: And if *Thetis* out of pittie, had not call'd that hundred handed *Briareus* to his aide, they had bound him for all his Thunder and Lightning.

Mercury. No more, *Mars*: 'tis neither safe for you to talke thus, nor meto heare.

A Dialogue between Jupiter and the Sun.

Jupiter. **W**Hat hast thou done, thou most wicked of all the *Titans*? who hast utterly ruined the world by trusting thy Chariot to a witleffe boy, who hath burnt some things by falling too neere the Earth, and starved others with cold, by with-drawing their Fire from them; And in a word hath left nothing undisturbed, and undisorder'd. So that had not I, beholding his Carreers, Thunder-struck him, not a man had bin left. And this skilfull Coachman and Driver, was of your sending forth.

Sun. I was to blame, *Jupiter*; yet pray be not angry, since I was over-borne by my Sonnes importunity. Alas how could I foresee the mischiefe which followed.

Jupiter. Did you not know what skill your place requires? And that upon the least aberration of your Wheelles all perishes? You knew not neither the fiercenesse of your Horses, and that they are to be hard reyned. For give them Bridle, they presently alter course; just as they hurried him sometimes to the left hand, sometimes to the right, sometimes quite contrary, now up, now downe, as they list themselves, he not knowing how to manage them.

Sun. I knew all this, and withstood him a good while, and denied him my Teem. But when he joy-

ned teares to his petition, & *Clymene* his Mother with him, I set him fast in the Box, and taught him how to drive; telling him how high he was to mount, and how low he was to fall; as also how to reyne his horses, and curbe their furies. I told him also the danger should he drive wrong: But he, child as he was, having mounted so much fire, and beholding such a vast dungeon beneath him, could not choose but be amazed; whilest the horses missing their usuall driver despised the Boy, and fell a wandring, and wrought all this mischief. He letting go the reynes, and fearfull, I believe, to fall, tooke hold of the Chariot: but he hath suffer'd already, and my sorrow *Jupiter* is punishment enough for me.

Jupiter. Enough for such an attempt? Well, I pardon you for once; But offend so againe, and send forth such another Deputy, and you shall feele how much hotter my lightning is than your fire. Let his sisters also bury him neere the *Po*, where he fell, and let them be turn'd into Poplars, and weep Amber over him. Be it your businessse to mend your Chariot, (for the Axle is broken, and one of the wheeles is crackt) and having coupled your horses againe drive your selfe: and remember this Accident.

A Dialogue between a Cyclops and Neptune.

Cyclops. O Father, how am I serv'd by my wicked Guest, who first made me drunke, then assaulting me in my sleep put out my eye!

Neptune. Who wast that dared this *Polyphemus*?

Cyclops. First he said his name was *No-body*; but after his escape, when he was out of shot, he call'd himselfe *Vlyses*.

Neptune. I know who you meane; he lives at *Ithaca*, and sailed now from *Troy*. But how could he attempt this, being such a Coward?

Cyclops.

Cyclops. Coming home from my flock, I found a great Troop in my Cave, in all likelyhood lurking to steale my sheep: whereupon I bolted my doore, made of a huge rocke, and kindled a fire. No sooner began the wood, which I brought from the mountaine, to cast a flame, but they prepared to hide themselves. But I apprehending some of them, devour'd them as thieves. In the meane time that subtile Companion, *No-Body*, or *Vlysses*, which you will, gave me a venemous potion to drinke, very sweet and fragrant, but most treacherous, and turbulent in operation. For I had no sooner drunk, but me-thought my Cave went round, and I was no longer my selfe; and at last fell into a deep sleep: he sharpening a Barre and stirring the fire, put out my eye, and ever since, *Neptune*, I have been blinde.

Neptune. You slept soundly, my sonne, that the losse of your sight could not rowse you. But how scap't *Vlysses*? Me-thinkes he should not be able to roll away the rocke from the doore.

Cyclops. I removed it, that I might the easier catch him going out. And planting my selfe at the hole, I grop't with my hands, letting onely my sheep passe, remitting my businesse to my Ramme.

Neptune. Now I know his Device: he past under thee among them unperceived. But me-thinkes you might have call'd in other *Cyclops*.

Cyclops. I did, and they came, and ask't me the traytors name. And when I told them, *No-Body*, they thought me madde and departed: and so the Caitiffe cosen'd mee with a false name. But that which grieves me most is, that upbraiding me with my hurt, he told me my Father *Neptune* should not cure me.

Neptune. Take courage, sonne, I will revenge thee. And and he shall know, that though I cannot heale eyes bored out, yet 'tis in my povver to save or drown those that sayle. He is yet at Sea.

A Dialogue between Alpheus and Neptune.

Neptune. **W**Hat's the reason, *Alpheus*, that of all the rivers which fall into the Sea, you onely, contrary to the courses of the rest, grow not salt, nor mingle waters, or diffuse your self; but gliding through the Ocean preserve your streame fresh, untainted, and pure; in some places, I know not how, diving like a sea pye, or Heron, and rising againe in other places, and showing your selfe?

Alpheus. These are love tricks, *Neptune*; Therefore blame me not, you have loved in your time.

Neptune. Ist a woman you love, *Alpheus*, or a Nymph, or some sea Goddesse?

Alpheus. None of these *Neptune*, but a Fountaine.

Neptune. Where springs it?

Alpheus. In the Island of *Sicily*; they call it *Arethusa*.

Neptune. I know it: believe mee, *Alpheus*, you have not made an unlovely choyce. 'Tis a cleare spring, and flowes in a pure Chrystall; and receives thus much ornament from the pibbles among which it rises, that it showes like a poole of silver over them.

Alpheus. I see you know it, *Neptune*; To it am I now going.

Neptune. Goe; and be happy in your love: but first tell me one thing, where did you see *Arethusa*, you being an *Arcadian*, and she rising neere *Syracuse*?

Alpheus. You hinder my journey, *Neptune*, by your impertinent questions.

Neptune. You say well; passe on to your beloved; and when you rise againe from the Sea, mingle with your fountaine in one Channell, and become one Streame.

A Dialogue betweene Menelaus and Proteus;

Menelaus. **T**Hat you should be converted into water, *Proteus*, is not incredible, for you are a Sea God; or into a tree, may be borne withall, or sometimes into a Lyon, is not utterly beyond beliefe: But how, living in the Ocean, you can transforme your selfe into a flame, is a thing which I admire, but believe not.

Proteus, Marvaile not, *Menelaus*, for all those changes I under-goe.

Menelaus. I have seen you. But, then, me-thought (as I may say to you) you jugled onely by drawing false presentments over your tricks, and casting a mist before your spectators eyes; not that you truly were what you appeared.

Proteus. What jugling could there be in things so plainly done? Have not you seene with your eyes open into how many shapes I have transformed my selfe? If you will not believe that sense, but will still thinke you saw a delusion, or some Aëry appearance cast before you, when I next turne my selfe into fire, apply, generous Sir, your sense of touch to me, and then you will perceive whether I be true fire, or fire in show.

Menelaus. That would be no safe triall, *Proteus.*

Proteus. In my opinion, *Menelaus*, you never saw a *Polypus*; nor understand the transformation of that fish.

Menelaus. A *Polypus* I have seen, but would gladly learn it's transformation from you.

Proteus. To whatsoever rock it fastens, or spreads its finnes, it becomes like; and throwing off its owne, assumes the colour of the stone; thereby lying concealed from fishermen, not at all differing, or varying in appearance from the rocke.

Menelaus. So the report goes: but yours, *Proteus*, is a Paradoxe much unlikelier.

Proteus. I know not, *Menelaus*, whom you will believe, who will not believe your owne eyes.

Menelaus. I saw what I saw; yet 'tis a thing to me prodigious, how you should become fire and water.

A Dialogue betweene Neptune, and a Dolphin.

Neptune. **T**Is wel done of you *Dolphins*, that you are such friends to men. For heretofore you carryed the son of *Inus* ashore the *Isthmus*, after he and his mother were cast downe from the *Scironian Cliffe*; now thou hast wasted a Musitian of *Methymna*, over to *Tanarus*, keeping his Furniture, and Harp, and hast not suffer'd him to perish by the Saylers.

Dolphin. Wonder not, *Neptune*, that we succour men thus; we of Men were made Fishes.

Neptune. 'Tis a thing I blame *Bacchus* for, that having overcome you in a Sea fight, he transform'd you; whereas it had beene enough to have taken you prisoners, and to have subdued you as he did others. But how, good *Dolphin*, came *Arion* to be thus endangered?

Dolphin. *Periander* (as I imagine) delighted with his skill sent for him often. He being enrich'd by the King, desired to saile home to *Methymna*, to show his riches, shipping himselfe with a crue of Pyrates, who knew he carryed much gold and silver about him: when they came about the middle of the Arches, the Saylers conspired against him. Well, quoth he (for I heard all swimming neere the Ship) since you intend to kill me, permit me in my bravest furniture to play mine owne funerall Elegie, and voluntarily to cast my selfe into the Sea. They consented. And he taking his robe, and playing most ravishingly, cast himselfe over-board, with a purpote to drowne himselfe. But I receiving him, and getting him on my back swam with him to the Promontory.

Neptune.

Neptune. I applaud your love to Musicke; 'Twas a fit reward for your Attention.

A Dialogue between Diogenes and Pollux.

Diogenes. I Charge you, *Pollux*, as soone as you are risen (for to morrow I perceive 'tis your course to returne to life) that if you see *Menippus* the dogge, (whom you shall find in the Schooles at *Corinth*, or in the *Lycæum* at *Athens*, laughing at Philosophers wrangling with one another,) you tell him, that if he have laught enough at the passages of the upper world, I desire him to come downe into the Lower; where he shall have much more to laugh at. For there our proceedings, which he laughs at, are doubtfull to him, and he meets with this frequent objection, Who knowes what shall befall us after the end of this Life. But here tell him, he shall never want sport, But laugh as I do, as often I see rich men, great Officers, and Tyrants humble and unrespected, and not to be distinguished but by their unmanly degenerate howlings, at the remembrance of their life past. Tell him this, and bid him bring a knapsacke with him fill'd with beanes, and a supper (if he can find one) made for *Hecate* in some crosse way; or an egge, left after a lustration; or the like.

Pollux. Ile deliver your Message, *Diogenes*; But for my better knowledge of him, what kind of man is't?

Diogenes. A little, crabbed, old man, enclining to baldnesse; wearing a torne Gowne, pervious to all winds, and varied with patches of severall colours. He alwayes laughs, especially at self-conceited Philosophers.

Pollux. 'Twill be easie to find one of this Character.

Diogenes. Will you carry a Message from mee to those arrogant Philosophers too?

Pollux. Speak your Errand, it shall not be any trouble to serve you.

Diogenes.

Diogenes. In short, then, Counsell them to trifle no longer, nor to dispute of wholes, nor cast one another into Dilemma's or horned syllogismes, nor give forme and mood to Crocodiles; nor breed their minds to such drie barren studies.

Pollux. But they will say I am ignorant and unbred thus to condemne their wisdom.

Diogenes. Bid 'em, then, from me Live scorn'd.

Pollux. So much I shall tell them.

Diogenes. Say to Rich men in my name, Why ye fooles do you treasure up your gold? and why do you torment your selves, by counting your use money, and laying talent to talent, who are shortly to come hither but with a penny fare in your mouth?

Pollux. I shall tell them this also.

Diogenes. Tell the spruce Gallants, and Hectors, *Me-gillus* the Corinthian, I mean, and *Damoxenus* the Wrestler, that here is no use of golden haire, black eyes, or red cheeks; or of bigge sinewes, or strong shoulders.

Pollux. It shall not be burdensome to deliver this also.

Diogenes. Bid the poor who are many, driven from their estates, and groaning under their wants, that they neither weep nor howle, but that they consider the equality of this place, and that they shall see the richest here as poor as they. And if you think fit tell the Lacedemonians, that they are grown loose and effeminate.

Pollux. Pray excuse me for the carriage of your message to my Countrey men, *Diogenes*; your errands to the rest I will deliver.

Diogenes. Leave them out, then, if you think good; and convey my speeches to the rest.

Pluto.

Pluto, or a Complaint against Menippus.

The Speakers, Cræsus, Pluto, Menippus,
Midas, Sardanapalus.

Cræsus. **T**Is not possible for us to endure, *Pluto*, this insufferable Barker *Menippus* to be of our company. Therefore remove him hence, or we will depart some where else.

Pluto. What hurt can he do to you, being dead as you are?

Cræsus. When we howl, and sigh at the memory of our pleasures in the other world, *Midas* of his gold, *Sardanapalus* of his Luxury, I of my treasures; he laughs and upbraides us, calling us slaves, and base villains: sometimes he drowns our howlings with singing, and in a word he is very troublesome.

Pluto. What say you to this, *Menippus*?

Menippus. Tis all true. These men I hate as degenerate and lost; who think it not enough to have lived wickedly, but remember and dwell upon the thought of those things above. Therefore I delight to plague them with themselves.

Pluto. But you do ill; for they lament no small losses.

Menippus. Are you mad too, *Pluto*, that you approve their whinings?

Pluto. No, Sir. But I would not have you divide your selves.

Menippus. Know this, O ye worst of *Lydians*, *Pbrygians* and *Assyrians*, that I will never leave you; but wheresoever you go I will follow, vexing you, and singing, and laughing.

Cræsus. Is not this plaine Contumelie?

Menippus. No. That was contumelie which you usually practiced, suffering your selves to be adored, and abusing free people; not at all remembering your mortali-

litie: wherefore hovvle, novv you have lost all.

Craſus. Where are my rich and Numerous poſſeſſions?

Midas. Hovv much gold do I miſſe?

Sardanapalus. And I hovv much pleaſure?

Menippus. So, this I like: vveep on; Ile joyne vvith you, and ſing the old ſentence, *Know thy ſelfe.* A fit dittie to be mingled vvith your mournings:

A Dialogue between Pluto and Mercury.

Pluto. **D**O you know old *Eucrates* the uſurer, who has not one child, but five thouſand Gapers after his eſtate?

Mercury. The *Sicyonian* you mean; what of him?

Pluto. Let him live, *Mercury*, ninety yeers more to the ninety he hath lived already, and longer if it be poſſible. But fetch hither his flatterers, young *Charinus*, and *Damon*, and the reſt.

Mercury. That would ſhew very prepoſterous.

Pluto. Rather very juſt. For why do they pray ſo earneſtly for his death, but that they may enjoy his eſtate? But that which is yet moſt baſe, is that at that very time when they wiſh his Death, they groſſely obſerve, and Court him; And when he is ſick, all men know what they deſire, yet they vow ſacrifices for his recovery. In a word, they have ſeverall wayes of flattery. Wherefore let him be immortal, and let them die firſt, and looſe their gapings.

Mercury. Well, being ſuch knaves their puniſhment ſhall be ridiculous: But methinks he lures them on pretty handſomly, and feeds them with hopes; allwaies diſſembling, as if he were about to die, when he is much luſtier then his Flatterers. They in the meantime dividing the inheritance among them, are fed vvith the Image of a Phantaſtick happineſſe:

Pluto.

Pluto. Let him therefore, like *Iolaus*, cast off his old age, and grow young again. But let them in the midd'ft of their hopes, be snatcht avay as it vv ere in a golden dream, and like evill men die evill deaths.

Mercury. Enough *Pluto*. I vvill send them to you one after another. I think they are seaven.

Pluto. Call forth their souls, *Mercury*; and let him send them every one hither before him: but let him of an old man become a youth.

A Dialogue between Terpsion, and Pluto.

Terpsion. **I**S this Justice, *Pluto*, that I should die, who am but thirty yeers old, and that *Thucritus*, who is almost an hundred, should live?

Pluto. Great Justice, *Terpsion*; For though he lives, yet he wishes none of his friends dead; whereas you all the time you lived, laid nets for his estate.

Terpsion. Was't not fit, being an old man, and no longer able to use his riches, he should die, and leave them to those that are younger?

Pluto. You make new lawes, *Terpsion*, that when a man can no longer use his riches with pleasure, he ought to die. Fate and Nature decree otherwise.

Terpsion. I accuse them, therefore, of disorder. For the businesse ought to run in this succession: The most aged to die first, then those who are next in years; And not to be inverted, or he to live who is decrepit, hath but three teeth left, scarce sees, is supported by four servants, distills at nose, hath eyes filled with rheume, hath lost all sense of pleasure, and is laught at by boyes as a living sepulchre; and the most beautifull, and lustiest young men to die. This is to make rivers run backwards. At least 'twere fit we knew the date of old mens lives, that they might not couzen us as they do. But now the old Proverb is brought to passe, the Cart leads the Oxe.

Pluto. These things are wiselier carried, *Terpsion*, then you are aware of. For what ailes you, that you yawpe after other mens fortunes, and enslave your selves to childlesse old men? you do, therefore, but make your selves ridiculous, and they bury you first; which to many is matter of great pleasure; for just as you pray'd for their deaths, so much delight is it to others to have you die first. For you have introduced a new Art, to make love to old women, and old men, especially to those who have no children, neglecting those that have, whilest many of those who are courted by you, well acquainted with your aimes, if they chance to have children, pretend to hate them, that they may have observers. At length those who had for a long time wasted themselves in gifts, are shut out of the will, and the sonne, as there is good reason, enjoys all: the rest cheated of their hopes gnash their teeth.

Terpsion. You speak truth. *Thucritus* hath almost quite eaten my estate, still making me believe he would die. And as often as I came to visit him, he would groan, and sob inwardly, and counterfeite a noise like an abortive chick in the shell; wherefore by how much the nearer I thought him to his grave, so many gifts the more did I send him; least his other flatterers should exceed me in presents: many nights have my cares taken my sleep from me, numbring and disposing my fortunes. And indeed care, and watching were the causes of my death: whilest he having swallowed my bait, assisted at my funerall, and went before my beer laughing.

Pluto. Maist thou live eternally, *Thucritus*, to grow rich, and laugh at such men. And maist thou not die, till thou have sent hither all thy flatterers before thee.

Terpsion. It would be a pleasure to me too, *Pluto*, if *Chariades* should die before *Thucritus*.

Pluto. Take comfort, *Terpsion*; *Phido*, *Melantus*, and all the rest shall die before him of their Cares.

Terpsion. This I like. Live eternally *Thucritus*.

A Dialogue between Zenophantes, and Callidemides.

Zenoph. **B**UT how died you, *Callidemides*? you know I, being *Dinias* parasite, did over-eat my selfe, and was choak't with a surfet: you stood by when I died.

Callid. I did, *Zenophantes*. I died unexpectedly: you know old *Ptaodorus*.

Zenoph. You mean the rich Usurer, who hath no child, whose house you alwaies frequented.

Callid. I alwaies observ'd him, and flatter'd my selfe with his death: but when I saw my expectation prolonged, and that he began to be older then *Tythos*, I contrived a compendious way to gain his estate. For having bought poyson, I dealt with his Butler, that when *Ptaodorus* next call'd for drink (and he usually drinks deeply) he should steal it into the bowle, having it ready, and give it him; which if he did, I swore to make him a free-man.

Zenoph. And what happen'd? For me thinks you are about to tell a strange story.

Callid. We went to bath our selves, where his Boy held two cuppes; one for *Ptaodorus*, which held the poyson, the other for me. But mistaking, I know not how, he gave the poyson to me, and the sound cup to *Ptaodorus*: who presently drunk it off; when at the instant I fell down dead, and excused his funerall with my own. Why do you smile *Zenophantes*? you do not well to laugh at your friend.

Zenoph. You have suffer'd things to he laught at, *Callidemides*. But how lookt the old man at your fall?

Callid. First he was frighted with the Accident: But being inform'd, I believe, how things were, he laught at what the Butler had done.

Zenoph.

Zenoph. You did ill to make such short contrivances, for a thing which would in ordinary course much safer have happen'd, had you made lesse hast.

A Dialogue between Cnemon and Damnippus.

Cnemon. **V**Hy this is the old Proverb right, the Fawn beats the Lion.

Damnip. At what do you chafe, *Cnemon*?

Cnemon. At what do I chafe, do you aske? I have left an heire against my will, and am cousten'd, wretch that I am, and have undone my children.

Damnip. How I pray?

Cnemon. A little before my death, I applyed my selfe much to the rich, childlesse *Hermolaus*; who took my Adresses not distastfully: and to show my selfe a wise fellow, I made my will, and publisht it, and left all my estate to him; expecting that out of imitation he should do the like to me.

Damnip. And what was your successe?

Cnemon. What he wrote in his will, I know not; but I died suddenly by the fall of a house: since which time *Hermolaus* possessees my estate, like a Pike which carries away the hook with the bair.

Damnip. Nay, you the Angler and all: wherefore you made a ginne for your selfe.

Cnemon. It seemes so, and therefore I now mourne.

A Dialogue between Charon, Mercury, a company of dead men, Menippus, Charmoleus, Lampichus, Damasias, a Philosopher, and a Rhetorician.

Charon. **H**Eare how the case stands with you: My Boat, as you see, is small, and rotten, and
leakes

leakes in many places; And therefore if it be not equal-ly trimmed, 'twill overturne. And yet so many of you together are come hither, every one with a great burden; which if you bring in with you, you will repent it, especially those who cannot swimme.

The Dead. How shall we do then for safe waftage?

Charon. He tell you, you must enter naked, and leave your carriages upon the shoare. And tis well if the Boat receive you all so. Be it your charge, *Mercurie*, to admit none but such as are slender, and cast away their Luggage: stand therefore at the ladder, and receive them with choice, and compell them to enter stript.

Mercury. I will obey your Directions. Who is the first?

Menippus. I am *Menippus*. Looke *Mercury* I have cast my wallet and staffe into the lake: as for gown, 'twas well I brought none.

Mercury. Enter *Menippus*, thou best of men, and take the first and highest place in the Boat; from whence thou may'st see the rest. But what spruce youth is this?

Charmoleus. I am *Charmoleus*, the lovely Megarian, who took two talents for a kisse.

Mercury. Cast off your beauty, and lippes with their kisses, your long haire too, red cheeks, and whole skinne? 'Tis well; you are now fit, enter. But what grimme Sir is that, arrayed in Purple, and a Crown on his head?

Lampichus. I am *Lampichus*, Tyrant of Gela.

Mercury. Why thus loaden? *Lampichus.*

Lampichus. Should a Prince come naked? *Mercury.*

Mercury. A prince should not, but a dead man should. Therefore put off your ornaments.

Lampichus. There lie my riches.

Mercury. But you must cast off your pride, and stateliness too, *Lampichus.* For if these enter with you, they will overcharge the Boat.

Lampichus. Let me keep but my crown and robe.

Mercury.

Mercury. By no means, you must forsake them.

Lampichus. There then: what more? you see I have cast away all.

Mercury. You must cast off your cruelty too, and folly, and insolence, and fury, and the like.

Lampichus. See, I am naked.

Mercury. Now enter. What grosse fleshy fellow are you?

Damafias. I am *Damafias* the wrastler.

Mercury. So methought, I have seen you often at wrastling.

Damafias. True, *Mercury*, receive me therefore naked.

Mercury. You are not naked, my friend, who are clothed with all this flesh; put it off therefore: for if you put but one foot into the boat, you sink it. Cast away your Crowns, and praises too.

Damaf. See, I am naked, and slender, like other Ghosts.

Mercury. You are now of a fit lightnesse; therefore enter. Do you *Crato* throw away your vvealth, as also your effeminate nesse, and pleasures; and bring not vvith you your Epitaphes, and titles of your Ancestors: leave behind you too your pedigree, and reputation, and panegyricks bestowed upon you by the City, to which you have been a benefactour; the inscriptions of your statues also. And speak not of the great tombe they have raised for you, for these things gather vveight from their remembrance.

Crato. Well, I will put them off, because I cannot helpe it.

Mercury. Blesse me! vvhat armed? vvhy do you carry that Trophie?

Crato. Because I conquer'd and atchiev'd it, *Mercury*, and vvastherefore honoured by the City.

Mercury. Leave your armes to the Earth; there's only peace in Hell, and no need of Trophies there. But vvhat venerable shade is that, of a grave presence, vvho knits his

his browes out of contemplation, and weares such a long beard?

Menippus. A Philosopher, *Mercury*; or rather a jugler, and cheater: pray strippe him, and you will see many things very ridiculous hid under his gown.

Mercury. Lay aside your gown, Sir, and all things else. O *Jupiter*! what arrogance, ignorance, contention, vain-glory, endlesse questions, thornie disputes, intricate notions, fruitlesse labours, whimsies, trifles, and curious follies, he carried about him? Besides gold, and pleasures, and impudence, and choller, and wantonnesse, and luxurie. These things scape not my knowledg, Sir, though you should strive to conceal them. Cast off your lying, also, and your pride, and your conceit that you are better then others. For if you enter thus burdened, a pinnace will scarce carry you.

Philosoph. I cast then all off, since 'tis your pleasure.

Menippus. Let him put off his beard too, *Mercury*; which you see is both long, and slovenly, and weighs at least five pound.

Philosopher. But who shall cut it?

Mercury. *Menippus* shall shave you with the axe that mends the boat, laying your beard upon the sides of the ladder.

Menippus. Not so, *Mercury*, 'twill be more ridiculous if you lend me a saw.

Mercury. An Axe will serve:

Menippus. So, you now look more like a man, having cast off your stink; shall I clip your eye-browes too?

Mercury. Yes, for these he used to raise to the toppe of his forehead, when he strained himselfe. What, dost thou cry? varlet and art afraid of death? enter then.

Menippus. He still hath one thing strong about him.

Mercury. What, *Menippus*.

Menippus. Flattery, *Mercury*, which when he lived, stood him in much stead.

Philosoph. Do you then, *Menippus*, cast off your liberty, and boldnesse of speech; your jollity also, and jeering.

Mercury. By no means: keep them still; for they are light, and of easy portage, and will advance our passage. Do you, *Pleader*, cast away your tedious speeches, and your *Retoritions*, your similitudes also, and periods, and barbarismes, and other burdens of language.

Rhetor. 'Tis done.

Mercury. 'Tis well. Now let from the shore, and lets pull up the ladder, weigh anchor, and spread the sayle. Do you, *Ferry-man*, guide the sterne; and let's be merry. Why howle you ye vain people? especially, you *Philosopher*? because you lost your beard?

Philosoph. No. But because I thought the soule had bin immortall.

Menippus. He lies: he weeps for something else.

Mercury. For what?

Menippus. Marry, because he can be no more invited to costly suppers; and cannot steale forth by night unespied, and muffling himselfe in his gown, go over his circle of whore-houses, and in the morning cheat his pupils, with his lecture of wisdom, and take their money. These are the things that grieve him.

Philosopher. Art not thou troubled, *Menippus*, because thou art dead?

Menippus. How can I, who hasten'd to meet death before I was call'd? But hark, do you not hear a great noise from the earth.

Mercury. Yes, *Menippus*, in more then one place. 'Tis a company met together, who make themselves merry at *Lampichus* death; The women also surround, and follow his wife, and the boyes throw stones at his children. Others in *Sicyonia* clappe *Diophantus* the Orator, for making a funerall Oration upon *Crato*. *Damastias* mother also with other women make a lamentation for him: No body bewailes thee, *Menippus*; thou liest unmolested.

Menippus.

Menippus. Not so, you shall presently hear the dogges dolefully barking, and the Crowes beating their wings when they come to bury me.

Mercury. Thou art a valiant fellow, *Menippus.* So, we are arrived at the shore: go all you straight forward to the Court of Justice. I and the Ferry-man will fetch others.

Menippus. Farewell, *Mercury*, wee'l passe on. What will become of you my friends? you must all be arraigned; and they say there are grievous punishments here; Wheels, and Vultures, and restless stones: every mans life shall be open'd and ript up.

A Dialogue between Crates, and Diogenes.

Crates. **D**Id you know rich *Mærichus*, *Diogenes*? he that was so wondrous rich, and came from *Corinth*; who had whole fleets laden with Merchandise; whose cousen *Aristeas* being also very wealthy, used to repeat that peece of *Homer*, *Do you kill me, or let me kill you.*

Diogenes. The two that alwaies courted one another, *Crates*?

Crates. Yes, for their estates: being both alike aged, they publish't their wills. In which *Mærichus*, if he died first, left *Aristeas* heire to all he had, and *Aristeas* did the like if he died before *Mærichus*. This was recorded. They continued their Courtship, and strived, who should excell in flattery. The presagers, whether they took their conjectures from the starres, or from their dreams, as the *Chaldeans* do, nay *Apollo* himselfe also sometimes gave the victory to *Aristeas*, sometimes to *Mærichus*: so that the Ballance sometimes inclined to one, sometimes to the other.

Diogenes. What was the event, *Crates*? 'tis a thing worthy my hearing.

Crates. They both died upon one day, and their estates descended to *Eunomius*, and *Thrasycles* their two Kinsmen, not at all presaging so great a fortune. For sayling from *Sicyonia* to *Cyrha*, a contrary winde and tempest tooke them in the middle of their Course, and sunk them.

Diogenes. They were rightly served. But we in our life time did no such things to one another; neither did I ever pray for the death of *Antisthenes*, that I might inherit his staffe, though twere a strong one, and made of a Crabtree. Nor do I think, *Crates*, that you wisht me dead, that you might inherit my Tubbe, or Scrip, or two quarts of Lupines.

Crates. I had no need of those things, *Diogenes*, neither had you. As much of *Antisthenes* descended to you, as you had use of; and as much from you to me, as I had use of: which was much more, and more pretious then the *Persian* Monarchy?

Diogenes. What do you meane.

Crates. Wisdome, Contentment, truth, liberty, and freedom.

Diogenes. I remember I succeeded *Antisthenes* in those wealthy vertues; and left them amplified to you.

Crates. Others neglected such possessions, and never courted us for our estates; but had their eyes fasten'd upon Gold.

Diogenes. And good reason. For they could receive no such things from us; but being torne with pleasure, like old rotten purses, what ever wisdome, or liberty, or truth, is put into them, presently droppes out and runs through, the bottome being not able to hold it. Resembling *Danaus* Daughters, who powre water into a vessell full of holes. But gold they retaine with tooth and naile, and all the strength they have.

Crates.

Crates. We, therefore, even here enjoy our Treasures: they bring but one single penny with them, and leave that too with the Ferryman.

*A Dialogue between Alexander, Hannibal,
Minos, Scipio.*

Alexander. 'Tis fit I be prefer'd before you, *Lybian*, being the better man.

Hannibal. No, Sir, 'Tis fit I should be prefer'd.

Alexander. Let *Minos* judge.

Minos. Who are you?

Alexander. This is *Hannibal*, the *Carthaginian*; I am *Alexander* the Sonne of *Philippe*.

Minos. Afore Jove, both famous men: But about what is your contention?

Alexander. About taking place. He saies he was a greater Commander then I. I, as all the world knowes, not only excell'd this fellow, but all men els in Warres.

Minos. Both therefore speak for your selves as well as you can: and do you begin, *Lybian*.

Hannibal. I am glad *Minos*, that I have here learnt the Greeke Tongue, that herein also *Alexander* may not excell me. I say, then, that those men are most worthy of renown, who from small Originals, have arrived to great Atchievements, and by their own power have made themselves worthy of Empire. With a small Troope I made an inrode into Spain at first, as Lievetenant under my brother; where I was held fit for the greatest employments and counted the best souldier. For there I conquered the Iberians, and overcame the Gaules, and Hesperians; and having march't over great mountaines neer the *Po*, I over ran and demolish't diverse cities, wasted all the Champion Countrey of Italy, and led my army to the suburbs of Rome; and slew so many Romans in one day,
that

that we measured their Rings by Bushels, and made Bridges over rivers with dead bodies: And all this I did, neither call'd the sonne of *Ammon*, nor faining my selfe a God, nor telling my mothers dreams. But confessing my selfe to be a man, I fought against tryed, experienced Captaines, and joyned battle with stout and warlike souldiers; not with *Medes*, or *Armenians*, who flie before they are pursued, and yeeld the victory to any man of a bold spirit. Whereas *Alexander*, succeeding his Father in his Kingdome, enlarged it, indeed, but by the current of Fortune; who when he had overcome, and taken the miserable *Darius* in the plaines of *Arbela*, contrary to the custome of his Ancestors, would have been adored: And corrupting himselfe with the *Persian* Luxury, he slew his friends at Banquets, and assisted at their murders. I had the rule of my Countrey too; yet when they called me home, because a great fleet of enemies sailed towards *Lybia*, I speedily obeyed, and render'd my selfe a private man: and when I was afterwards condemned, bore the sentence contentedly. And this I did, being but a *Barbarian*, and not bred to the Greek Discipline: who never read *Homer*, like him, nor was instructed by *Aristotle*; but was led by my own excellent Genius. And these are the things wherein I pronounce my selfe better then *Alexander*. But if he think himselfe my superiour, because he hath encircled his head with a Crown: perchance such ornaments may seeme venerable to his *Macedonians*; but it followes not that therefore he should be preferred before a valiant and Warlike Captain, who still went more by Counsell then Fortune.

Minos. He hath made a generous speech for himselfe, and not to be expected from a *Lybian*. What say you to this, *Alexander*?

Alexander. 'Tis fit, *Minos*, I should make no reply to such a bold fellow: since fame can sufficiently instruct thee how great a Prince I was, and how great a Thiefe he.

he: Yet consider how farre I excell him, who began my Atchievements, with my youth; when succeeding in a troubled and distracted State, I tooke revenge of my Fathers Murtherers. Afterwards, striking a terrour into all Greece by my conquest of *Thebes*, they chose me their Generall: nor was I content to straighten my selfe within the Kingdome of *Macedonia* left me by my Father, but projected the victory of all the world. Thinking it poor not to raigne over the Universe, with a small Army I entred into *Asia*, and in a great battle wonne *Lydia*, *Ionia*, and *Phrygia*. And conquering all as I march't, I came to *Iffus*, where *Darius* with an Army consisting of *Myriads* expected me. After this, *Minos*, you may remember how many thousand shades I sent you in one day: The Ferry-man saies his Boat was not sufficient, but that he was faine to joyne boards together, and waft them over upon planks. And this I did, still exposing my selfe first to danger, and offering my selfe to wounds. And that I may not recount to you, what I did at *Tyre*, and in the fields of *Arbela*, I went as farre as *India*, and made the Ocean the period of my empire; tooketheir Elephants; and brought away *Porus* Captive. Passing over *Tanais*, in a great horse fight I vanquish't the *Scythians*, a people not to be contemned: Rewarded my followers, and revenged my selfe of my foes. If men thought me a God, they are to be pardoned, being perswaded from the greatnesse of my Actions. After all, I died a King. Whereas *Hanniball* died Banish't in the Court of *Prusias* the *Bythinian*; A fit death for so deceitfull, and perjured a fellow. For I forbear to tell how he overcame the *Italians*, not by valour, but by couzenage, perfidiousnesse, and stratagems. There being nothing just, or cleare in all that enterprize. But whereas he objects to me my Luxury, he forgets what he did at *Capua*; where he had his Mistresses, and like an admired souldier voluptuously squander'd away the opportunities of warre. Had not I, out of my contempt of the Westerne parts,

parts, turned my march to the east, what great matter had I achieved? Have taken *Italy*, perchance without blood, or have subdued *Lybia*, to the utmost coasts of *Africk*. These were Countries below my Conquests, being already terrified by my fame, and acknowledging me for their Lord. I have said: give sentence, *Minos*. And let these few Achievements pick't out of many suffice.

Scipio. Stay, *Minos*, till you have heard me too.

Minos. What are you, Brave Sir? or from whence come you?

Scipio. I am the Romane *Scipio*, who overthrew *Carthage*, and in many great Battles subdued *Lybia*.

Minos. What would you say more?

Scipio. Marry, that I am inferiour to *Alexander*, but greater then *Hanniball*, who conquered, and pursued him, and compelled him to a dishonorable flight. He is therefore very impudent to compare himselfe with *Alexander*, with whom I, who vanquish't him, presume not to rank my selfe in comparifon.

Minos. Afore Iove thou speakest rightly, *Scipio*: wherefore I pronounce *Alexander* to be first, next to him you *Scipio*; and, if you please, let *Hanniball* be third, since he is not utterly to be despised.

A Dialogue between Diogenes and Alexander.

Diogenes. **H**OW now, *Alexander*, are you dead too like all us?

Alexander. You see I am, *Diogenes*: nor is it strange, being a mortall man, I should die.

Diogenes. Did *Jupiter Ammon* lye then, when he said you were his Son; or were you in earnest the Son of *Philip*?

Alexander. Of *Philip* it seems: had I been descended of *Jupiter*, I had been Immortall.

Diogenes.

Diogenes. But there went a report of your Mother *Olympia*, that a Dragon should couple with her, and be seen in her Chamber; and that from thence she should conceive, and bring forth you; and that *Philip* was deceived to think himself your Father.

Alexander. I have heard such a Report; but now I see that neither my Mother, nor the Priests of *Iupiter* are to be credited.

Diogenes. Yet their lye stood you, *Alexander*, in good stead in your Enterprises: for many were struck with an opinion of your Divinity. But tell me, pray, to whom have you left your great Empire?

Alexander. I know not, *Diogenes*. I had no more leisure to dispose it, then just at my Death to give my Ring to *Perdiccas*. But why laugh you, *Diogenes*?

Diogenes. How can I choose? Have you forgot what the *Grecians* did, when at your entrance into your Kingdome, they flatter'd and chose you their Prince, and General against the *Barbarians*: and how some placed you among the twelve Gods, built Temples, and Sacrificed to you, as the Son of the Dragon? But tell me, where have the *Macedonians* buried you?

Alexander. I have lain these three dayes at *Babylon*. But *Ptolemy*, my Armour-bearer, hath promis'd, as soon as the Tumults now on foot will give him leisure, to carry me into *Egypt*, and bury me there; that I may become one of the *Egyptian* Gods.

Diogenes. Shall I not laugh, *Alexander*, when I see you play the fool in Hell, and hope to be made some *Anubis*, or *Osiris*? Throw off your Ambition, Divine Sir, for 'tis not possible for any, who have once past over the Infernal Lake, and entred the mouth of the Cave, to return; neither is *Eacus* invigilant, or *Cerberus* to be contemn'd. I would therefore gladly learn of you, how you bear the remembrance of the felicity you left above; your Guards, and Squires, and Peers, your Treasures and

Countries which adored you: *Babylon* also, and *Bactria*; besides your Elephants, Honour, and Glory, when you were carried in Triumphs, your head bound about with a white Coronet, and your self clothed with Purple: doe you not relent at the memory of these things? why weepest thou, Fool? did not your wise Master *Aristotle* teach you, not to account any of the gifts of Fortune stable?

Alexander. Call you him Wise, who was the basest of Flatterers? there's none knows so much of *Aristotle*, as I; what suits he made, and what letters he wrot to me, and how he abused my Ambition to Learning, soothing and extolling me, sometimes for my Beauty, as if it been a piece of the highest Good; sometimes for my Actions and Treasure; maintaining that Riches were Good, that he might, I believe, with the lesse shame refuse them. He was a Jugler, *Diogenes*, and Cheater. All that I gained by his wisdom is to grieve for those things you mentioned, as for the greatest goods.

Diogenes. I'll teach you a cure for your sorrow. Since there grows no *Hellebore* here, drink as great a draught of *Lethe*, as you can, and you will never after be troubled for *Aristotle's* goods. But look, yonder comes *Clitus*, and *Callisthenes*, and many others to dismember you, and revenge themselves for what they suffered: wherefore vvade over to the other Bank, and drink soundly as I bid you.

A Discourse of Followers, and such as are employed for Reward.

HOW shall I, my Friend, describe to you the First and the Last, as they say, of those miseries, which they are faine to suffer and undergo, who are in pay, and retain to the Friendship of Rich men? if I may call Servitude, Friendship. For I know many, and almost all the evils vvhich

which befall them. Not from my own experience, (for I was never forced to make tryal, nor may I ever, O ye Gods) but many who have been cast upon that course of life, have made descriptions to me: some, whilst they yet felt the thralldome, deploring the many and great indignities they endured: others, as if they had broke prison, recounting with some pleasure what they had suffered, much rejoycing to repeat the mischiefs they had escaped. These are the more to be credited, having been admitted into the secrets and mysteries of the Courte, and seen all from the beginning to the end. I hear them therefore not carelessly, or without attention, but as men who report an unlookt for deliverance from some Shipwreck; like those Saylers, whom we see in our Temples with shorn heads, who will tell you of waves, and billows, and steep swellings of the Sea, and tossings, and broken Masts, and torn Tackling; but above all of the Twinne Brothers, *Castor* and *Pollux*, (two necessary persons in the Tragedy,) or some other God unexpectedly sitting on their Sayles, or standing at the Sterne, who guided their Ship to some peaceable Shore, where it no sooner arrived, but by easie and gentle degrees sunk, whilst they by the favour and protection of their God, safely landed themselves. Many such Tragical passages will they report to raise your Charity, presuming to receive the more, if they appear not only distressed, but affected by the Gods. But they who speak of their Domestick tempests, and waves, and, as I may say, of their third, fift, and tenth Billows: and how they first launcht into a calme Sea, and what they suffer'd in their voyage; Thirsty, Sea-sick, and overcome with the salt water: lastly, how their unhappy Ship dasht against an hidden Rock, or some sharp Promontory; and how they, wretches, were miserably faine to swimme to land naked, with the losse of all they had. When I hear such complaints as these, they seem to me to conceal many things for shame, as men willing

to have them forgotten. But I, framing my conjectures from such and the like discourses, have found out the discommodities of such Attendances, which it shall be no trouble to me, my Friend *Timocles*, to decipher to you. For, me thinks, I have perceived you of a long time bending to that course of life. For when not long since we fell upon this Argument, one of the company praised this Mercenary course, calling them thrice happy who had dependance on great persons at *Rome*, where they might feast shot-free, lodge magnificently, travail with all accommodation and pleasure, and lie along if they please in an Ivory Sedan. Moreover, to be paid for their friendship and well-being, is no small felicity; so that without Sowing or Tillage, all things spring to them voluntarily. At this, or the like Discourse, I saw how you gap't, and presently held open your mouth for the Bait to drop in. Least therefore you should hereafter blame me, or should say, that when I saw you about to swallow the Hook with the Bait, I saved you not, or pluckt not out the hook before it was fastend in your throat; or did not forewarne you, but staid, till it stuck and were fixt in you; and when I saw you intangled and caught without any redresse, stood by only and wept: least, I say, you should make these objections, nor by me to be answered, should I not give you some premonitions, take with you this brief Character, and consider at your leisure, before you be wrapt and infolded in it, into what a mouthlesse Net you are to enter. Feel the tongue and point of the hook with your fingers, and apply for tryall the sharp Trident to your cheek; which if you find not sharp, and not to be escaped without wounds, but forceably attracting and irresistably holding what they catch, reckon me among Cowards and Beggars: and take you the boldnesse to be caught, and like a Sea-cob swallow the whole bait. Now though this discourse be intended for you, yet 'twill concern not only Philosophers, and as many as propose to themselves

a life of Virtue, but Grammarians also, and Orators, and Musicians, and as many as live by their Learning, and teach for reward. Since all are of condition alike, then, and the same things happen to all, 'tis plain that Philosophers are not exempted, but are of worse condition, if they endure the same things which others do; and if these who have them in pay, hold them but in equal reverence. But vvhat discoveries soever my discourse make by the vvay, they are first in fault vvho offer such indignities, next they vvho endure them. But I am blamelesse, unlesse Liberty and Freedome of narration be a fault. As for those of vulgar quality, as unskilful Flatterers, men of poor and abject spirits, 'tis belovv me to dehorte them from such courses; or if I should, 'twere to no purpose. Nor is it fit I should condemn them for not forsaking their Hire, though much affronted by them; being made and cut out, and formed for such Employments. Besides they have no other course to turn themselves to; so that if any man should take it from them, they vvould presently be void of businesse, turn slothfull, needy, and unprofitable. To such no Employment seems base or disgracefull, though it be, as they say, to hold a Chamberpot. For they are at first entertain'd to bear contempts, and 'tis their art to dissemble, and wink at vvhat they suffer. But I cannot but distast such submissions in men of Learning and parts, and am to endeavour their conversion and restitution to Liberty: which I shall be the better able to effect, if I examine the reasons vvhy some enslave themselves to that kind of life, and shew their weakness & infirmity; whereby they will be disarmed of their Defence, and of the ground on vvhich they build their voluntary Bondage. Most men then, if they can pretend poverty, and the want of things necessary, think they have got a sufficient colour and veile for their entrance into that life; and think it excuse enough to say they do nothing vvhich deserves not pardon, if they seek to free themselves

themselves from poverty, a thing to the life of man most intolerable: pressing upon all occasions that piece of *Theognis*, *Want kills all men*; and such other affrightments from poverty, as the most obscure and abject Poets have delivered. And truly if by such dependances I should see them relea'd from their necessities, I would not so earnestly dispute with them about Liberty. But as the Orator said, being of Sick mens diet, how can they possibly clear themselves from having given themselves ill counsel, the reason of their course still remaining? For they still suffer want and need supplies, unable to lay up, or keep any thing over: but when they are paid their wages, (if yet they be paid) 'tis spent presently, and hardly defrayes their ordinary charges. 'Twere good therefore not to invent such refuges, as cherish and assist poverty, but such as take it away: which perchance was the meaning of *Theognis*, when he said, *Poverty was to be cast headlong from a steep Cliff into the Sea*. But if any man who serves for wages, and is still needy and poor, think this the way to avoid Poverty, he deceives himself. Others, say they, would not at all fear Poverty, if like other men they could sustain themselves by their labours; but having bodies weakned either by age or sicknesse, they are faine to betake themselves to the ealie life of Serving-men. Let us see then whither they say truth; and whither their wages come to them easily, and not through harder tasks then other labourers. 'Twere indeed to be wisht, that without toil or sweat Silver would flow upon them. But this is so far from Truth, that no employments are fuller of labour, and sweat, and require more vigour & strength of body; which is every day wasted by a thousand busineses, and tired to the utmost. But of this I will treat in due place, when I come to speak of other grievances. For the present it shall be enough to have shown, that their pretences, are false. I come next to speak of the true cause (but unacknowledged) which makes
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men enter themselves into great families, that is, that they may enjoy pleasure, cherish large and ample Hopes, admire the abundance of Gold and Silver, fare deliciously; and partake the other happinesses of life, and without controule drink Gold. These are the things which entice men, and make them of freemen slaves; not the want of necessaries, as they pretend, but the thirst of superfluities, and itch of abundance: much like slie, and cheating mistresses, who entertaine their wretched, and unfortunate lovers and inflame them with a pretty disdaine, to Court, and observe them, and yet after their long service scarce allow them a short kisse, well knowing that Love is dissolved by fruition; which they therefore keep lock't up, and impart sparingly, cherishing in their lovers some faint hopes, least despaire should lessen their flame, or unedge their desires; They therefore are alwaies affable, make faire promises, that they will performe, and bethankfull and acknowledge their costly presents. Till at length both grow old, ere they be aware, and become unfit, the one to Court, the other to be Courted; so that their whole life hath vapoured away in hopes. But to undergoe any course for the love of pleasure is not altogether blameworthy, but someway pardonable in him who is inclined to it, and pursues all waies to compasse it; Though I must needs say, 'tis both base and unmanly to give himselfe for it: For the pleasure which arises from libertie, is much greater. Yet as I say before, They deserve pardon, if they attaine the pleasure they aime at; But for the bare expectation of pleasure to undergoe so many incumbrances, is, in my judgement, ridiculous: especially seeing how certaine, manifest, and unavoydable, their pains are, and how the thing they expect, which is pleasure, after a long attendance flies from them; And, if they shut not their eyes to truth, is never likely to approach them. *Ulysses* companions having tasted of the enchanted bowle, neglected all things els, and preferd their present delight before

fore vertue; having some little reason to forget what was decent, their soules being possesst by pleasure. But should some thirsty man stand by when another drinks of such a bowle, out of meere hope to get a tast, and yet get none, and so forget what is fit and decent, He were most ridiculous and worthy Homers whipping-post. These, or the like, are the Causes which carry men into dependances, and suffer rich men to put them to what imployment they list. To which we may adde, that some think it a glory to retaine to illustrious persons, and persons of Honour; as being thereby advanced above the condition of the Vulgar. For my part I would not belong to the greatest prince, or be seen in his retinue, if no other preferment accompanied my neernesse to him. This, then, being the foundation of servitude, let us consider next, what they feele, and endure, before they compasse their ends; and what are the calamities of their life; and lastly, what is the Catastrophe of their Tragedie. First they cannot say that though their imployments be burdensome, they are made easy by custome, and require no great trouble; or that to a willing minde businesse doth it selfe: many wearisome walks are to be made, their doores every morning to be visited, you the saluter to attend, though you are lock't out, or thrust from the doore sometimes, if you grow bold, or pressing, by the Porter, who speaks broken *Syriack*, and are faine to bribe a *Lybian* Nomenclator to remember your name. Then you must weare Cloathes above your Abilitie, for the credit of him you serve, and make choice of such colours as he delights in; and which differ not in *Lyverie* from his. Lastly, you must alwaies follow, or goe before, thrust and justled by the other servants, and as it were make one in a show, or Triumph; Whilest your Patron for many daies not once lookes upon you: or if it be your good fortune to be seene or call'd by him, and that he by chance speak to you, then you beginne to sweat, your eyes dazell, your joynts shake,

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the standers by laugh at your confusion; especially when he shall aske you who was king of *Achaia*, and you make answere he had a Thousand ships: which good natures will call modesty; bold men, cowardlinesse; unbred men, ignorance; whereupon you, having made a dangerous encounter of his Familiarity, depart much accusing your bashfulnessse. And when you have lost many nights sleep, and past over many bloody daies, not to recover a *Helen*, or to Conquer a *Priamus*, or *Troye*, but for the hopes of five groats; if by chance you light upon some assistant God in a Tragedy, you are examined whether you be skill'd in the Mathematicks, a question frequent in the mouthes of rich men, who are, therefore, much praised, and celebrated: whilest you out of astonishment think he gives sentence upon you, and calls your life in question. This thought comming crosse your minde, that no man will receive you, if you be disallowed or rejected by him, you must needs be cast into a thousand distractions, out of envy to those who are examined with you, and who stand in competition with you for your place: imagining you have answered imperfectly, and tost between your Hopes, and feares, you watch his countenance, and if he show any dislike of your Replies, you are undone; If he hear you with approbation, you take heart, and revive your hopes. Besides, it cannot be but that many should withstand your desires, and should strive to remove you, and place others in your Roome, and should dart at you underhand. Consider too what a sight 'tis to see a man with a long beard, and a white head examined what a Scholler he is; and to some to appeare to have profitted, to others not. In the mean time your former life and age past is curiously searcht into. And if any acquaintance, or neighbour, upon some light provocation, shall accuse you of adulterie, or the like, he is heard as a wirnesse produced

from *Iupiter's* Table-book. If all report well of you, they will be suspected, thought vain, and hired by you: you must therefore have great luck, and meet with no rubs, or you will never compass your aims. But put the case that fortune be your friend, and that your Lord approve of your parts, and that his best friends, upon whose authority in such tryals he most relies, strive not to divert him: suppose too you have his wives allowance, be not thwarted by the Steward, and that no man blemish your former Behaviour, but that, as they say, all things concur to make a gratefull Sacrifice; you have conquer'd, happy Sir, and have won the Garland; you have taken *Babylon* as soon, or the Castle of *Sardis*, and may as well possesse *Amalthæas* Horn, or milk the Fowls. For suppose the time now come, that you receive recompence answerable to your Service; and that your Garland prove not a Garland of fraile Oken leaves, nor your wages contemptible, but that it be seasonably paid you without much suit, and that you be preferr'd before your fellow attendants: moreover, that you be releas'd from your troublesome visits, attendances in the dirt, and watchings, and, according to the common Proverb, be allowed to sleep with your feet stretcht out, and for the future be employed only in those easie businesses, for which you were at first hired, and taken in; which is but reasonable, *Timocles*; nor would a man grudge to bear an easie yoke, which were portable, and guilt; yet will you faile much, if not altogether, of your expectation. For there are a thousand things in such dependances, which mis-become an ingenious man: which, as you hear from me in order, judge whether they be to be born by any man who hath but tasted of Learning. I will begin from your first entertainment, from whence you may make a judgment of your future usage. First, a neat Serving-man is sent to invite you to Supper; whom you are to see, and, least you be

be thought uncivill, are to clap into his hand at least a Crown: which he refuses with, Pray excuse me, I cannot take it, *Hercules* forbid; but is at length perswaded, and being gone laughs at you. You presently put on your best cloaths, trimme, and wash your self; and fear to be the first commmer: for that is clownish, as to come last is troublesome. Having watcht therefore for fit opportunity, you enter; and you are honourably bid welcome. Then comes one to you, and bids you sit down above the rich man that invited you, between his two old friends: but you, as though you were newly entred into *Jupiter's* Temple, admire all things, and are astonisht at every thing you see done, which appears strange, and unusuall to you. In the meantime the eies of all the Servants are upon you, and the other Guests observe how you carry your self. Nor are you unwatcht by the rich man, who before hand charged the waiters to mark what by-glances or looks you cast upon his Wife, or Boies: whilst the rest that are invited seeing you for want of experience amazed at what passes, smile at you, and conjecture that you were never invited before; and that you were never till then used to a Napkin. Whereupon you out of distraction fall a sweating, and though you be thirsty dare not call for Drink, lest you be thought a Tipler: and of all the variety of dishes which stand in order before you, know not to which you are first or last to move your hand; but are faine to observe him that sits next to you, and to learn in what order you are to cut; and so pass over your meat distracted in your mind, and struck at all that's done. Sometimes you admire the rich man for his Plate, and Ivory, and pleasures; then again you deplore your own unhappinesse, in that you possesse nothing, and yet live: another thought presently flatters you, what a desirable life you shall lead to have the fruition of all those pleasures, and equally to enjoy them; and how all your Suppers will be Bacchanals. Besides, the wayters

laughing at you in private, will make pleasant descriptions to you of the sweetnesse of your future conversation, and tell you that you will be alwaies singing those verses in *Homer*:

*No marvaile if the Trojans and Greeks strong
Did their laborious war and siege prolong
For so much happinesse.*

At length you are invited to drink a Health: and one taking a great Bowle begins to you, by the name of Tutor, or some such like compellation; you receive the cup of him, and know not what answer to return, and so for want of experience are thought rustick, and unbred. Besides, that drinking to you stirs the envy of all the inviters old retainers, who are gall'd at your sitting down before them too; that being but a new commet, you should be preferr'd before men who served a prentiship: presently therefore they begin thus to mutter among themselves: This only was wanting to other Indignities, that we should be placed after those who are newly entred into the family. None but *Grecians* are respected at *Rome*; and what is there in them why they should take place of me? Is their Service more then ours, because they can prate? Did you not mark, sayes another, how much he drank? how he devoured all the meat that stood before him? an unbred, famisht fellow, who never dreamt of white bread, or Pheasants, or Partridges, and yet he left us nothing but the bones. Peace, Fools, sayth a third, within this week you shall see him esteemed no more then one of us. He is now prized and valued like a pair of new Shoes; but when he is worn a while, and hath been in the dirt, he will be neglected and cast aside, like us, and make a dinner for the Rats. These and the like speeches are tost among them, who from that time project complaints and accusations against you, and all the Discourse of the meal is of you: who not used to such meetings, having overdrunk your self in sweet, loosning wine, find your

your belly work, and are not well. Neither can you in good manners depart before the company, nor can you with safety stay. In the meane time, while the drinking is continued, and one discourse falls into another, and one show is presented after another, (for you must stay to see all) you are not a little tormented, and neither marke what is done, nor heare what is sung, or plaid by one of his Ingles. But are to praise all out of necessity, though you wish the house would fall with an Earthquake, or that some body would proclaime it to be on fire, that the feast might be dissolved. You have the Character, my friend, of your first and most pleasant entertainment: which to me is not so pleasant as Onyons, and bay salt, of which I may eat freely, and as much, or little as I please. I omit to tell you of the rawnesse, and crudities of your stomach, and of your vomits in the night. Next morning you are to bargain what wages you are to have by the year, and Covenants are agreed upon in the presence of two or three of your masters friends. Before whom he first bids you sit down, and then thus begins. You see what my estate is, how free from pompe, which I enjoy without any ostentation, in a moderate and vulgar way; I would have you, therefore, believe that all things shall be common between us. For 'twere ridiculous that I should trust you with the best part of my possessions, my life, or children, (if he have any) and not in an equall measure make you master of my Fortunes. But because we are to come to certainties, I shall complie with your moderation, and frugalitie. For I understand no desire of gain drew you to my house, but other considerations, as your affection to me, and the honour of your Relation; yet something I will allow you; and I should be glad your selfe would set the proportion: but consider first the gifts I shall bestow upon you at good times, which shall not be omitted, though they fall not within our bargaine; and you know there are many revolutions

volutions in the year; These therefore consider'd, set to your selfe some reasonable price, or hire; For I know you men of learning despise money. By this Prologue he besieges you with Hopes, and renders you pliant, and flexible to his ends. You, who before fancied to your selfe Talents, and Millions, and whole Farmes, and palaces, secretly perceive his sordidnesse: yet believe and think his promises, that all things shall be common, are unfayling Oracles; not discerning that they proceeded meerly from his lippes, and not from his heart. At last out of Modesty you referre the summe to him, which he refuses to name; But desires one of his friends, there present, to deal between you, and to designe a price, neither too great for him to spare, out of his other necessary disbursements, nor yet too small for you to receive. Here his old friend, bred up with him in flattery, asks you, if you think not your selfe the most happy man in the City, that you have lighted upon the good fortune, so much coveted by others, to be admitted into dependance by such a person? To have the use of one of the greatest Families in *Rome*? which, if you have your modesty, is more then *Crassus* wedges, or *Midas* wealth. I know some, sayes he, of good quality, who would give money, only for the credit of the Relation, to belong to him and to be seen about him, as his followers or Friends. I cannot, therefore, sufficiently extoll your happinesse, who are to have pay to your good fortune. In my Judgment, therefore, unlesse you be a spendthrift, so much is enough; And then sets some small price, farre below your expectation; which neverthelesse you must accept contentedly, since there is no escape for you now out of the Net. Grudgingly, therefore, you thrust your head into the bridle; yet carry your selfe gentle, not being much troubled, or gall'd, till you be a little accustomed to him. They abroad, in the mean while, emulate you, seeing you within the pale, and making your entrance without controule, and made one

one of the Family; whilst you know no reason why you should appear so happy in their eyes, but only that you flatter and rejoyce your selfe with the hopes and amendment of your fortune, which every day lessens and goes backward. At length as it were in a doubt, full light, you begin to perceive that all your wealthy hopes were but golden bubbles; but that your Toyles are reall, unavoidable, and perpetuall. But you will ask me what those toyles are? and tell me, that you discern no such troubles in such dependances, or such inrolerable imployments as I speak of. Heare, therefore, Gallant Sir, and weigh not only the trouble, but the basenesse, dishonour, and servilitie of such imployments. For first from the time you are entertained, you are to forget your liberty, and parentage; and are to resolve, when you enter into such relations, to leave your descent, freedome, and Ancestors at the doore. For Liberty cannot have admission with you, who are received into such low and ungenerous imployments. A servant, therefore, however you are troubled at the name, a servant you are necessarily to be, not of one, but many; and are to wait uncover'd from morning to night for contemptible wages. Besides, not being bred of a child to service, but coming to the trade late, and well stricken in years, you will hardly please, or be much valued by your Master. For the remembrance of your former Liberty will corrupt you, and prompt you to a relapse sometimes, and make your Thraldome much the heavier: Unlessse you think you are at liberty because you had not *Pyrrhias*, or *Zopyrio* for your Father; or were not sold, like a *Bithynian*, by some big voiced Crier. But, good Sir, to stand every new Moon with *Pyrrhias*, and *Zopyrio*, and hold out your hand like other servants, to receive what shall be given, is sale. For he needs no Crier who is his own Cryer, and of himself makes long suit for a Master. If therefore, you base fellow, (for I cannot but say so to one who professeth Philosophy) a Py-

rate should take you at Sea, or if some Robber should enslave you, you would deplore your self; as one who became unfortunate beside your merit. Or if one should apprehend you, and say you are his Servant, you would invoke the Lawes, use all endeavours to free your self, expresse great disdain, and in a loud voice call the Earth and Godsto your assistance. And yet for all you are of an age, in which had you been born a Slave, 'twere time for you to look towards Liberty; and though you have been bred to virtue, and wisdom, for a few farthings you sell your self; never regarding the excellent Discourses utter'd by *Plato*, *Chrysippus*, and *Aristotle*, in the praise of Liberty, and dispraise of Servitude: nor are you ashamed to be reckoned with Flatterers, Hirelings, and Buffoones; or among so many *Romanes* to go attired like a stranger, or to speak Latine barbarously, or to go to tumultuous, promiscuous Suppers, where the company is mixt and troublesome; and there to passe ridiculous praises, to drink immoderately, and next morning at the sound of a Bell to rise, break your sweet sleep, and trudge up and down with yesterdaies dirt yet about your heels. Do you feel such a penury of Beans, or Herbs, or have fountains left off to run, that despair should drive you to this course? No such matter, neither want of beans or water, but your desire of Juncats, and delicate fare, and odoriferous wines drew you, and like a Pike your greediness justly fasten'd a hook in your Gills: & so you suffer the reward of your licorousness; and like a *Monkey* chained to a post by the neck, make sport to the Beholders; whilst you are much pleased to have Figs and Comfits thrown to you. But Liberty and Freedom, Stock or Pedigree, are vain, empty names, and of which you keep no remembrance. Yet the course were to be liked, if it had only this inconveniency of baseness, to make a Freeman a Slave, and brought not other servile Employments with it. But consider whither your tasks be more tolerable

lerable then those which are enjoyn'd to *Dromo*, or *Tibius*. As for your Learning, for which you say he took you in, he little regards it: for according to the Proverb, *what agreement can there be between an Asse and an Harp?* Do you not observe how they are posselt with the desire of *Homer's* Wildome, *Demosthenes* Eloquence, and *Plato's* high Discourses? and yet should a man take out of their minds their thoughts and cares of Gold, and Silver, nothing would remain but Pride, Effeminatenesse, Luxury, Lasciviousnesse, Cruelty, and Ignorance; to all which you are uselesse. But because you have a large Beard, and are of a venerable aspect, and weare a decent *Greek* Mantle, and all men know you to be a Grammarian, or Orator, or Philosopher, he thinks it is for his reputation to mingle such a one with those who go before him, to grace and set out his traine: And from hence gains the opinion of a Patron of the *Grecian* Arts, and of a Friend to Learning, so that you are not hired for excellency of parts, or Discourse, but for your Beard and Gown. And therefore are alwaies to be seen in his company, and never to be from him, but are to rise early every morning to present your self, and appear in your attendance, and not break your rank. He sometimes laying his hand upon you, prates anything by chance, and makes shew to those he meets, that in passage through the streets he forgets not the *Muses*, but imployes the small leisure of his walke in honest conferences: whilst you most wretchedly sometimes going apace, sometimes softly, sometimes up, sometimes down, (for such you know are the passages of the City) sweat, and put your self out of breath. At length he strikes into a house, to talk with some friend, whom he went to visit; where, for want of a place to sit down, you are faine to read a Book, to passe away the time. After this, having neither eaten nor drunk that day, discommodiously washt, and at an unseasonable hour, about midnight perhaps, you go to supper; and are no longer

reverenced, or regarded by the rest. But if there be a new comer, you are set below him, and thrust into some obscure Corner; where you sit as a Spectator only of what is brought to Table; and like a dog gnaw the bones which descend to you, or out of hunger suck some withered Saller, refused by those who sit above you. Nor is this all your disgrace; you are not allowed a whole Egge to your self, nor is it thought fit that you should be attended still like the other Guests, and Strangers, (for that was your fond conceit) nor is the same Fowl set before you and others. But before your Lord stands a crammed, juicy one; before you, a young starved, tastelesse one: which is indeed no fowl, but an affront and reproach. Many times, if another want meat, one of the wayters takes away that which was set before you; and looking upon you, tells you, you are one of the house. If at any time a Pigge be cut up, or a Venison pasty, you had need have the Carver your friend, or you will divide with *Prometheus*, and nothing but bones will come to your share. For that a diish should stand before him who sits above you, till he be cloyed, and should passe by you in an instant, it is not to be endured by one that hath any ingenuity, or but so much Gall as an Hart. I have not told you, that when the rest drink the oldest and best, you are to drink the fulsome, pall'd Wine: and therefore are carefull to drink in a Silver, or gilt Bowle, lest the colour should betray what a contemptible Guest you are. Yet this were also to be endured, might you drink your full: but if you call often, the wayter will not hear you. There are many other things which will vex you; but especially to see an Ingle or Dancing-Master, or an *Alexandrian* Jester, who writes *Farces*, prefer'd before you. For how can you expect to take equall place with them whose qualities are more delightfull, & who carry love-letters in their bosoms. You, therefore, sit in some hole at supper, & hiding your self for shame,

diet, watchings, and tirings by degrees undermine you, and introduce a Consumption, or Ptiffick, or paine of the Bowells, or some excellent Gowt: which you valiantly resist, and many times when you are to keep your bed, cannot be allowed; but your sicknesse is thought a pretence to avoid businesse. Hence it comes to passe, that you are alwaies paler then others, and look like one ready to die. And thus much be spoken of your sufferings, in the City. When you are to Travel any where, among other things, which I omit, you are by your place, and lot, to tarry for the waggon, and to come wet, and last into the Inne; where for want of Room you are lodged with the Cooke, or your Mistresses barber upon the straw. I'll tell you a passage which *Theſmopolis* the *Stoick* told me of himſelfe, very ridiculous, but not incredible, or such as may not happen to any other. He lived with a wealthy delicate, proud Lady, in the City, who had occasion to take a journey; where he ſaid the firſt contemptible accident, he ever ſuffer'd, was, being a Philoſopher, to ſit next in the Coach to her page, whom ſhe kept ſhaven both chinne and thighes, and carried with her (it ſeemes) for her Credit. He told me his name was *Chelidonius*, or ſwallow. Now judge you what a ſight it was for a ſevere, grave, ancient man, with a white beard (which you know *Theſmopolis* wore at full length) to be placed next to an effeminate Boy, whoſe eyes were painted, and laſciviously roll'd in his head, and his neck wantonly bent to one ſide; who more deſerved to be call'd Vulture for his naked chinne then ſwallow; and who, had he not been at his entreaty diſſwaded, would have worne his head in a bagge. Innumerable he ſaid were the diſturbances which he ſuffer'd from the page, who all the way ſung, and prattled, and, if he had not reſtrained him, would have danced in the Coach. He told me, alſo, of a certain charge, laid upon him by the Lady; who calling to him, *Theſmopolis*, quoth ſhe, if you love me,

me, you must not deny me a favour, which I shall ask of you, nor expect I shall ever request a greater. He, as 'twas fit, promised to obey her request. Then, quoth she, I pray, because I take you to be an honest, carefull, good natured man, take my little bitch *Myrrhina* into the Coach, and keep her for me, and see she lacks nothing; For she is very bigge with puppies, and is even ready to whelp, and my other servants are such Knaves, that upon the way they have neither care of her, nor indeed of me: you shall therefore not a little oblige me, if you will take care of a dogge so deare and pretious to me. *Theſmopolis*, at her earnest entreaty being almost ready to crie, received the Bitch. Here, then, was a spectacle most ridiculous, to see a little dogge peeping under his gown, just below his Beard, and bepissing him sometimes (Though *Theſmopolis* dissembled it) and barking in a small voice (for such dogges are most in fashion) and licking the yesterdaies fat which stuck upon the Philosophers chinne. The Page, who sat next him, having not unwittily at supper played upon others of the company, at last broke a jest upon *Theſmopolis*; All I can say, quoth he, of *Theſmopolis* is only this, that of a *Stoick* he is become a *Cynick*. For I heare when the little Bitch pupp't in his Gown. These are the Mockeries, or rather the affronts, which they fasten upon those who live with them, rendring them by little and little tame and patient of contempts. I knew a *Carcharian* Orator, who being commanded at a supper to make an Oration, declaimed not by an houre glasse, but by a Rundlet of wine, very eloquently, gravely, and roundly, and with the acclamation of those who in the mean time drank, and received two hundred Drachmes for his performance. Now such impositions are some way tolerable; But if he to whom you belong, be either given to Poëtry, or History, and be accustomed to repeat his own works at supper, how are you troubled to praise and flatter, and invent new waies of commendation? There are some, who
will

thame, secretly sigh, as 'tis fit, & bewaile your selfe, & accuse your fortune, for not allowing you a sprinkling of their favours; and could gladly wish your self a Poet to write amorous Ditties, or had the gift to sing those which were made by others; seeing for what qualities others are prized and esteemed before you: nor would you refuse for a need to act a Magician, or Fortune teller, and presage, like them, great Fortunes, Empires, and mighty Riches. When therefore you see men of such condition esteemed, and much made of, you could even find in your heart to be one of them, to preserve your self from disesteem, and contempt. But because you are not so happy as to be framed for such Arts, you must of necessity give way, and silently mutter your grievances, and neglects to your self. For if some whispering Tell-tale Servant complaine of you, that you praised not your Mistresses Page for dancing, or singing well, you are in no small danger. You are therefore like a thirsty Land-frog, to cry aloud, that you may appear the most forward, and remarkable in your commendations. And sometimes when the rest are silent, you are to have in a readinesse some fained Panegyrick, well powdered with Flattery. Next, tis a thing most ridiculous, that hungry, and thirsty, as many times you are, you should anoynt your self, and weare a Chaplet: for then me thinks you look like a Pillar erected over some ancient Carcasse, adorned with Offerings to the Dead; who though they be anoynted and crowned, yet neither eat nor drink the viands set before them. Besides, if you light upon a Master who is jealous, and who keeps handsome Boies, or hath a young Wife, and that he find you no stranger to *Venus*, or the *Graces*, tis matter for a Quarrell, and your danger is not contemptible. For Kings have many eares and eyes, and do not only see Truths, but alwaies adde something over, least they be thought to connive. You are therefore to fit as if you were at a *Persian* Supper, with a downcast

look, and to beware, lest some Eunuch catch you darting glances upon one of your Master's Concubines; or lest another Eunuch holding a bent Bow shoot an arrow through your Cheeks, whilst you are drinking, for casting your eyes aside. After you are risen from Supper, you are no sooner asleep, but at the first Cock-crowing you awake, and say to your self, O me most unfortunate wretch, what conversation have I left, what friends, what a quiet life, what untroubled sleeps, and free Walks, to cast my self headlong into a Dungeon! And wherefore, O ye Gods, have I entred into this course? or what splendid reward doth it bring me? 'Tis not possible the commodities of this life should countervail those I forlook, when I enjoyed my liberty, and had all things in my own power. Now, as they say, I am led like a tame Lyon up and down in a string, neither knowing (which makes my case most miserable) how to give content, or able to make my self gracious; being ignorant, and unskilfull, compared to those men who make the Arts of pleasure their businessse. Besides, I am distastfull, and not fit for great Feasts, being unable to raise laughter, which makes my Master look discontentedly upon me: because when he would be very merry, I carry my self tetricall, and grave; in a word, I shall never be able to piece with him. For if I endeavour to preserve my reverence, I am thought severe, and to be avoided: If I laugh, or strive to shew a cheerfull countenance, he presently grows disdainfull, and spawles at me; so that, me thinks, I act a Comickall part in a Tragicall dresse. Lastly, what kind of life shall I leave for my self, after I have spent my present age in the service of another? In the midst of this Soliloquie, the Bell rings, and you are to return to your former task of walking and waiting, Having first anointed your thighes, and knees, to enable you for your race. Then you have the same supper, and at the same houre; Till at length your unaccustomed diet,

will be admired for their Beauty; whom you must call *Adonis*, and *Hyacinthus*, though they have a nose a Cubit long. For if you commend them not, presently you are committed to *Dionysius* Dungeon, as one who wish them ill, and carry plots against them. You must call them Sages, and Orators too; who though they utter solecismes, yet they will be thought to make speeches full of Attick flowers, and *Hymettian* Honey, which ought to become patternes afterwards for men to speak by. But perhaps the carriage of the men is to be born with; but then the women affect too to have learned men in pay, who shall retaine to them, attending upon their *Sedans*; And think nothing conduceth so much to their other bravery; and pompe, as to be called Learned Philosophers, and better makers of verses then *Sappho*. And for the raising of such an opinion, they are still accompanied by pensionary Rhetoricians, Grammarians, and Philosophers, who most ridiculously read to them, either while they are dressing themselves, or curling their haire, or at meale time, for at other times they are not at leasure. Sometimes, whilest the Philosopher is in the midst of his Discourse, the Chambermayde enters, and delivers a letter to her Lady from her Lechour-servant; whereupon the learned discourse of chastity breaks off, till she have wrote an answer, and returne to her Lecture. After a long time, at the Feast of *Saturne*, perchance, or *Minerva*, if some thread-bare Cloak, or motheaten garment, be sent you, you must recieve it as a great present; And the servant first privy to his masters intention, who runs and acquaints you with his bounty, is not to be sent away without a reward for his newes. The next morning, at least thirteen more bring you the same message; every one reporting what he said to his Master, how he put him in mind of it, and that being intrusted with the businesse he chose the most advantagious; who though they all returne fed, yet grumble that you gave them no more. Next, your whole pension comes
not

not to above six Crownes, which if you demand you are thought impudent, and troublesome, and, therefore, before you can receive it, you must insinuate and flatter, and court the steward; which is one step of servitude more; nor is he to be neglected who is your patrons friend, and of his Counsells. And when you have received your salary, you are presently to pay it again to your Taylor, or Physitian, or Shoemaker; so that your rewards not only comelate, unseasonable, and to no purpose, but great envy is kindled upon you, and by degrees the servants begin to hatch complaints against you; especially finding their masters eares open to entertaine them: who by this time, perhapps, sees you worne out with businesse, and unfit for imployment, and troubled with the Gowt; And having gotten the most flowry and vigorous part of your age, and wasted your bodily strength, and worne you out like a torne garment, he looks about for some dunghill where to cast you, and entertaines another more able to drudg; accusing you with the enticements of his page, or alleaging that being an old man, you defloured his maid, or laying some such crime to your charge; for which in the night time you are thrust out of doores by the neck, forsaken of all, poore, and carry nothing away with your age but an incomparable Gowt; And having by length of time forgotten your first course of life and made your belly as large as a sack, it becomes an insatiate and never to be contented mischief. Your stomach will expect it's usuall repletions, and grow enraged at denials. Besides no bodie will afterwards entertaine you, being of a spent age, and become like an ancient decayed horse, whose very skinne is of no use. The pretence, also, for which you were put away, carrying some possibility, will brand you for an adulterer, or a poysoner, or the like: So that your accuser, though he say nothing, will be believed against you, who are a *Greek*, of a light behaviour, and prepared for any mischief.

chief. For such they account us all, and not without good cause. For if I be not deceived, the reason why they hold such an Opinion of us is, because most of us who are taken into Families, for want of better knowledg, profess Magick, and Charms, and the Art to provoke Love, and to reconcile Enemies; which we call Learning, and set it off with a grave Gown, and a venerable Beard. Hence it comes to passe, that they have the like esteem of all, as they have of those whom they judg to be the best; especially when they observe our Flattery, both at Feasts, and in our Carriage at other times, and our extream baseness, to submit our selves to waies of gain. And therefore, not without cause, when they have turned them off, they mortally hate them, and seek all the waies they can to destroy them: as men who are able to divulge all the secrets of their life, having inwardly known them, and seen them naked; a point which pricks them to the quick: For as you have seen some fair Books, whose Covers are enamell'd, and guilt without, but contain within *Thyestes* eating his children at a Banquet, or *Oedipus* lying with his mother, or *Tereus* deflowring two Sisters: so these men are very glorious, and sightly without, but within hide many a Tragedy under their purple; whom if you rip open, and unwrap, you will find them lined with much Tragicall stuffe, not unlike that of *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. However without, they shew guilt and enamell'd. Their Consciounesse therefore breeds their hatred, and makes them seek the ruine of those who fall from them; as men who are able to represent them on the Stage, and give their true description. For a Conclusion then, like *Cebes*, I will draw you the picture of this kind of life in a small Table; that by looking towards it, you may know whither it be to be entred into or no. I could wish some *Apelles*, or *Parrhasius*, or *Aëtion*, or *Euphranor*, would limme it: but because such excellent and exact Painters are not now to be found, I will, as well as I can,

give you a slender Image and Draught of it. Let there, then, be drawn a high gilded house, not situated on any low place, but aloft on a hill; and let the ascent to it be so steep, inaccessible, and slippery, that those who many times hope to aspire to the top, tumble down, and break their necks. Within, let Riches dwell, of a bright and amiable aspect. Let their Lover, having with much adoë climbed up, and attained the door, at first sight grow amazed. And let Hope (whom you may also imagine to be well favoured, and diversly drest) take him in this astonishment by the hand, and lead him in, and from his first entrance go before him: then let other women receive him, namely, Deceit, and Servitude, and deliver him over to labour. And let Labour after long exercise deliver the Wretch over to Old age, diseased, and withered in his face, and colour. Lastly, let Contempt hurry him to Despaire; & from that time let Hope vanish, and forsake him, & fly away. Then let him be cast out, not at the Golden Porch, at which he entred, but at some Back-door, or dark Out-let, naked, hungry, pale, aged, with one hand covering his shame, with the other choking himself. At his ejection let helplesse Weeping and Repentance meet him, and double his misery. And let the Picture here end. Now do you, *Timocles*, having well weighed my discourse, consider, whither you be content to enter at the Golden Door, and be dishonourably thrust out at the Postern. And what course soever you undertake, remember the saying of a Wise man; *God is not to be blamed, but your own Choice.*

A Defence

*A Defence of those who are imployed for
Reward.*

I Have long considered with my self, Excellent *Sabinus*, what you thought or said, when you read my Book, concerning those who are imployed for reward. For I am verily perswaded you could not forbear laughing in the perusal. Though you made some objections by the way, which I will now answer agreeably to my writings. If my Divination faile me not, methinks I hear you say; Is this he who wrote those things, and inveighed so bitterly against this course of life, and yet unmindfull of his own Satyr, upon the turning of the shell, as they say, hath voluntarily put himself into an eminent and illustrious Service? What *Midas*, or *Cræsus*, or streams of Gold, could once tempt him to forsake his dear Liberty, bred up with him of a child? Yet though he be not far from *Æacus*, and have one foot in *Charons* boat, now submits he himself to betost, and drawn, as if he were fastened by the neck with a golden Collar, or some great mans chain of Corral? Surely there is a wide difference between this new course and his writings. Rivers me thinks do now run backwards, and the order of things is inverted. Recantations are made for the worse; and all this change is not for the fruition of a *Helen*, or the conquest of a *Troy*, but meerly that a good discourse may be subverted by an ill choice. Thus, in all likelihood, do you say to your self; and are, it may be, ready to give more seasonable and friendly counsell, and such as becomes an honest man, and a Philosopher. If therefore I personate you right, I shall think my self happy, and will sacrificeto Eloquence: if not, do you supply my defects. 'Tis time then we shift the Scene, and that I be a Mute, and patiently for my cure submit my selfe to be lanced, or if you

think fit, seared by you; and that you apply your medicines, and have your knife, and burning Iron in readines. Taking your Cue, then, to speak, thus you accost me: Heretofore, my friend, your Book (as it well deserved) was much valued, and, as the report goes, was well received both by the multitude, and by as many of the learned as read it, or took it into their hands. For your composition is faultlesse, your narration various, and such as both shews your experience in businesse, and your perspicuity in the delivery. But above all, as your writings are generally usefull, so especially to Schollers, who from hence are taught not to enter themselves rashly into Services. But when you shall alter your opinion, and prefer the contrary course, and bid a long farewell to Liberty, and practice that ignoble Iambick, *That where gain may be had, you are to serve against nature*, take heed no man over hear you reading your own works, or meeting with them compare your present life with your writings. Pray also to Infernall Mercury, to besprinkle those who have heretofore heard of them, with the water of Oblivion: lest, like *Bellerophon* in the *Corinthian Tragedy*, you prove to have written a Book against your self. For my part, I cannot see with what face you can defend your self against your Accusers; especially if they should merrily praise your writings, and the liberty of them, and see you the Author waiting, and voluntarily submitting your neck to the yoke: since they might probably enough entitle some more generous person to your Book, and say you are but the *Fay*, who triumph in borrowed feathers; or if it be yours, that you have done like *Salathus*, who imposing a sharp Law upon the *Crotonians* against Adulterers, for which he was much revered, was not long after caught in the Act of incest, with his brothers wife. So some man may not unfitly compare you to *Salathus*; But that he was more excusable, who (as he urged for himselfe) was drawn by his affection, and did voluntarily
cast

cast himselfe into the fire: upon which reason the *Crotonians* out of pittie gave him his choice of Banishment. Whereas you much more absurdly, having written an exact description, and inveighed against the servile condition of those, who retain to great persons, and cast themselves into fetters, where they act and suffer a thousand Calamities, in your extreame age, when you are almost beyond the threshold, have made choice of an ignoble servitude, and are ready to triumph in it. By how much, therefore, the more eminent, and advanced you shew, by so much the more are you laught at, as one whose life contradicts your writings. Nor shall I need to urge any other complaint against you, then that of the excellent *Tragedian*; *I hate that wise man who is not wise for himselfe*. Your Accusers, perhappes, will not lack other examples to compare you to. Some will liken you to Actors in a *Tragedy*, who are *Agamemnon* or *Creon*, or *Hercules* upon the Stage; but in the Tiring house when they have put off their properties, are *Polus*, or *Aristodemus*, fellowes hired to act, and many times hist, whip't and pluckt off the stage at the mercy of the Theatre. Others will resemble you to an Ape, which they say *Cleopatra* had; which being taught to dance, a great while footed it very comely, and gracefully, and maintained her postures with great admiration, and kept time and measure with them who sung, and plaid a Hymenæall galliard: Till at length perceiving a Fig, or an Almond a farre off, she tore of her vizard, and leaping to the Fig bid farewell to the fiddles, and dances, and fell to eating. So you, may some man say, who are no player, but a learned Author, and excellent Lawgiver, at the sight of a Fig have shown your selfe an Ape, and a Philosopher but from the teeth outward; who conceale some things, and speak other; and leave it to mens suspicion to conjecture, that what you say or are praised for, hath but only touch't your lipps, and never wet your Palate. Your punishment hath followed you therefore;

fore; who, when you had audaciously insulted over other mens wants, not long after as good as sold your own Liberty by a Crier. And *Adraſtia* was at your back, laughing at your Brags, and contempts of thoſe indignities which you deſpised in other men: Becauſe ſhe foreſaw, being a Goddeſſe, that you would in time fall upon their courſe; and becauſe you did not firſt ſpit in your own boſome, before you blamed thoſe who through the many changes of fortune have been caſt upon that condition. Suppose *Eſchines*, after his accuſation of *Timarchus* ſhould have offended and have been queſtioned for the ſame fault: would it not have ſtird the Laugh- ter of the Spectators to ſee him inveigh againſt *Timarchus*, for a crime of youth, and being an old man commit the ſame himſelfe? Laſtly, you are like the *Apothecary*, who boaſted much of his medicine againſt the Cough, and promiſed to cure men at one taking, and was all the while ſhaken with a Cough himſelfe. This and much more, may ſuch an Accuſer, as you, ſay, in an Argument ſo ſpacious, and replenish't with objections. 'Tis time then, I now turne my ſelfe to my Apology, and Defence, wherein my beſt way (who ſuffer voluntarily, and have ſubmitted my back to the whippe, nor deny it to be a diſparagement) will be, perhappes, to flie to the com- mon excuſe, and pretend Fortune and Fate, and with their pardon to deſire my reprehenders to conſider that we are not our own Lords, but are ſwayed againſt our inclinations by ſome ſuperior power, or one of the de- ſtinies, and are therefore excuſable in all things which we either do or ſpeak. But this way of defence is too Vulgar for you, my friend, to allow of; Though I have *Homer* for my Advocate, and thoſe Verſes from him,



*No man could ever yet his fate eſchew:
Aſſoone as we are borne fate rules our clue.*

Laving

Laying aside, therefore, an Apology so unreasonable, if I say, that I was neither inticed by gaine or any such like expectation, to undertake my present attendance; but that meerly out of my admiration of the wisdom, valour, and noblenesse of the person to whom I belong, desired to be imployed in his affaires; I fear least to your former accusation you will think I flatter, and catch me, as they say, driving one naile with another, or a lesser fault with a greater: since flattery of all vices is the most servile, and therefore the worst. What remains, then, if neither of these Defences be allowable; but that I confesse my selfe unable to make any sound defence at all? One Anchor more, perhappes, I have never yet cast, or wet, which is to pretend old age, sicknesse, and beyond both these poverty, which perswades men for it's avoydance, to do or suffer all things. And here I might seasonably call in *Medea* in *Euripides* to my assistance, and with a little detorsion make her speak for me in lambicks, and say,

*The things I am about to do are ill,
But that my poverty withstands my will.*

As for that peece of *Theognis*, 'tis known without my quotation; vvhich saies, *They are not to be blamed, who, to avoid poverty, cast themselves into the deep sea, or fall headlong from a steep rock.* These are the colours vvhich another in my case would bring into his Apology; of which not one, I confesse, is specious, or well favoured. But be confident of me, my friend, that I will not make use of one of them. For *Argos* was never so oppressed with famine, as to consult about the ploughing of the sands of *Arabia*; Nor am I so utterly unprovided of an answer, as to flee to such poore starting holes, for my defence. Consider, therefore, I pray, the great difference between one hired into a Rich mans family, to serve, and undergoe the drudgeries, set down in my book, and one who
receives

receives pension from his Prince to look after publick affaires, and imployes his parts in the service of the state. Consider this, I pray, and weigh these two conditions apart, and you will find that they differ, as the Musicians say, the whole *Gamut*: And that there is as much resemblance between these two courses of life, as between lead and silver, brasse and Gold, wild poppy and a rose, a man and an ape. 'Tis true both receive pay, and are under another; But then there is a vast disproportion in their employments. The one undergoes a downright servitude, and is no better then a Mercenary household Drudg: whereas the other who handles publick matters, and bestowes his Labour upon Citties, and whole nations, is not to be blamed, or to be drawn into resemblance or made sharer with the other in accusation, because both receive pay. For then all great officers are to be deposed, nor should the Governors of Provinces, Rulers of Citties, and Captaines, or Generalls, of Troops, and Armies, be honourably thought of, because there is a reward set to their employment. One exception, therefore, ought nor to have the force of a generall disgrace; nor are we to place all those who take reward in equall rank. Briefly, I said not in my book, that all that took payment were of a miserable condition, but only pittied those who under the pretence of their Learning were entertained, and enslaved by great Families. My employment, my friend, is utterly different. For though we be equall in our Domestick dependances, yet abroad I share in Government with the Emperour, and cooperate my part. For, if you mark well, no small portion of the Kingdom of *Aegypt* is under my government: who ordain their formes of Judicature, and impose orders upon the people; and take records of what-ever is done, or spoken, and judge of the pleadings of their Lawyers: and not only keep the Decrees of my Prince with all fidelity, after the safest and exactest manner, but deliver them to the

the people to be a perpetuall rule to their obedience. Nor is my reward private, but from the Prince; nor contemptible, but paid by talents. And hereafter if matters hit right, I cherish no vain empty hopes to be made Ruler of some Province, or to have some Princely Employment cast upon me. I will yet take the liberty to clear myself from the Accusations thrown upon me by a more ample Defence; And dare tell you that No man doth businesse unrewarded, no not those of highest employment: I will not except Princes themselves. I speak not now of their Customes, and Tributes, which are yearly paid by their Subjects; but of their greater rewards, their Praises, publick Reverence, and veneration for their good Deeds. As also Statues, Temples, and Altars, erected to them by their Subjects: all which are payments for the providence and care, which they sustain in looking after the Publick, and studying the common good. So that if you will compare small things with great, and beginning at the top of the Heap, descend by all the Grains whereof it is composed, you will see, that we below differ from those aloft, but as the lesse from the greater, being all Mercenaries alike. If therefore I had enacted a Law that none should suffer themselves to be Employed at all, I might very well seem my self a Transgressor. But if there be no one such passage in my whole Book, and that it becomes every vertuous man to be employed, how can he better busy himself, then in assisting his friends in the best Employments, & in giving some clear publick tryall of himself, with what fidelity, care, and sweetnesse, he can discharge those affaires which are put into his hands, lest he fulfill the saying of *Homer*, and be an unprofitable load to the Earth? Besides, I would have my Reprehenders remember, that when they blame me, they accuse not a wise man, (if yet there be any wise man to be found) but one from among the people, who hath applied himself to learning, and therein attained some laudable

dable proficiency; but never was practised to those sublime virtues, approachable only to great Schollers. Nor am I sorry for it, since I never yet met with the person, who in all things answered the Character of a Wise man. In the meantime I cannot but marvaile, if you should dislike my present course of life; who long since know what great gains came in to me, when I was a pleader; at that time when you went to see *France*, and the Western Ocean, and met with me, who was then reckoned among the most high priced Orators. This Apology, my Friend, have I, amid'st a thousand Employments, made to you, as one who shall not slightly value your favourable and full acceptance. For as for others, though they all should conspire in their Accusations, my protection shall be the old Proverb; *Hippoclides cares not*.

The Tyrant-Slayer.

The Argument.

One got into a Fortresse, where a Tyrant lived, with a purpose to kill him. But, not finding him, kill'd his Son, and left the sword in his body. The Tyrant coming in, and seeing his Son dead, with the same sword kills himself. He that slew the Son demands the reward of a Tyrant-slayer:

THough, O ye Judges, I have in one day slain two Tyrants; one aged and feeble, the other young and vigorous, and so the more apt to succeed in his Fathers oppressions; yet I stand here to demand but one recompence for both. Of all those that ever kill'd Tyrants, I am the first who have freed you from two with one wound, and have slain the Son with my Sword, the Father with his Affection to his Son: who hath made us ample satisfaction for those things he hath done, in living to see his Son first

first murdered, and then (a thing till now strange) forced to be the Tyrant-slayer to himself. His Son dyed by my hand, and being dead, became my Engine to a second Murther: who in his life time partaked with his father in his Injustice, and at his death, as well as he could, became his Parricide. 'Tis I then, who have put an end to his Tyranny; and 'tis my Sword which hath wrought your deliverance. However I inverted the order of my slaughter, and atchieved their murders an unusuall way; killing him who was the stronger, and ablest to defend himself with my own hand, and leaving my bare sword to dispatch the other. I expected therefore from you something extraordinary, and that my rewards should in number equall those I have destroyed: seeing I have not only freed you from your present calamities, but from all fears of future, and have establisht you in a firme liberty; there being no heir left of your milchiefs. But on the contrary, after such glorious achievements, I am not only in danger to be dismissed by you unrewarded, but am the only man who am denyed the recompence designed me by those Lawes I have preserved. He, therefore, that withstands my demand, in my judgment doth it not with reflection upon the publick, but out of sorrow to those who are slain, and revenge to him who was the author of their death. Afford me therefore your attention, Judges, whilst I decipher to you (though you know them already) the miseries of a Tyranny: for thereby you will both discern the greatnesse of my benefit, and increase your joies from the apprehension of those calamities from whence you are releast. First then, we felt not a single Tyranny (as it many times befalls others) nor were enslaved in a single bondage, nor subjected to the desires of one Master; but of all others, who ever suffer'd the like, in stead of one Tyrant had two over us, and were miserably distracted by severall oppressions. The Father indeed was the more moderate, and hardlier to be

enraged, slacker in his punishments, and slower in his lusts; his age having at length mitigated his violence, and cast a bridle on his desires. Nay at the very first, as it was said, he was contrary to his own inclination put upon his unlawfull practices by his Son; being not himself Tyrannicall, but only in compliance with him: for how extreme dear his Son was to him, appeared by his death. His Son was to him all things; him he obeyed, oppress'd whom he commanded, punisht as he appointed, and observed him in all things. In a word, the Son was Tyrant over the Father, and the Father was but an Officer to his Sons lusts. And though the young man, by reason of his age, let the old enjoy the Honour, and esteemed not the name of the Kingdome; yet he, in truth, was the head-Tyrant. And though the Father fortified and secured his power by him, yet the Son alone enjoyed the fruits of the others Injustice. He it was who ordered the Guard, appointed Garrisons, cut off those who affected the Crown, and feared Conspirators. He it was, who made Eunuchs, violated Wedlocks, and deflowred Virgins. All Slaughters, Banishments, Exactions, Torturs, and Injuries, were his bold Contrivances: whilst the old man only obeyed, and countenanced, and applauded the wicked enterprises of his Son. This made our calamities insupportable. For when the desires of the mind are backt by supream power, they admit no limits of Irregularity. But that which grieved us most, was, that we foresaw a perpetuall Slavery growing upon us, and the common wealth likely to descend in a succession, from one Master to another, and the people in a direct way to be made the Inheritance of a wicked Tyrant. Whereas it hath been no small comfort to men in our case, to be able to discourse, and say among themselves, This Tyrant will not alwaies live, he will dye in time, and we shall ere long be free: vvhich fell not under our hopes. For vve had in our eyes a Successor in the Tyranny, vvhich made
none

none of our Citizens dare to put in practice my adventure, though they were valiant, and had my attempt in their designe, and wishes: But Liberty was despaired of by all, and the Tyranny seemed inexpugnable, though many had inclinations to the enterprize. This daunted me not, nor was I dishearten'd by the difficulty of the Action, nor frightened with the danger. But unassisted, and single, I went against a strong and numerous Tyranny; or rather not single, but assisted by my sword, which shared in my slaughter of the Tyrant. Having death before my eyes, and the publick Liberty purchased by my death before my apprehension. First then encountering the outer Guard, and not easily putting the keepers to flight, and killing him that came next, and offered to make resistance, I reacht at length the toppe of my adventure, the only strength of the Tyranny, and the spring head of all our miseries. And rushing into the keeper of the Castle, after a valiant defence, and resistance of many thrusts, and wounds I slew him. At which instant the Tyranny ceast, and my enterprize had an end. And from that time we recovered our Liberty. No impediment remained but an old, solitary man, unarmed, deprived of his Guard, especially of his great Protector, and unworthy to fall by a valiant hand. I, therefore, most equall Judges, made this discourse to my selfe; All things are fallen out successefully, I have atchieved my enterprize, and accomplish't my designs. But how shall he that survives be slain? He is unworthy of me, or my hand, and if after my other glorious, valiant, and generous exploit, I should kill him, he would shame my victory: we must, therefore, find out some publick executioner for him. But let him be first tortured, least he gaine by his punishment; let him see, and be rackt at the sight of my sword, to which I leave the farther accomplishment of my designe. Having thus consulted with my selfe, I left the place. He, just as I presaged, kill'd himselfe, and
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put an end to the Tragedy. Hither, then, am I come, and have brought a *Democracy* with me, and do bid you take courage, and proclaime a generall Liberty to all. From henceforth enjoy the benefit of my performances. The Fort you see is dispeopled of Tyrants; There is none left to bare sway. 'Tis in your power now to preferre, sentence, or contradict, according to the Lawes. All which you are to ascribe to me, and my valour, and that one slaughter which the Father could not possibly survive: I cannot, therefore, but in Justice require a reward, answerable to my attempt: not that I am covetous of gain, or sordid in my desires, or one who would oblige my country to pay, but because I am willing to confirme by my reward, and not suffer my enterprize to die and passe away ingloriously, as imperfect and unworthy of recompence. But here my adversary may reply, and say, 'tis not reasonable I should be honoured, or rewarded, who have not slain a Tyrant, nor accomplished the Lawe, since something is imperfect in my atchievement, which should make me capable of recompence. Let me ask him, what more he can require of me? Was it not my plot? Enter'd I not the Fort? Did I not kill? procured I not your Liberty? Doth any man rule or domineer over you? are you threaten'd by any Master? hath any one of your oppressors escap't me? You cannot gainsay me, but must confesse, that you now enjoy a full peace; your lawes are restored; your liberty is apparent; a *Democracy* is setled; your marriages are unviolated; your sonnes unprostituted; your Virgins safe; and the City free to celebrate the publique felicity. And who is the cause, and contriver of all this? who removed your Calamities, and procured your welfare? If there be any who deserves to be honoured before me, I will decline my satisfaction, and resigne to him my reward. But if I alone did all, attempted, put my selfe in hazard, scaled the Castle, slew, tormented, and made one the engine to kill the other; why

why should he detract from my achievement? or stirre the disaffection of the people against me? But I slew not the Tyrant, and therefore have no right to the reward provided by the law. Tell me, what difference is there between killing him, and being the occasion of his death? Certainly, none at all. Nor was the intention of the Law-maker any other, then meerly to aime at Liberty, popular goverment, and the removall of Usurpers; And thereunto to propose honours, and rewards: which you cannot deny to have been by me achieved. For I slew him, without whom the other could not live; the slaughter was mine. I gave the wound, he only lent the hand. Question not then overcuriously the manner of his death, nor examine how he died, but whither he be dead, and whither dead by my meanes. Otherwise by your inquiries you may detract from one who deserves well of the state, because he slew not the Tyrant with a sword, but with a stone, or a logge, or some other way. What if I had besiedged the Tyrant, and starved him to Death? Had it not been a legall murther, because I slew him not with my own hand? or would you say I had not satisfied the Law, though I slew him a more cruell vway? The only thing, therefore, you are novv to make enquire of is this, vvhath usurper is left? What seeds of fear? What impression of Thraldome? If all be clear, and calme, 'tis a peece of envy and detraction in any man, for vvant of one slight circumstance in an Action, to deny vertue, and valour its revvard. I remember the Lavves distinguish (if I have not forgot their vvords through a long bondage) of a double cause of Death; if one man kill another vvith his ovvn hand; or if he kill him not himselve or vvith his ovvn hand, but be the contriver, or occasion of his Death. And hath equally provided a punishment alike for both. Decreeing very justly that in such cases the attempt shall be equall to the Fact; and passing by the manner of the Murther as superfluous. You think fit, then,

then, that he who shall thus kill another, shall be punished as a manslayer, and not have his pardon: and will you not allow me, who have in like manner saved my country, the rewards agreeable to one of such desertes? You cannot say I slew him unwittingly, and that my success was fortunate beyond my expectation. For what could daunt me having slain the stronger? Why did I leave my sword in the wound, but because I presaged what would afterwards come to passe? Unless you will say that he who is dead was no Tyrant, nor carried the name of one; and that you would not have awarded me any great recompence for the exploit, if I had kill'd him. But you cannot say so. A Tyrant, then, being slain will you not reward the Author, and occasion of his Death? O subtlety! Do you possess your Liberty, and yet question how he was slain? Or do you yet require more of him, who hath restored your popular government? But the Law, say you, enquires precisely what is done, and considers not curiously the manner and means of the Action. But what? shall not he that but expells a Tyrant be rewarded? He ought in Justice, having introduced Freedom instead of Bondage. But my fact is not a bare expulsion, or banishment, nor have I left them any hopes of future recovery, or restitution; But an utter taking away, and destruction of the whole Linage; and an eternall extirpation of all our miseries. Examine then, if you please, my whole enterprize from the beginning to the end, and see whither any thing required by the Law have been omitted, and wherein I have come short of being the killer of a Tyrant. First, to such an attempt is required boldnesse of courage, and such an affection to ones Country, as refuseth not to encounter dangers for the common good, or to purchase the publick safety with the losse of a private life. Have I failed hitherto? was I daunted, or did I sluggishly break through the perills, with which I foresaw I was to skirmish? You cannot say

say I did. Here, then, stay a little and consider, whither barely to intend, and project such an exploit were not glorious; and whither for my meer designe, I may not justly claime the recompence of a good Patriot; or if I had failed of my will, and another comming after me had killd the Tyrant, tell me, had it been unreasonable for you to reward me? or if I should say, My dear Countreymen, I purposed, intended, attempted, show'd my good will, and am only worthy to be rewarded; what would you answer? But this is not all I can say; I scaled the Fort, Countreymen, and encircled my selfe with a thousand dangers, before I slew the Prince. For I would not have you think it an easy, or slight adventure, for one man singly to break through a Troop, to vanquish a guard, and to put such a multitude to flight: But to account it the Toppe, and pinnacle of the exploit. For a Tyrant is no hard thing to be encountred, and overcome, but those who guard, and defend the Tyranny; which who so conquers hath finisht his enterprize, and left little else to be achieved. I, then, had never approacht the Tyrants, had I not first vanquish't and overcome their Guards, and attendants. Upon which part of my adventure, before I go farther, let me dwell a little. I vanquish't their guards, I say, and overcame their attendants, and left the Tyrant naked, disarmed, and undefended. Am I yet, think you worthy of Honour, or do you require his slaughter too? if you do, I can satisfie your expectation. Behold the Bloud with which I am yet sprinkled, since the valiant, and stout murder of a youth of flourishing age, feared by all, by whom the Tyrant was secured from Treasons, and who was his confidence, and a greater protection to him then his Guards. And am I not yet, think you, worthy of reward, but shall I after all my great Actions, be sent away dishonourably? what if I had slaine but one of his Guard, or an attendant on his person, or some favourite servant? Had it not been a glorious Act to ascend

a Fort, and in the midst of a Garrison to kill a near friend of the Tyrants? Consider next him who was slain. 'Twas the sonne of the Tyrant; or rather the crueller Tyrant of the two; A master more insufferable, to revenge prouer, in his injuries more furious; and above all the only heire of his father, and like to prolong our Calamities by his succession. Suppose I had only slain him, and that the Tyrant had saved himselfe by flight. I demand a reward for that Action. What say you? will you deny me? was't not he you dreaded? was not he your cruel, intolerable master? If I have not yet done enough, consider the heart and utmost of my exploit; that which my Gainsayer requires of me, I have gloriously atchieved, and through anothers wound have slain the Tyrant; not at one single blow (which perhaps after so much injustice he could have wished) but by a slow, and lingring griefe, prostrating before his eyes the thing most deare to him, his sonne, I meane, virtuous, but in the spring of his age, and flourishing, and, like his father, wallowing in his own blood, and Gore. These are the right wounds of parents, these the swords of him who would truly kill a Tyrant; And this is the death which cruell Tyrants are to suffer; and this is a revenge fit for so many oppressions. To die presently, as it were in a short swoone, and behold no tormenting spectacle, is a punishment too unworthy of a Tyrant. I was not ignorant, Judges, I was not ignorant, nor any man else, how passionately he was affected towards his sonne, and how he resolved not to survive him a minute. All parents are affectionate to their children; But he had a stronger and juster reason, having but him only to uphold, and preserve the Tyrannie; To ward, and shield him from conspiracies, and fix the scepter in his hand. 'Twas in my foresight, therefore, that if his affection did not, his despaire would presently kill him; as soon as he consider'd, that having

lost

lost his safety with his sonne, he had no encouragement to live longer. In one Troope I presented to his apprehension his naturall affection, griefe, despaire, feare, and terrors for the future. These were the forces I raised against him, and drove him to that fatall execution of himselfe. In revenge to you he died childlesse, tortured, lamenting, and shedding teares. His sorrow indeed was not long, but enough for a father. But that which is yet most cruell, he fell by his own hand: A death much more miserable, and bitter, then if another had been the author. Here is my sword, who claimes it? whose weapon ever was it but mine? who carried it into the fort? who ever used it before the Tyrant? or who sent it to him? O Blade? thou partner, and successor, in my great exploits, after so many perills, and so many slaughters, are we neglected, and held unworthy of reward? should I demand a recompence for my sword only, and should say, Countrey men, when the Tyrant had a mind to kill himselfe, and for the time wanted a weapon, my sword supplied him, and became the instrument of all your Liberties; you would certainly decide some honour, or reward to the Blade. Nay would you not have been thankfull to the master of so publick an instrument, and have enrolled him among those who have been benefactors to their Countrey? would you not have laid up my sword in your Temples, and have sacrificed to it as to the Gods? Consider, with me, I pray, what in likelihood the Tyrant did, or said before he killed himselfe. After I had stabbed his sonne, and thrust him through with many wounds, in the most open, and remarkable places of his body, the more to torment his father, with the spectacle, and rack him with the sight, he pittifully cried out and invok't his father, unable to assist, or rescue him, being both old and feeble, and having but just sight enough left to behold the Calamities of his house. I, in the meane time, the contriver of the whole

Tragedy, conveyed my selfe away, and left him a wounded body, stage, sword, and all things else for the finishing of my part. He entring, and seeing his only sonne gasping, and welring in his bloud, struggling with death, having received wounds all over, and many of them mortall, fell into this exclamation: O my dear sonne! we are destroyed, butcherd, and slaine as Tyrants. Where is the Murtherer? For whom reserves he me? or what intends he to do with me, who am already slaine in Thee? doth he despise to kill me by reason of my age? or is it to prolong my punishment, and lengthen my death, and spinne out my slaughter? Thus saying, he lookes about for a weapon, (being himselfe unarmed, as still having his sonne for his defence) which was there ready for him, prepared before, and left by me for the ensuing Tragedy. Having drawn forth the sword out of the wound, Thou hast halfe slaine me already, said he, now kill me outright. Be thou the reliefe and succour of a forlorne father; assist my decrepit hand with thy-edge, and stabbe me, whilst I am yet a Prince, and deliver me from my sorrowes. Would I had received thy first stroke, and had died first: Though I had died as a Tyrant, yet I had left a revenger; whereas now I die not only without a sonne, but without one to kill me. Having thus said, he stabbed himself, trembling and unable to thrust home; having a desire, but not strength enough for the attempt. How many punishments were here? how many wounds? how many deaths? how many slaughters? how many Garlands due? To Conclude, then, you have all seen the sonne prostrated, and slaine; no small, or easy archievement. You have seen the father fallen on his sonne, and mingling blouds together. Both the triumph of my sword, and made one sacrifice to your Liberty, and my Conquest. You have seen my sword lying betwixt them, and approving it selfe worthy of me its master, and witnessing how faithfully it dispatch't

dispatcht my businesse: which had been lesse from my hand, and increast its glory from the strangeness. Lastly, I am he who have removed the Tyranny, though the carriage and progresse of the atchievement, like so many parts in a Tragedy, were divided among many. The chiefeft part I acted; the next, the Son; the third, the Father: my Sword was Engine and Servant to us all.

The Dis-inherited Son.

The Argument.

A Dis-inherited Son learnt Physick, and curing his Father of a Phrenzy, after he was given over by other Physitians, was restored to favour. Afterwards being commanded to cure his Step-Mother of the like Phrenzy, and refusing, he is dis-inherited the second time. He defends himself.

THat which my Father hath now done, O ye Judges, is neither new nor strange; nor is this the first time he hath been carried away by his displeasure; but hath heretofore made use of this Law, and is practised in his proceedings against me at this Tribunall. All that is new in my present Misfortune is, that having committed noe offence, fit to be brought into Accusation, I am in danger to be punished for my Art; because it cannot in all things obey his impossible commands. Then which what can be more unreasonable? For he requires that my Skill should be as great as his Injunctions, and that I should work Cures, not as my Profession is able, but as he is pleased to impose. I could, therefore, wish there were not only Receipts in Physick to recover people distracted, but those also who are without cause inclined to passion: that so I might cure my Father of one disease more; who being perfectly freed from one Distraction, is carried by his anger

ger into another. And to make my case the more deplorable, he is recovered to every body else; only against me, who recover'd him, he still retains his fury. You see how I am rewarded for my Cure, who am cast off by him, and made a Stranger to his Family the second time. As if he had only restored me for a while, that to my greater infamy he might often banish me his house. To those cures which fall within the compasse of my skill, I expect not to be commanded; who voluntarily, and unsent for, wrought his recovery: but where the Malady carries despair with it, I would not willingly be an undertaker. Of all others I have good reason not to attempt the cure of this woman: considering what I am likely to suffer from my Father, if I miscarry; who, for not daring to adventure upon her, am dis-inherited. I cannot therefore, O ye Judges, but bewaile my Step-Mother in the case she is in; for she was a vertuous woman: next my Father, who suffers in her Madnesse; but especially my self, who am thought disobedient, because I cannot effect what I am required, both for the greatnesse of the disease, and the smallnesse of my skill. To be dis-inherited, then, for not undertaking a cure, which I am not able to effect, I hold most unjust: and desire you to judge from these present proceedings, upon what grounds I was cast off heretofore. Though I doubt not but for the clearing of them, my Behaviour and life have long since been my Defence. To those things whereof I am now accused, I will answer as well as I can; having first briefly acquainted you with the state of my case. At that time, when my Father ceas'd not to proclaime me for a stubborn, rebellious, disobedient Son, the disgrace of my Parents, and infamy of my house, I thought it best, not to make only a short Defence, but leaving his house, thought my best remedy and appeal would be to my future carriage, and life; when it should appear how free I was from his aspersions, and in what honest studies I imployed my self, and what vertuous company

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pany I kept. For I then foresaw, and had it in my suspicion, that my Father being of no very sound mind, would at some time or other without my desert grow furious, and hatch false accusations against me. And some there were who construed those proceedings, as the beginning of his Distraction; and judged his causeless hatred of me, his froward carriage, his meditated railings, hard censures, clamorous fits of anger, and extreme inclination to Choller, as so many threats, and forerunning darts of an approaching Phrenzy. Wherefore I thought it would concern me to learn Physick with all speed: and thereupon went to Travell, and acquainting my self with the most approved Physitians of other Countries, with much labour and diligent study I learned the Art. At my return I find my Father plainly distracted, and given over by other Physitians, who do not sound, or make any exact judgment of diseases. I, therefore, as it became a pious Son, neither remembred my Abdication, nor staid to be sent for; having, indeed, nothing personall to lay to his charge, since his ill dealings with me, were not his own, but the faults of his disease. Offering, therefore, my self, as I said, unsent for, I proceeded not presently to his cure; which had been to depart from my usuall practice, and from the lawes of our Profession, by which we are taught first to examine whither the disease be cureable, or incureable, and exceed the limits of our Art. And then if it be undertakeable, we apply remedies, and imploy our whole studies about the recovery of the Patient. But if we find the Malady too strong, and not to be conquer'd, we forbear to prescribe at all; but observe their ancient Rule, who were the Inventors and Fathers of the Art, who forbid us to medle with overgrowne diseases. Finding, therefore, my Father not past hope, nor his distemper past cure, having first weighed all circumstances, I undertook him, and confidently gave him Physick. Many of the standers by suspecting my prescription, spake in disparagement of the cure,

cure, and were ready to call me into question: my Step-Mother also was present, fearfull, and distrustfull, not of hate to me, but care to him; whom she perfectly knew so ill disposed, having long conversed, and been a witness to his Distemper: yet I not at all discouraged (knowing his Symptoms did not lye, and that my Art could not deceive me) at fit times stole a cure into him. Though some, who were my friends, dissuaded me from undertaking, lest miscarrying in my attempt, I should draw a fresh accusation upon my selfe, and be thought to have poisoned my Father, in remembrance of my Injuries. In a word, in a short time he recovered, and grew sober again, and had the perfect use of his understanding. His neighbors and friends marvelled, my Step-Mother applauded me, and publickly congratulated, me, for my good success; him, for his recovery. He also (for so much I can witness for him) without any delay, or consultation with any body, no sooner understood things from those who were present, but cancell'd his Abdication, made me his Son againe, calling me his Preserver and Benefactor: confessing he had now received an exact Tryall of me, and excusing himself for what had formerly past. This much rejoiced many of the company, those especially who were honest. Though it grieved others, for whom the rejection of a Son made more then the Reconcilement: so that all were not a like affected. But I could see some change colour, and appear troubled in their looks, and angry in their countenance, the sure marks of Envy, and discontent. We in the mean time, as 'twas fit, enterchanged joyes and embraces, being now reconciled to one another. Not long after, O ye Judges, my Mother in law fell sick of a cruell and desperate Distemper. For, as I observed from her first surprize, it was not a slight, or superficiall kind of Madnesse, but an ancient and inveterate, which had long lodged in her soule; and having got the victory, then broke forth, and discover'd it selfe. We have many other

other signes to know who are incurably madde, but the common one I observed in her, which is this; that to all others she is quiet, and calme, and as long as they are present falls into no ragings: But if she see a Physitian, or but hear his voice, she presently falls a raving at him, which is an infallible signe that she is irrecoverably distemper'd. All I could do, was to bemoane and pittie her, as it well became me, who without her merit became thus distracted. Yet my father out of his want of skill (for he neither knowes the spring nor cause, nor growth of the distemper) commands me to cure her, and to prescribe her his potion: supposing it to be the same kind of madness, and the like disease to his, and a distraction of the same nature, and the same way cureable. And when I tell him, that which is most true, that 'tis not possible to restore her, and confesse my selfe overmaster'd by the disease; he fumes, and chides, and saies I refuse of purpose, and deny her my help, and so makes the weakness of my Art a Crime. Agreeing herein with all others oppress'd with sorrow, that they grow angry to hear truth plainly and freely told them. I, then, as well as I can, will make my defence, and answer both for my selfe, and profession: and will take my beginning from the Law, by which he would disinherit me; where it shall appeare, that his power is not the same as 'twas before. For the Lawgiver, my good father, hath not given this power to all, nor intended that all sonnes should be disinherited, as oft as the father list, or upon what discontents he list. But as he hath allowed parents in some cases to be displeased, so he hath provided that children without their Desert shall not be rejected. And for this reason, he permits not punishments to be Arbitrary, or without judiciall Trials; but hath appointed a Tribunall, and Judges, to determine things without prejudice, or passion. For he saw that many men were many times moved to anger upon unjust grounds: one out of his be-

liefe to a false report, another upon the misinformation of a servant, or a malicious wife: He thought it not fit, therefore, that matters should passe without Legall examination, or that children without any defence should presently be condemned; But the houre glasse is set up, reasons are shown, and nothing is left undiscussed. All the power, therefore, which a father hath, is to appeal to you, O ye Judges: The power to Judge whither his complaint be reasonable belonges to you: Consider not then, yet a while, what my crime is, for which my Father is displeased; but consider, first, whither he have authority to disinherit me again, having once cast me off; used the power of the Law; accomplish't the Dominion of a parent; and after all this received me into his family, and cancell'd his Abdication. For my part, I cannot but think it most unreasonable, that the punishments of children should be numberlesse, or that their Doomes should be infinite, and their fears perpetuall: Or that the Law should permit parents, sometimes to Cashiere, afterwards to recall their Act, then again put it in force, and so shuffle and trosse the Law up and down as they see occasion. 'Twas fit, indeed, the Law for the first time, should make the parent Lord of his childe's punishment, and should give authority to his displeasure. But when the parent hath once spent his authority, and sufficiently used the law for satisfaction of his anger, and hath once again restored his sonne, out of his perswasion of his amendment, he ought to be constant to his pacification, and not fall back, or alter his resolutions, or make void his Act. At Nativities, whither he that is born will prove well or ill, I suppose cannot fall under any certain knowledge. And for that reason 'tis permitted to parents, to cast off those who degenerate from their descent. But when a Father, not constrained, but out of his own authority and choice, shall approve, and restore his sonne, what device can he have for his inconstancy, or what farther

ther use is there of Lawes? For thus will the Lawmaker say; If your sonne were vitious, and worthy of rejection, why did you restore him? why did you receive him again into your house? why did you frustrate the Law? You were free, and Lord of your own Actions. You are not to play with the Lawes, as you list, nor are statutes to vary with your Changes; nor Acts of state to be sometimes of force, sometimes invalid, or Magistrates to sit as witnesses only, nay as officers of your pleasure, to punish or absolve at your Discretion. You begat your sonne once, and gave him education once, and, therefore, 'tis once permitted you to reject him, provided you do it upon just reasons. But to assume an endless, perpetuall, frequent, and arbitrary power to your selfe, is above the Commission of a father. Wherefore, O ye Judges, be it farre from you to grant, that having made a voluntary reconciliation, and dissolved his first sentence, and made voyde his displeasure, he should have Liberty to revive his past punishment, or have recourse to the Dominion of a Father, which is long since expired, unprivileged, forcelesse, and spent. Consider, also, the practices of other Courts, where Judges sentence by Lot, which if any man think unjust, the Law allowes him to appeal to another Court. But if any voluntarily assigne their own Judges, and referre their cause to Umpires, 'tis otherwise. For their Decisions, which at first might have been refused, after they are once chosen Arbitrators, are in Justice to be stood to. So you, my father, (in whose choice it was whether you would have restored me, till I had been thought worthy of my Ancestors) out of your beliefe of my reformation, having once restored me, cannot again disinherit me. For by your own Testimony I have been judged unworthy of the like rejection, and acknowledged worthy of your favour. You are not, therefore, to repent of your restitution, but to confirme your reconcilment, after your severall judgments and

two sentences: one when you ejected me, the other when you revok't your purpose, and took me again into your Family; Cancelling your former Decrees, and establishing future. Be constant then to your own Acts, and make good your own Ordinances. Since you purposed, protest, and obliged your selfe to be one, be still a Father. Were I not a naturall, but an adopted sonne, I should think 'twere not lawfull for you again to disinherite me. For what was once in your power to do or not do, being once done, is not in your power to be recalled. How can it, then, be reasonable to expell often, or to deprive a naturall sonne of his relation, having by a voluntary election and decree call'd him back from expulsion? Suppose I were your servant, and you upon your suspicion of some misdemeanors should cast me into fetters, and afterwards out of your perswasion of my innocence should make me a free man. Do you think 'twere Lawfull the next time you are displeased to make me againe your servant? Tis not in your power. The Lawes decree that such Acts shall be firme, and for ever inviolable. Though, then, I have many reasons to prove that a father having once cast off his sonne, and afterwards recall'd his rejection, cannot again cast him off, yet what I have said is sufficient. Next, consider, I pray, what kind of sonne he disinherits. I forbear to tell you, that he did cast of one unletter'd before, but a Physician now, (for I seek not refuge from my Art,) or that I was then a youth, but am now a grown man, and have given proof that I have done nothing unbecoming my age. For these would seem slight pleas. For heretofore when I was cast off, as I had committed no offence, so I had deserved no great favour. Now I am expel'd a preserver and benefactor. And what greater peece of ingratitude can there be, then for one newly saved by my skill, and delivered from a dangerous distemper, to reward his cure with such dealings; and without any reckoning at all to forget his recovery,

recovery, & to banish him who dutifully obeyed, when he was unjustly cast off; & not only forgot his expulsion, but cured the expeller, & setled him in his right mind again? For 'tis no small or vulgar benefit, O ye Judges, I conferred upon him, yet am thus ill rewarded. And though he were senselesse of his distraction, yet you all know what he did, and suffer'd, and how ill he was affected when I undertook him; and when other Physicians gave him over, and his own Servants fled from, nor durst come near him, I recovered him as you see, and inabled him to accuse me, and discourse of the Lawes. Or if you require an Example, My Father, when, not long since, you were just crazed, as your wife is now, I reduced you to your Wits again. 'Tis not equall then, that my Duty should be thus recompenced, or that your Recovery should be my Ruine. The greatnesse of my Benefits will clearly appear from those things whereof you accuse me. For if you hate me, because I do not cure your Wife extremely crazed, and at the point of Expiration, why do you not much rather love me for releasing you of the like Distemper, and confesse your self obliged for your delivery from such Distractions? But you, against all equity, no sooner come to your self, but presently question me; and are no sooner recover'd, but you fall to your old punishments, return to your former hatred, and proceed by the same law. Is this your fair Requital of my Skill, or meritorious Recompence of my Administrations, to recover only for the undoing of your Physician? Will you permit him, O ye Judges, to punish his Preserver? to expell the Author of his safety? to hate him, who gave him his understanding? and to take Revenge of his Recoverer? you will not, if you be Friends to Justice. Had I at this present committed some heinous Offence, yet my former obligations upon him were such, that the memory and apprehension of them ought to have excused me, and have gained his pardon: especially vvhere the benefit is so great, as to be
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put in Ballance with all after Accidents: as mine was to him whom I saved, and who owes his whole life to me; whose gift it is that he is, is sober, and understands; especially, when all other Physicians despaired of him, and confest themselves too weak for his Cure. And to raise the merit of my benefit yet one story higher, at that time when I was not his Son, and had no necessary tie upon me, but was free, and a stranger, and discharged of my naturall obligation, yet I neglected him not, but came voluntarily, unsent for, and of my own accord; succoured, relieved, cured, restored, observed him as my own Father; purged my self from my Abdication, allayed his displeasure by my application; abrogated the Law by my piety, purchased my readmission into his family by the greatness of my Benefit; declared my Fidelity towards my Father in a time of perill; insinuated my self into him by my Art, and shewed my self a naturall Son in the midst of his calamities. What travailes, and toiles, think you, did I undergo, who continually visited, attended, watcht my opportunities; sometimes giving way to my Fathers ragings, sometimes applying my skill according to the pawles, and intermissions of the disease? 'Tis the hardest and most dangerous part in Physick, to cure, or be neer men so affected; who many times as they are enraged by their Fit, dischargetheir Fury upon the standers by. Yet I, not at all daunted, or affrighted, attended him; and after a long and various conflict with his disease, at last I vanquishd it by Physick. Nor let any man who hears me, presently say, What a great piece of work 'tis to administer a Purge? Many things are first to be done: way is to be made for the Potion, the Body to be prepared for the Reception, and to be carefully ordered; sometimes taken down and macerated, sometimes raised by fit diet; sometimes to be put into gentle motion and exercise; sometimes to be cast into a reposdnesse, sleep, and left solitary: to which courses in other diseases the Patient is many times obedient.

But

But men distracted by reason of the liberty of their minds, are unruly, and intractable, dangerous to their Physician, and obstinate against his prescriptions: whereby, many times, when the Cure is almost finish'd, and we are almost Master of our Hopes, some small error gives new force to the distemper, perverts all our former proceedings, sets back the Cure, and defeats our Art. After all these undertakings then, after my wrestling with an enagement so dangerous, and my conquest of the most invincible disease of all other, will you yet give him power to disinherit me, and permit him to interpret the Lawes, as he pleases, against his Preserver, and suffer him to make war with Nature? I, out of obedience to Nature, O ye Judges, have cured & saved my Father, when his Injuries were upon me. If he, therefore, taking the advantage of the Law, as he saies, ruine a Son so deserving, & cut him off from his Family, he is a Child-hater, I a Lover of my Parent: I fulfill & imbrace the laws of Nature, he breaks & violates them. O Father unjustly displeased! O Son more unjustly obli-vant! for I cannot but, compell'd by my Father, blame my self, that being in his hatred, I love him undeservedly, and beyond his merit. Nature commands Parents to love their Children, more then Children to love their Parents: yet this man wilfully shuts his eyes against the Lawes, which forbid the expulsion of faultlesse children; and con-temns Nature, which hath planted in Parents such strong affection to those whom they beget. For notwithstanding I have the greater Title to his affection towards me, yet he neither makes the greater return, nor yet (which is lesse) takes example by me, or imitates the expression of mine to him: but rather (which is the height of calamity) hates me for my affection, expells me for my piety, injures me for my Merits, disinherits me by those Lawes which were made for my relief. O war, where the Lawes are made to combat Nature! Things are not as you suppose, my Father, you misinterpret just Laws, which are not to
fight

fight with naturall affection. They conspire, and are of mutuall assistance in their protection from Injuries. In wronging one that deserves well, therefore, you commit an offence, both against Nature, and the Lawes, which of themselves are equall, just, and favourable; but that you draw them from their institution, and arme them against one Son as against a multitude of Offenders, and presse fresh punishments from them, which are willing to exact no more then the obedience of Children to their Parents; nor were at all made against the Innocent. But, certainly, they allow men to sue others, who are not thankful to their Benefactors. In stead of thanks, then, to punish for benefits received, is worth your consideration, whether there can be a greater piece of Injustice. By this time, then, I hope 'tis clear, that 'tis not in his power to disinherit the second time, who hath once exercised that power, and taken the full advantage of the Law; nor is it reasonable to cast off one, to whom he is so much engaged for courtesies; or to deprive him of his family. Let me now proceed to the cause of my expulsion, and examine the quality of my Offence: where 'twill be fit I once more have recourse to the Intention & mind of the Law-maker. Here, should I a while grant it to be in your power to disinherit as often as you please; nay should I grant you this authority over me, from whom you have received great Benefits: you cannot simply, and for every light cause proceed to Expulsion. For the Law-maker doth not say upon whatsoever complaint of the Father let the Son be expelled; as if his bare will, or accusation were enough. For then what need were there of your Tribunall? but it bids you, O ye Judges, enquire whether the Fathers displeasure have any weighty, or just ground, or no. And this for the present I desire you to consider. I will begin from what hapned upon his recovery. He no sooner, then, came to himself, but his first act was to cancell his Abdication; acknowledging me for his Preserver, Restorer,

storer, and what not? There was no Offence, I suppose, in all this. Afterwards, what can he complaine of? what respect, or observance of a Son did I omit? when did I ever lye abroad? what unseasonable meetings, or drinkings can you object? who ever complain'd of my Intemperance, or quarrell with a Pimp? No body. Now these are the chief disorders for which the Law permits Expulsion. But my Step-Mother fell sick. Was that my fault? or am I to be punisht for her Phrenzy? No, say you. Why then? Because being commanded to cure her, you refused; and therefore deserve to be cast off for your disobedience to your Father. Give me leave a while, Judges, to open to you those things wherein I could not obey him, and for which I am undutifull. First, then, let me in short tell you, that the Law allowes him not to enjoyne what he list, nor am I bound in necessity to obey all his Impositions whatsoever. For some Commands may be refused, though others are allowed their punishments. As if my Father should be sick, and I should forsake him; or should commit the businesse of his house to me, and I should neglect it; or enjoyn me to look to his country affairs, and I should refuse: These, and the like, were just colours and pretences for the complaints of a Father. Other things, concerning their Arts, or the exercise of them, are left to the liberty of the Children, especially where the Parent is not endammaged. If a Father should say to his Son, who is a Painter, Limne this piece, and not that; or being a Musitian, should bid him play one Lesson, and not another; or should say to him being a Carver, Worke me this Statue, and not that; would any man think it fit he should dis-inherit his Son for denying to submit his Art to his Directions? I believe not. By how much then Physick is more honourable, and usefull for the life of men, by so much ought the Professors to be the more free. Since 'tis but Justice, that an Art for its Exercise and use, should be priviledged, and not inforced, or commanded, being

a thing sacred, profest by the Gods, and studied by wise men; and therefore not to be prostituted to the Law, and made lyable to the fear and punishment of the Magistrate, much lesse to the pleasure, threats, or anger of an illiterate Parent. If then I had boldly, and openly said to you, I will not cure her, though I can; I have learnt my skill only for my self, and you my Father, to all others I will be unexpert: what Tyrant is so cruell as to force me against my will to use my Art? Offices of skill, if I be not deceived, are to be obtained by Courtship, and intreaties, not by Lawes, Quarrellings, and Courts of Justice. A Physitian is to be perswaded, not compell'd, to come voluntarily, not to be drawn by terror; nor to be forced to a Cure, but willingly to undertake it. An Art, then, is free from the Authority of a Father, or the payment of Tribute; Common wealths having decreed Honours, Precedencies, Immunity from Taxes, and priviledges to Physitians. Thus might I say in defence of my Art, though you had taught me, or had spent much care, and cost in my study of it; and though this cure were possible, and yet I should refuse it. Consider, then, the Injustice of your dealing, who deny me the liberty, and use of that, which is purely my own. I learnt this Art when I was not your Son, nor subject to your lawes; yet I learnt it for your cure. You were the first, who reap'd benefit by it, though you contributed nothing to the Acquisition. What Tutor had you in pay? what laid you out in Receipts? nothing at all: but poor, and distressed as I was, only by the pitty of my Teachers, I attained my skill. All the allowance I had from you towards my studies, was Sorrow, Solitude, Poverty, Hatred of my Acquaintance, and avoidance of my Kindred. For these good deeds you would have me imploy my skill, and would be Master of that Knowledge which I got when you were not my Master. Let it suffice, that heretofore I have voluntarily and no way obliged, bestead you; when I could not, af-

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ter I had done, demand so much as Thanks for my pains. 'Tis not fit my Benefit should ever after prove my necessity: or because I once befriended you with my Will, you should from thence take occasion to enjoin me tasks against it; or that it should be drawn into a custome, that when a Physitian hath wrought one Cure, he should for ever be bound to cure as many as the party cured should enjoin. For then we should make our Patients our Lords, and enslave our selves, and our reward should be to serve and obey them in all their Commands. Then which, what can be more unequall? Because I recovered you from a dangerous distraction, do you therefore think you have authority of my Skill? Thus might I plead for my selfe, had my Father commanded me something possible, and I had not precisely, and necessarily obey'd him. But now, I pray, consider the nature of his Imposition. Because sayes he, you cured me of my Lunacy, and my Wife is taken with the same Distemper, (for so he thinks,) and is given over by other Physitians, as I was, and because you have given a clear Tryall, that you can heal all Infirmities, cure her also, and ease her of her distraction: which being barely so spoken, especially before a man unlearned, or unskild in the profession, would sound very reasonable. But if you will give me leave to speak for my Art, I shall desire you to consider that we are not omnipotent, nor are the natures of all Diseases alike, nor their cure the same; nor have our Prescriptions in all the like powerfull successe. And then the difference will appear between an unwillingnesse to cure, and a disability. Wherefore lend me a while your attentions, whilst I play the Philosopher, and present you with a discourse of things, neither unpleasant, fruitlesse, or impertinent to my profession. First then, the Natures and tempers of all Bodies are not the same, though plainly arising from the same elements. But some partake more one element, some lesse: which I speak with application to the Bodies

of men, which are not alike, or the same in all, either in Temper, or Constitution; but differ both in magnitude, and forme. Whence it necessarily falls out, that the diseases bred in them sometimes are slight, and meet their Cures, sometimes are desperate, especially in those bodies which easily take in Infection, and are afterwards as strongly distemper'd by it. He, therefore, who thinks all Feavers, or Consumptions, or Ptiſicks, or Distractions to be alike in all bodies, is neither of those who are wise, nor discursive, nor experienced in these matters. That which is easily cureable in one, is not so in another. For example, the same Corn sown in severall grounds; in a champion, deep, moist, sunny, windlesse, and well manured field, springs up in a full eare, and yeilds a glad and abundant harvest. But 'tis otherwise in a mountainous, rocky, sunless, hilly country, according to the diversity of Soyles. So diseases, according to the soyles where they are received, prove either fruitfull, and grow; or wither, and pine. Yet my Father passing all this over without consideration, thinks all distractions in all bodies alike, and their cure the same. But for an addition to all, I have yet said, that a womans body differs much from a mans, both for diversity of distemper, and hope or dispaire of Cure is not hard to be known. For the bodies of men are well knit, and sinewy, accustomed to labours, motion, and exercises abroad: but the bodies of women are washy, loose, bred in the shade, pale for want of blood, scarcity of heat, and superfluity of cold humors; and are therefore more lyable to diseases then men, more impatient of Physick, and more disposed to phrenzies. For having in them much cholerick, light, provocative matter, and small strength of body, they easily slide into distempers. 'Twere unreasonable, therefore, to require of a Physician the same Medicine for both, seeing how much they differ from their very births, both in their whole manner of life; all their actions, exercises, and studies. When you speak of madnesse, therefore, adde withall, that

that 'tis a womans madnesse. And confound not severall distractions under one and the same name; But distinguish them, as nature hath: and then consider how farre they severally admit cures. We Physitians, as I said before, have first regard to the complexion, and temper of the patient, and do examine what humour he most partakes of; whither he be cold or hot; young, and vigorous, or decayed and acient; of great, or little stature, grosse or slender; and the like: which he that shall exactly consider, is worthy to be credited, either when he despaires of a cure, or undertakes it. For there are numberlesse kinds of phrenzies, springing from numberlesse causes, of diverse compellations. To dote, and to be beside ones selfe, is not the same; And 'tis one thing to rave, 'tis another thing to be crazed. Though all these names be but higher or lower degrees of the same distemper. Besides, men have one cause of their distraction, women another. Again, among men, the cause in young men is different from that in old: their ragings spring most commonly from sursets; the others from their importunate spleen, and frowardnesse, which they many times discharge upon their family; and which first makes them disquiet, then by degrees converts into distraction. But infinite are the distempers in women, which makes them so easily runne madde; Though the chiefe be their extreame hatred, or envy at the successe of their enemy; sometimes grieve, and for the time anger: Any of which, after a long growth, and nourishment, end in madnesse. This, my father, is your wives case; who in likelihood hath contracted her phrenzye, from a long sadnesse. For she shoves no signes of envy, no not in her fits. And, therefore, is not to be cured by the skill of any Physitian. If any will undertake, and recover her, my disobedience will deserve your hatred. Though thus much I must tell you, that though her distraction were not quite so desperate, but that there were some hope of recovery, yet
would

would I not willingly meddle with her, nor venture to give her Physick; for fear of my successe, and the ill reports of people. You see 'tis the generall opinion, that all children are odious to their stepmothers, though never so good natured; who are thought peculiarly to inherit the distemper common to all women kind: which might breed a suspicion in some, if the disease should prove incurable, and my prescriptions faile, that I jugged, and dealt treacherously in my Administrations. But with your wife, my father, thus stands the case, and I speak from my experience, she will not be better, should she take a thousand purges. 'Twere, therefore, folly to undertake her: unlesse you be earnest with me to loose my labour, and have a mind to pull disgrace upon me. Let me still be the envy of those of my profession. And if you will again expell me, though I be forsaken of all, yet shall there be duty in my wishes. But suppose, (which the Gods forbid) your distraction should return, (for distempers of that nature upon the least provocation grow again,) what am I to do then? You know well I would cure you then also; nor will I ever neglect the obligation imposed upon me by nature, nor forget my Originall, and descent. But whither after you are again recover'd, I may believe your reconciliation, Judge you. In the meane time doing as you do, you invite your disease, and refresh your madnesse. You were but yesterday, or the day before recover'd from your distemper, and you now rage againe, raise clamour, and, which is worst, fall into choller, give way to your Hatred, and recall the Lawes. O, my Father, these were the entrances to your former madnesse.

Alexander,

Alexander, Or the false Prophet.

PERhaps, my dear *Celsus*, you think you have set me a light, and easy task, when you enjoyn me to send you *Alexander of Abonwall*, the impostor's life, Trickes, Adventures, and coufenages, written in a book. But *We*, who shall exactly describe them all, shall find it an enterprize as hard as to write the deeds of *Alexander* the sonne of *Philippe*: the one being as eminent for his villanie, as the other for his valour. Yet upon condition you will read me with pardon, and supply the defects of my narration with your own Additions, I will undertake the work: and will endeavour to purge, if not all, yet as much of *Auger's Oxstall*, as I can, by carrying forth some few Baskets full of filth; that from thence you may guesse how great and unmeasurable the Dung was, which three thousand Oxen were able to make in so many years. Though I cannot, in the mean time, but blush both for you and my selfe. For you, who think fit a person so wicked should be committed to memory, and writing: For my selfe, for imploying my labour in the History and Actions of a fellow not worthy to be read by Schollars, but to be seen in some populous and ample Theatre dismembred by Apes, and Foxes. Yet if any shall accuse us, we can defend our selves by example. For *Arrianus*, *Epicetus* Schollar, a man much revered at *Rome*, who spent his whole life in study, shall in like case be our Apology. For he refused not to write the life of *Tilliborus* the Thiefe. But I am to speake of a Thiefe much more famous, and cruell: who robbed not in woods, or mountains, but in Cities; nor made *Mynia* only, or *Ida* his walk, or beset some few wild places of *Asia*, but (as I may so say) overspread the whole *Romane* Empire with his Robberies. First, then, I will give you a draught of his person, and dravv his picture to you as vvell as I can; though I be

no very skilfull Painter. For his Bodily character, he vvastall of stature, vvell set, of a goodly aspect, and, to say truth, of a Divine presence: vvwhite of Complexion, his Beard not thick: his Hair partly native, partly artificiall, but so resembling the naturall, that many took it for his ovvn. His eyes sparkling, and expressing a Divine possession, or rapture: his voice svveet, and clear. In a vvord, for his Lineaments, Shape, and Figure, he vvvas every vvay faultlesse: but for his Soule and Mind, Let me, O *Hercules*, thou expeller of mischiefs, and thou, O *Jupiter*, preventer of sad Accidents, and *Castor* and *Pollux*, ye Tvvin-Protectors frō Shipvvrack, rather fall into the hands of Enemies, then have to do vvith him. For in vvirt, projects, and sharpnesse, he exceeded all others: he had curiosity, quickness of apprehension, memory, & aptnesse to all the Sciences in excesse. All vvwhich he imployed to the vvorst; & furnish'd vvith those naturall helps, quickly became the Top of all the famous Rogues that ever vvvere, & excell'd the *Cercopians*, *Euribatus*, *Phrynonidas*, *Aristodemus*, and *Sostratus*. For vvriting upon a time to his Son in lavv *Rutilianus*, his modestest expression vvvas the comparing of himself vvith *Pythagoras*. Nay vvith *Pythagoras*, pardon, though he vvvere a vvise man, and of a Divine understanding, had he lived till novv, he had (I believe) been thought but a Child to him: vvwhich I desire you not to take as spoken in disparagement of *Pythagoras*, as if I compared them together for the resemblance of their Actions. But let any man summe, and compute the vvorst, and most reproachfull things vvwhich passe in slander of *Pythagoras* (to vvwhich I cannot give any credit as Truths) they vvill not make the least part of *Alexander's* Impostures. For you are to present him to your Imagination as one; the temper of vvwhose Soule vvvas various, compounded of Lyes, Deceits, Perjuries, and Juglings; active, daring, flexible, industrious to pursue projects, pervvvasive, apt to gaine beliefe, and to act vertue, and to professe that vvwhich he had
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least in designe. No man, therefore, but at first acquaintance departed with this opinion of him, that he was of all men the most excellent, just, severe, and farthest from Tricks. Then his aimes were alwaies high, not petty, or poor, and his mind alwaies bent to great enterprizes. When he was yet a Boy, being, as I have heard, and as far as I can judge of the Springle by the Stubble, of very beautifull lineaments, he prostituted, and let himself out to as many as would hire him. Among others, he was entertained by one of those Impostors, who professe Magick, and Inchantments, the Art to provoke Love, bewitch Enemies, find Treasures, and obtain Inheritances, who, perceiving him Toward, and apt to act a part in his Employments, and as much enamoured of his devices, as he was of his Feature, taught him his Art; and from that time used him as his Officer, Prentice, and Servant. His profession in publick was Physick, having learnt of *Thoon* the *Egyptian's* Wife, many Receipts to cure, many to kill, all which he afterwards bequeathed to the other as his Heir. This enamoured Doctor was by birth a *Cappadocian*, and one of those who accompanied, and conversed with *Apollonius Tyaneus*, through all the passages of his Tragedy. You see, then, what man I describe to you, for his School, and Company. After his Masters death, *Alexander*, whose Beard was now grown, being reduced to great poverty, and unable by his handsome shape, which now began to wither, to maintaine himself, betook himself to no small designs: but joyning acquaintance with a certaine *Byzantine* Chronographer, (naturally the greatest Impostor that ever yet entred upon the course) whose name, if I be not deceived, was *Cocconas*, went about with him, practising Cheats, and fleeing Grosse men; for so do these Juglers in their Canting language call the Vulgar. Among the rest, lighting upon one *Macetis* a rich woman, well stricken in years, yet desirous to be thought lovely, they pickt a maintenance

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from her, and attended her from *Bithynia* into *Macedonia*. For she dwelt at *Pella*, a flourishing Country under the *Macedonian* Kings, now inhabited only by a few obscure Villagers. Here beholding Dragons of a wonderfull greatnesse, and yet so gentle, and tame, that they were fed by women, lay with Children, suffard themselves to be trod, and crush'd without reluctancy, and like Infants suck'd milk from the Brest, (for many such there are in that country, from whence in likelyhood sprung the fable, that when *Olympias* conceived *Alexander*, she had copulation with a Dragon) they for a small summe bought one of the fairest; And, in the expression of *Thucidides*, *From hence began the war*. For these two most wicked, adventrous men, and prepared for any mischievous attempt, entring into Conspiracy, easily perceived that the two great Tyrants over the life of man were Hope, and Fear. And that he that could imploy them to advantage, might suddenly grow rich. For they savv, that both to him vvho vvvas troubled vvith Fear, and him vvho nourisht Hopes, Prophecie, and Presage, vvvas most necessary, and desireable. Thus *Delphos* anciently increased its riches vvith its fame. Thus *Delos* also, and *Claros*, and the Priests of *Apollo* grevv vvealthy; men being dravvn to their Temples by the forementioned Tyrants, Hope, and Fear, vvith desires to foreknovv future events; for vvwhich they sacrificed Hecatombes, and offered golden plates. Having vvell discourf'd, and tost the Plot, they resolv'd to erect an Oracle; confident, that if their designe prospered, they should in short time enrich, and make themselves happy: vvwhose successe vvvas aftervvards far greater then they at first expected, and indeed beyond their hope. Their next consultation, therefore, vvvas, vvhere they should lay their Scene, and hovv they should begin their enterprife. *Cocconas* thought *Chalcedon* to be the fittest place; being a country of Merchants, and bordering upon *Thrace*, and *Bithynia*, and not far from *Asia*, and *Galatia*, and

and other neighbouring people. But *Alexander* rather preferr'd his own country: affirming (as the truth was) that the first broaching of such an Adventure required dull, simple men, and ealie of entertainment: such as are the *Paphlagonians*, who dwell at *Abonwall*, who for the most part are superstitious, and grosse, that if but a Sive-prophet appear among them, with a Fidler, Trumpetter, or one that plaies on a Cymball in his company, they presently flock together, and gape at him, and admire him, like some Divine person dropt from Heaven. After some controversie, at last *Alexander* overcame: yet to *Chalcedon* they went (a City, as they thought, conducive to such a designe) where, in *Apollo's* old Temple they buried some brazen Meddals, which prophesied, that "ere long *Æsculapius*, and his Father *Apollo* should come into *Pontus*, "and dwell at *Abonwall*. These Meddals thus purposefully found, presently cast a rumor throughout all *Bythinia*, and *Pontus*, but especially among the people of *Abonwall*, who presently decreed to build a Temple, and began to lay the foundation. *Cocconas* was left at *Chalcedon*, where he wrote ambiguous, doubtfull, crosse Oracles: and shortly after dyed of the sting of a Serpent. Whereupon *Alexander* was sent for, who came in curl'd haire, clad in a changeable Cassock of Purple, and white; over which was cast a white Ephod, holding a Sickle, like *Perseus*, from whom he derived himselfe by the Mothers side. The stupid *Paphlagonians* in the meane time, though they knew both his Parents to be of obscure and base quality, yet gave credit to an Oracle which said,

*Phœbus friend, Podalirius bloud you see,
One who from Perseus draws his Pedigree.*

This *Podalirius* was naturally so lecherous, and given to women, that he was enticed by *Alexander's* mother from *Tricca* into *Paphlagonia*. There was another Oracle, as if written by some Sybill, foretelling,

*That neere Sinope, on the Euxine sand,
Not farre from Tyrſis ſhould a Prophet land,
Whoſe medicinall name ſhould theſe foure numbers hold,
One, thrice ten, five, and twenty three times told.*

A while after *Alexander*, with his puppet-play, in great bravery, and pomp, arrived in his owne Country; where he ſometimes counterfeited himſelfe poſſeſt, and foamed at mouth; which was eaſie for him to doe, having firſt chewed ſope-weed roote, with which wooll is ſcourd. His foaming ſhew'd to the ſpectators both divine, and terrible. Before his arrivall he made a linnen head to his Dragon, viſaged like a Man, and painted like one, which open'd, and ſhut the mouth, with horſe haire: having alſo, like other Dragons, a blacke forked tongue, which was alſo ſtir'd, and moved by haire. This Dragon he had in readineſſe, and fed ſecretly, with a purpoſe, when he ſaw occaſion, to produce him; and to aſſigne him his part in the play; or rather to make him the chiefe Actor. When 'twas almoſt time to begin, he contrived this plot: coming by night to the foundation of the Temple newly digged, where ſtood water, either riſen from ſome ſpring, or fallen in ſome ſhower, and bringing with him a hollow goole egge, which held a little ſerpent, newly hatcht, he ſanke and buried it in the mudde, and ſo departed. Next morning running naked into the market-place, with only a golden towell about his loynes, carrying alſo his ſickle in his hand, and ſhaking his looſe hayre, like one poſſeſt by the mother of the Gods, he got upon an Altar, and proclaimed the happineſſe of the Citty, which was preſently to diſcover the foretold Deity. The ſpectators, which were all the men, women, and children of the Citty drawne together, were amazed, fell to their prayers, and adored him, whileſt he uttering ſome unſignificant words, in Hebrew perhaps, or the Phœnician Language, much more aſtoniſht them who
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understood nothing he said, but onely that he often named *Apollo*, and *Æsculapius*. From hence he distractedly ran to the newly begun Temple, and to the pitt, and spring, digged there to lay the foundation; and descending into the water, in a lowd voyce, sung the praises of *Apollo*, and *Æsculapius*, and invited the God to enter with good fortune into the City. Demanding also a shovell, which was reacht him, he no sooner dipt it in the water, but brought up wrapt in water, and mud together, the egge, which inclosed the God; indiscernably stopt, and cemented with white waxe, and chalke, which taking in his hand,, now, quoth he; I will show you *Æsculapius*. They stupidly wondred, what would be the event, and much admired the egge found in the water. Till he breaking it in the hollow of his hand, tooke out the young snake. Which when they saw stirre, and roſt it ſelfe about his fingers, they preſently gave a great ſhout, and ſaluted it as a God, and congratulated the good fortune of the City: every one alſo conceiving a petition, and prayed to him for wealth, riches, health, and the like. He ſpeedily ran home againe, carrying with him his new hatcht *Æsculapius*, borne now the ſecond time, whereas men are borne but once. Hatcht, I ſay, not by ſome *Coronne*, or *Daw* (which was his mothers name) but by ſome *Goofe*. All the people followed, divinely inſpired, and distracted with their hopes. He for ſome dayes kept at home, hoping, as indeed it came to paſſe, the ſame would draw great confluence of *Paphlagonians*. When the City began to be filled with people, voyd both of underſtanding, and braines, and no way reſembling men who lived by bread, nor differing at all from beaſts, but onely in ſhape; he, ſitting in a little roome, upon a Couch, attired like a *Prieſt*, held his *Pellæan Æsculapius* in his boſome; which was, as I ſaid before, of a faire, and goodly magnitudo. For winding him ſometimes about his necke (which he patiently ſuffer'd) and letting onely his tayle

hang downe, and hiding his head under his arme, he trayled upon the ground: sometimes from under another part of his Cassock, he would let the linnen head peep out, which was verily thought to be the Serpent's. For you are to fancie the house where he made his presentments, neither stately, nor over lightsome: then the presse of people, which thronged to see him, squeezing and crowding one another, and anticipating the show with their astonishment. For comming with rais'd expectations, it must needs seem a miracle to them, to see a little, small serpent, in a few dayes become a great Dragon, faced like a man, and withall so gentle. No spectators stay'd long, but before they had an exact view, were thrust out by new commers, who continually resorted. Just against the doore, where they entred, stood open another doore, to let them out. In imitation of the course practiced by the *Macedonians*, when *Alexander* lay sick, and ready to dye, and great troops prest into the Pallace to see him, and take their last farewell. 'Tis reported of this Cheater, that he many times made these presentments, especially to strangers which were rich. And to say truth, my deare *Celsus*, you are to pardon those dull unletter'd *Paphlagonians*, if they were cousen'd when they touch't the Dragon, (which *Alexander* permitted to as many as would) and saw a head by a false doubtfull light, so artificially opening and shutting the mouth, that twould require a *Democritus* or *Epicurus*, or *Metrodorus*, or some other of a hard, flinty faith towards such things, not to believe, or to make a true conjecture of what he saw. And if he could not find out the mystery, yet to come with a perswasion that the wayes, and secrets of the Imposture, were above his discovery, though all he saw were a Delusion, and Impossible to be done. In short time, *Bithynia*, *Galatia*, and *Thrace* were drawne to the spectacle, upon the report of those who confidently affirmed, they saw the God newly hatch't, and touch't him after he was in few dayes

dayes growne very great, and that he had the face of a man: Pictures also, and Images, and Statues were taken of him, some carved in Silver, others in Brasse. At last they gave him a name, and call'd him *Glycon*, warn'd in a verbe by a divine Oracle, thus utter'd by *Alexander*,

I Glycon am from Jove Third, Mortalls light.

It now began to be time (which was the great hinge of the Plott) that he was to give Oraculous answers, and to Prophecy. *Alexander*, therefore, taking his pattern from *Antiochus* in *Cilicia*, who after the death of his father *Amphiaras* at *Thebes*, being banish't his Countrey, went into *Cilicia*, where he lost not by his change, but prophcyed to the *Cilicians*; and tooke monyes for his predictions. Taking I say, his copy from him, he told all comers that his God would shortly give Oracles, and assign'd a day, bidding every one write, what they had a desire to learne, or know in a little booke, and to winde it about with thred, and seale it with wax, clay, or the like: And that he taking the bookes, and presenting them before the *Tripod*, (for by this time an Oracle was built, and a Curtaine hung up) would call them in order by a Cryer, or Priest, and as he was instructed by his Deity, would restore to every man his scrowle, sealed, as it was, with an exact answer subscribed by his God, to every petition. Which Device, to such a man as you, or (without ostentation) as I am, were palpable, and easy to be found out, but appeared to blunt men, and as they say, to such as blew not their noses, a very prodigie, and wonder. For having invented severall wayes to open the Seales, he read the contents, and framing agreeable answers, bound up the papers againe, and returned them sealed, to the great admiration of the receivers: who thus reasoned with themselves. How could he know what I gave him, lockt under seales so impossible to be counterfeited, if he were not a God, who knowes all things? You will aske mee now what art he used. 'Tis worth your hearing,

ring, that you may be instructed against such jugglings. His first way, my deare *Celſus*, was to heat a needle, with which melting the waxe under it he tooke off the ſcale; and having read the inſide, with the ſame needle melted the waxe which was upon the outſide of the thred, and clapt on the ſcale againe entire. His next way was by Collyrium, a thing Compounded of Berytian pitch, lime, ſpecular ſtone pounded, waxe, and maſticke; which he warming at the fire, and applying to the ſcale, firſt anointed with tallow, brought away the impreſſion; and as ſoone as it was cold and hard, having nearly open'd the paper, and read it, applying his ſtamp to freſh waxe, gave it a print, as it were, with a ſtone ſcale, exactly reſembling the Originall. His third device was, to mingle chalke, with the ordinary glue, with which letters are ſealed; which he wrought into a waxe, and applying it ſoft to the print, preſently tooke it off; which afterwards growing as hard as horne or Iron, he uſed for a ſcale. Many other contrivances he had, vvvhich I cannot ſtand to report, leſt I ſeeme tedious; eſpecially ſince you in your Commentaries concerning Magicians, vvvhich are excellent uſefull, and able to make their Readers vvviſe, have delivered many more paſſages of this nature. Oracles, then, he gave and Divinations; vvvhich vvvhich great Art, and Subtlety he ſtill dreſt in probable colours. Giving to ſome Queſtions Oblique, and intricate anſvvers. To others, anſvvers darke and unintelligible. A courſe, as he thought, moſt ſuitable to an Oracle: ſome he frightened, and encouraged others, as he found it made for his profit. To ſome he preſcribed Medecines, and dyets, being (as I ſaid before) variouſly ſkill'd in receipts. Among vvvhich he chiefly extold *Cytmides*, vvvhich is the fayn'd name of a playſter made of Beares greaſe. The anſver to hopes, ſucceſſes, and ſucceſſions in Inheritances, he ſtill put off to another time; Adding though, that they ſhould accompliſh their expectations, vvvhich he thought fit,

fit, and when his Priest *Alexander* should pray or petition for them. The rate set upon every Oracle was a Drachme & two pence: which you are not, my friend, to call a small gaine, rising yearly to 70. or 80. thousand Drachmes. Some men out of their greedinesse, and thirst of satisfaction, paying for ten, some for fifteen Answers. What he received he kept not wholly to himselfe, or treasured up, but maintained many associates, and servants, some were emissaries, some projected Oracles; some subscribed Answers; some made and applyed the Seales; some interpreted; all were more or lesse sharers according to their place, or imployment. His Emissaries he sent into farre Countries, who did spread the fame of the Oracle among the Nations; and reported that he foretold future events, recall'd fugitive servants, discover'd Theeves, and Robbers, revealed where treasures were to be digged, cured all diseales; and raised some from the dead. Whereupon followed great resort, and confluence from all parts; Sacrifices were offer'd, and double presents made to the Priest, and Disciple of the God. For now an Oracle to this purpose was divulged:

*Honour my Priest and Servant, I you charge;
Gayne I despise, yet let his gaynes be large.*

At length, when many recovering their wits from a deep intoxication, conspired against him, especially those who were of *Epicurus* sect, and the whole cheat and pageant by little and little began to be open'd, he threatned them with terrible misfortunes; and sayd, that *Pontus* was now overspread with Atheists, and Christians, vvho vv ere not afraid to speake blasphemies of him, charging those, vvho came to consult him, as they expected the favour of the God, to drive them avvay vvith stones. Upon *Epicurus* himselfe he past this Oracle, vvhen one enquired vvhat he did in Hell; *He sits in mire (said he) in leaden*
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fetters chained. Can you yet vvonder at the spreading of the Oracle, vvhen you heare vvhat sage and learned enquiries vvere put up? His quarrell to *Epicurus* vvvas ir-reconcileable, and not vvithout cause. For vvith vvhom in reason should a Jugler, friend to Monsters, and enemy to truth, make vvarre, but vvith *Epicurus*, a man perfectly studied in the nature of things, and alone able to distinguish vvhat vvvas truth in them? The follovvvers of *Plato*, *Chrysippus*, and *Pythagoras*, he counted his friends, and vvvas in deep peace vvith them. Onely intractable *Epicurus* (as he call'd him) vvvas perfectly in his hatred: and good reason; For he vvould have converted those things into laughter and sport. Of all the Citties of *Pontus*, therefore, he most hated *Amastris*, because he heard those vvho came vvith *Lepidus*, and many others of the like breeding lived there: vvwhich vvvas the reason vvhy he never gave Oracle to any that came from thence. But endeavouring upon a time to give an Oracle to the Proconsul's brother, he vvvas ridiculously disappointed, neither able to invent a fit one himselfe, nor any for the present to compose one for him. For intending to bid him, for the cure of a paine in his stomacke, eat a hogges foot drest vvith Mallovvves, he thus utter'd the prescription;

Take Malwicks in ~~the~~ dixine hogge Syrrupe Steept. Many times (as I said before) he shovv'd his Dragon to those vvho desired the sight; nor all, but his tayle, and some more of his body: still keeping his head in his bolome invisible. And that he might the more astonish the multitude, he promised they shoud heare his God speake, and give Oraales vvithout an Interpreter. For that purpose vvithout much difficulty, he to order'd the vvind-pipe of a Crane, that being dravvne through the Artificiall head, another stood behind the curtaine, and speaking through the Artery, gave ansvvers to the Questions; conveying the voyce through the linnen *Æsculapius*. These vvvere call'd *Selfe-Oracles*, and vvvere not spoken to all promiscu-
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ously, but onely to those who were rich, bravely clad, and offer'd well. The answer which *Severianus* received concerning his expedition into *Armenia* was a selfe-Oracle, who was encouraged to make an Invasion after this manner,

*Thou Medes, and Parthians, with quick war shalt waste,
Then back to Rome, and Tybers streams shalt haste,
Wearing a Chaplet, which bright beames shalt cast.*

Vpon which perswasion, after the stupid *Gaule* had made an incursion, and was with his army slaine by *Othryades*, that Oracle was dashed out of the Catalogue, and this other inserted;

*Make no warre with Armenians, 'Tis best,
Lest a man, in a womans garments drest,
Thee with his bow, of life and light deuest.*

His plot herein was by after Oracles craftily to heale the former which miscarried. For many times a little before their death he promised recovery to sick persons; After whose deaths he had this recanting Oracle in readinesse;

*Henceforth aske no cure for thy helpleffe paine,
Death is at hand, to thinke to scape is vaine.*

Learning by intelligence that some at *Claros*, *Didymæ*, and *Male*, were famous for such divinations, he made friendship with them, and sent many thither, saying;

To Claros goe, and beare my Fathers voyce.

Againe,

At Male Amphilochous shall you resolve.

Thus much of the Scene lay within his owne Coasts, though in it *Ionia*, *Cilicia*, *Paphlagonia*, and *Galatia* had parts. But when the fame of the Oracle once pierced *Ita-*

ly, and arrived at *Rome*, every one strived to be first. Some presently went in person, others sent; especially Senators, and such as bore great offices in the State. The first of note, and reputation, was *Rutilianus*, a man otherwise honest, and prudent, and approved in many *Romane* battles for his valour: but indiscreetly superstitious towards the Gods; of whom he had taken in such improbable persuasions, that wheresoever he saw a stone anointed, or crowned, he fell downe, and worshipt, and made long prayers to it, and petitioned for good fortune. He, therefore, hearing what was reported of this Oracle, almost resolved to leave his Army, and make a voyage to *Abonwall*. But however sent thither messengers after messengers. They who were sent, being servants of small capacity, and easily deceived, at their returne reported what they had seene; and some things which they feyned to have seene, and heard; much enlarging their relation, the more to endear themselves to their Master. Much was the unfortunate old man enflamed, and cast into a violent phrenzy, who going about to all his friends (of which he had store, and powerfull) told what he heard from his messengers, besides some additions of his owne. The report presently fill'd, and astonish't the Citty; especially many of the Court, who presently sent to be instructed in their affaires. *Alexander* received the messengers very affably; and returned them with presents, and gifts of great value: who not onely reported their answers, but sung the prayses of the God; telling prodigious lyes, both of him and his Oracles. One plot he had in ordinary practise, too ingenious, and subtle for a vulgar Cheater: which was to open the Tickets which were sent, and if, in the reading, he found any thing unsafe, or dangerous, he kept, and never restored them, with a purpose to keep the Inquirers obnoxious, and to awe them with their owne feares, when they reflected upon their enquiries. Foreseeing that men of great riches, and quality, would aske the most dangerous

dangerous questions. From these, therefore, he exacted great rewards, knowing themselves caught in his net. I will repeat to you some of the Oracles he gave to *Rutilianus*, who consulting the Oracle what Tutor he should choose for the education of his sonne by his first wife, who was now growne ripe for the Arts, was thus answered;

Pythagoras, and he who Battles sings.

A few dayes after the child dyed; and he was much troubled to defend himselfe to those who accused him of an Oracle so apparently confuted. But *Rutilianus* being a religious man, prevented him, and excused the Oracle; Interpreting the meaning of the God to be, that no living Tutor should be chosen, but *Homer*, and *Pythagoras*, long since dead, with whom his sonne in hell probably held conversation: and who now can blame *Alexander* for cheating such men? Inquiring another time whose soule he posselt; 'Twas replied:

*First thou Achilles, then Menander wast,
Next thy selfe; shalt a Sun-beame be at last;
An hundred fourescore summers once being past.*

But he died of Melancholy at threescore and ten, and tarried not for the promise of the God; though this were a selfe Oracle. Another time enquiring about his marriage, he received this answer:

Wed Alexanders daughter borne o'th' Moone.

For there went a stale report, that the daughter he had was begotten of the Moone, who grew enamoured of him, as he lay asleepe. A thing usuall with her to love beautifull men in their slumbers. *Rutilianus*, like a wise man, presently sent to the wench, and proceeded to a wedding, though he was a Sexagenary Bridegroom,

bedded her; and sacrificed whole Hecatombes to the Moone his Mother-in-Law. Reckoning himselfe now among the Gods. *Alexander*, in the mean time, having intelligence how the report tooke in *Italy*, applyed his mind to greater matters: and dispersed Em:issaries through all the Romane Empire; who scatter'd Oracles; forewarning Citties to take heed of Plagues, Combustions, and Earth-quakes: For the eversion whereof he promised infallible remedies. In the time of Pestilence, the Oracle he sent to all Nations, which was a selle-one, was comprehended in this one verse;

Phœbus th' unshorne infectious clouds expells.

Which was every where written upon doores, as a charme against the Plague. But the successe was contrary. For it happened that those houses which had the Inscription were most depopulated: which I bring not into observation, as if the verse encreased the Infection, but so it fell out by chance; and many, it may be, relying on the Charme, were carelesse and negligent of their dyet, using no remedies against the Plague, but the Oracle; but thought the Syllables would protect them, and unshorne *Apollo* with his dart would dispell the Contagion. At Rome he had many Spyes, who were of the conspiracy, who certified him of every mans purposes, what doubts, and enquiries they would propose, and what resolutions they desired: which, before they came, gave him time to provide Answers. And these were his plots upon the *Italians*. Lastly, he instituted certaine ceremonies and rites, especially the carriage of Tapers in solemne procession for three dayes successively. The first day, in Imitation of the *Athenians*, was made this proclamation; If any Atheist, or Christian or *Epicurean*, become as a Spye to these solemnities, let him depart: But let such as reverence the Gods be initiated in our mysteries: whereupon division

sion was presently made; And *Alexander* in front cryed out, away with the Christians, and the whole multitude in a lowd Acclamation ecchoing him, cryed, Away with the *Epicureans*. Then was Acted *Latona's* Delivery, and *Apollo's* Birth; then his mariage with *Coronis*, and the birth of *Æsculapius*. The second day was Acted *Glycons* Epiphany, and Birth. The third day *Podalirius* mariage with *Alexander's* mother; whose name was *Dadis*; and the Tapers were then lighted; the whole Solemnity ended with the Moone's and *Alexander's* love, and the nativity of *Rutilianus* Bride. In which *Alexander's* part was to hold a Torch, and, like another *Endymion*, to personate himselfe asleep; Then from the roofe, as from her orbe, descended to him one *Rutilia*, representing the Moone, A beautifull woman, and wife to a great Officer about *Casar*, who courted *Alexander*, and was courted by him againe; openly, and before her besotted husband's eyes exchanging kisses, and embraces; and had the Tapers been away had perchance acted out the whole part. After this, putting on his properties of a Priest, in deepe silence he enter'd, and then sang in a loud voyce, *lô Glycon*. To which many *Paphlagonians*, well throated, who followed him, in high shooes, and stunk of Garlicke, replied, *lô Alexander*. Many times, as he danced in Procession, his Caslock of purple flew open, and revealed a golden thigh; covered, I believe, with some gilt skinne, which glitter'd against the Torches: which raised a great dispute between two foolishly wise, whether he were informed by *Pythagoras* soule, since he had a golden thigh, or by a soule like his. The doubt was brought to *Alexander*, and was thus decided by Prince *Glycon*;

*Pythagoras soule felt often Transmigration;
But my Priests soule had sacred generation,
Dropt by my father for mens preservation.*

Againe

Againe:

Soules, from Jove's lightning cast, returne to Jove.

He used to forbid the unnaturall use of Boyes as a heynous sinne; though his prohibition were attended with this plot. He commanded the Citties of *Pontus*, and *Paphlagonia*, every third yeare to dedicate so many of their sonnes to his God, to sing his praises; and those to be approved and selected by him, of noble birth, delicate age, and beautifull feature. Which hee keeping in a kind of Seraglio, like so many bought Captives, variously abused, and prostituted to his lust. He made a Law, also, that none above the age of eightene, should touch his mouth, or salute him with a kisse. To such, therefore, he onely vouchsafed his hand, reserving his lips only for those who were handsome: who from thence were called the admitted within the kisse. In this manner he cousten'd simple people, corrupted their wives, and prostituted their children: who accounted it a great matter, and much to be wisht, if he would cast a glance upon their wives. But if he would vouchsafe them a kisse, they thought deluges of good fortune would flow into their houses. Some there were who bragg'd they had conceived by him, which was confirm'd by the testimony of their husbands. I will report to you a Dialogue which past between *Glycon*, and a *Tyanean* Priest, whose wisdom you may perceive by his Questions. I read it in golden letters in the Priests house at *Tion*. Tell me, sayd he, Prince *Glycon*, who art thou? I am, answered he, the lesser *Æsculapius*. Distinguisht from the former? Speake. 'Tis not lawfull for thee to know. How many yeares wilt thou stay among us, and give Oracles? A thousand and three. Whither wilt thou goe then? To *Bactra*, and the Regions about it. For 'tis fit the *Barbarians* should should enjoy my presence. Have the Divinations at *Didyma*, *Clare* and *Delphos*, *Apollo* for their Author, or are they false,

false, counterfet Oracles? 'Tis not lawfull for thee to know. What shall I be after this life? First a Camell, then a Horfe, then a wise man, and a Prophet equall to *Alexander*. This was the Dialogue between *Glycon* and the Priest: whom at last, knowing him to be a friend to *Lepidus*, he sent away with this Oracle wrapt up in this verse,

Believe not Lepidus, his fates are dire.

For (as I said before) he much feared *Epicurus*, as an Anti-plotter, and Anti-juggler to his cheats. A certaine *Epicurean*, therefore, not a little endanger'd himsele for confuting him in a publique Assembly: where setting upon him in a loud voyce, he said, Thou *Alexander* didst perswade a *Paphlagonian* to accuse his servants before the Prefect of *Galatia*, for the suspected murder of his son, who went to schoole at *Alexandria*; yet the young man lives, and is safely come home, but the servants are executed, and by this meanes have bin cast to wild beastes. The occasion was this. The youth, sayling a good way up into *Ægypt* against streame, was perswaded from thence to sayle on to *India*. After a long stay, his unfortunate servants supposing him either drowned in the *Nile*, or slain by thieves, (of which there was then store) returned home, and reported he was lost; whereupon the Oracle was consulted, and they condemned: presently after return'd the youth, and reported his voyage. He had scarce done speaking, but *Alexander*, much provok't by his confutation, and unable to heare truth longer, commanded the multitude to stone him, as they meant to avoyd the wicked name of Atheists, and *Epicureans*: which they presently attempted. But one *Demostratus*, who sojourned in *Pontus*, interposed himsele, and rescued him from Lapidation; who had else bin deservedly slaine: for why would he offer to be the only discreet man among so many distracted, and expose himsele to the madnesse of

the *Paphlagonians*? you see what he got by it. *Alexanders* custome was, the day before he gave Oracles, to call in order those who had given in their Inquiries, and a cryer standing without the curtaine, ask't him if he were pleased to answer them. And if he gave this reply from within to any man's name, *To the crows with him*, none afterwards received such a one into their house, or admitted him, as they say, *either to their fire or water*. But he was forced to wander up and downe forreine Countries, as an Atheist, a man hated of the Gods, and an Epicurean, which was the height of infamy. He did one thing very ridiculous. Having got *Epicurus* select Sentences, which, you know, is his best Booke, and the Abridgement of his whole Philosophy, he carryed them into the middest of the Market place, and burning them, in stead of the Author, cast the ashes into the Sea, with this Oracle, *The par-blind old man's workes I doome to the flame*. Not considering of what use, and instruction that booke was to the Readers; and how it quieted, settled, and freed their minds from vaine feares, phantasmes, prodigious apprehensions, empty hopes, and swelling desires, and planted vertue in their stead; truly clearing, and purging the soule, not with a Taper, or Brush, or such other trifles, but with right reason, liberty, and truth. Among his other Pranks, you shall heare now one of the greatest the Rascall ever play'd. Having, by *Rutilianus* procurement, gain'd no small reputation in *Cæsar's* Court, in the heat of the *German* warre, when *Marcus* was to joyne battle with the *Bohemians*, he divulged an Oracle, which commanded two Lyons to be cast alive in *Danubius*, with many odours, and perfumes, and magnificent sacrifices. But 'tis best to repeat the Oracle as 'twas deliver'd;

*Into Danubius, when most swolne, and vast,
Let two of Cybel's wood bred Teeme be cast,
With fragrant flowers crown'd, which in India grew,
Then Conquest, Peace, and Triumph shall ensue.*

All things being performed as the Oracle directed, the Lyons swamme over to the enemies shoare; which the barbarous people tooke for forreine dogges or wolves, and chased them away with clubbes. But a great defeat, and slaughter befell us, to the losse of twenty thousand men: presently after, the like befell us at *Aquileia*, where we had almost lost the City. He coldly vvrested the *Delphicke* Oracle, vvvhich vvvas delivered to *Cræsus*, to this Accident, and said, the God did indeed foretell a great victory, but explain'd not himselfe vvwhether it should befall the *Romans*, or the enemy. When the City of *Abonwall* began at length to be so surcharged vvith the great confluence, and resort of people, which came to consult the Oracle; that it was not able to supply them with victuals, he invented a new kind of Oracles; which were call'd night Oracles. For taking their Tickets, and sleeping with them, he gave such answers as he said his God revealed to him in his dreame; which, for the most part, were darke, ambiguous, and confused; especially if the Ticket were exactly sealed. For then, without the danger of opening, he subscribed any thing by chance, which was obscure, and agreeable to an Oracle. To these kind of Answers belonged certaine Interpreters; who received no small rewards, from those who askt their expositions, and farmed their places of *Alexander*; to whom they every one paid yearly an Attick Talent. Sometimes, when none came, or were sent to enquire, he gave voluntary Oracles, to astonish the simple people, of which this was one;

*The page, to thee most deare, at home unspied,
Commits adultery with thy faire cheekt Bride.
'Tis but a just revenge of sinne with sinne,
He Cuckolds thee, who hath thy patbick bin.
Drowfie Charmes, also, they in secret places,
To make thee stupid to their loose Imbraces,*

*Under thy bed, neere to the wall have laid,
Assisted by Calypto, thy wifes maid.*

What *Democritus* would not be troubled to have names, and places thus punctually discribed? And yet would not smile as soone as he knew the plot?

He many times gave answers to barbarous people, though they enquired in their owne language; in *Syriack*, perchance, or *French*. But his manner vvas, vvhhen he could not easily find one of that Country, to take the Ticket, and to keep it, till he met vwith an Interpreter, vvhich made a long space sometimes betweene the Inquire, and Answer; A *Scythian* once received this Oracle:

*Morphi Ebargulis, into the shade,
Chnenchichranc, his light shall fade.*

Another time, vvhhen no body appear'd, or vvas present, he gave this answer in Prose; *Returne, he that sent thee is this day slain by his neighbour Diocles, assisted by three theeves, Mangus, Celer, and Bubulus, who are caught, and fetter'd.* Nowv heare some of the Oracles vvhich vvere given to mee. One of my questions vvas, (vvhich I sealed openly and exactly) vvhether *Alexander* vvere bald. To vvhich this night answer vvas subscribed; *Sabar, Dalachi, Malach, he was another Attis.* Another of my Questions vvas, (vvhich I vvrote in severall Tickets) and sent under severall names, vvhether *Homer* vvas borne. In one paper, deceived by my Boy, vvho, being askt for vvhat he came, told him, he came for a cure of the paine in his side, he vvrote;

Take Beares grease, mingled with Latona's Dew.

In another paper, being told by the Messenger, he came to enquire vvhether I vvere best goe into *Italy* by land or sea; He gave this answer, nothing at all to *Homer*,

Returne borne by thy feete, not by thy sayles.

Many such tricks I put upon him, inclosing sometimes the

the same enquiry in eight severall notes, to which I feined as many names, and sent them by eight severall messengers, with as many groates, and what more wasto be paid: he perswaded by his gaine, and the Inscription of the notes, to this one Question, in which I ask't when *Alexander* the Impostor should be discover'd, gave eight severall answers, as farre distant as heaven and earth, senselesse withall, and hard to be understood: which comming afterwards to his knowledge, and because I formerly dissuaded *Rutilianus* from marriage, and from giving any credit to his Oracles, he hated mee, as he had reason; and accounted me his mortall enemy: Vpon a time, therefore, *Rutilianus* enquired of the Oracle something concerning me, and was thus answered;

He spends his night with whores, in obscure stews.

And, to say truth, he deservedly hated mee. Afterwards, having intelligence of my comming to the Citty, and that I was *Lucian* (now I brought two Souldiers in my company, one armed with a Lance, the other with a Halberd, lent mee by the Governour of *Cappadocia*, my especiall friend, for my safe conduct to the Sea) He with much civility, sent for mee: when I came, I found many with him, and by good fortune brought my Souldiers with mee. He, as his manner was, reach't me out his hand to kisse, which I respectfully taking, and offering to kisse, gave it such a bite, as almost maim'd him. The standers by presently attempted to beat, and choke mee, as an irreligious person; having before taken it very ill that I did salute him by the name of *Alexander*, not of a Prophet. But he very generously interposing himselfe, appeased them, and promised by the help and power of his God to heale my distraction, who, said he, is able to assuage, and winne those who are most tempestuous against him. Then putting them all out of the roome, he began to expostulate with mee, telling mee he knew vvhat counsell

I had given to *Rutilianus*; and asking mee how he had deserved such carriages from mee, seeing it was in his power to contrive great matters for mee? I was much overcome with his friendly behaviour; considering in what danger I was; And after some small stay went out with him reconciled. The sudden alteration stricke deepe astonishment into the beholders. Not long after, I resolved to take ship; and being alone with *Zenophon*, and having sent my father, and my other company before to *Amastris*, he sent me great gifts, and presents, and offer'd to provide me a ship, and mariners to row mee, which I accepted as proceeding from a cleare, and honest intention. But when we came into the middle of the Sea, I saw the Pilot weepe, and earnestly contest with the Saylers; which were no very good presages of my safety. The truth is, they were hired by *Alexander* to throw us over board: which had they done, he had amply revenged himselfe upon mee. But he that wept prevailed with them not to execute their designe; who in these words addrest himselfe to mee, I have lived, as you see, to the age of threescore yeares, a religious, innocent life; and will not now at this great age, having wife and children, defile my hands with murther. Intimating for what purpose he tooke us into the ship, and what plot *Alexander* had layd. Having set us ashore at *Ægiali*, made so famous by *Homer*, he sayled backe againe. Not long after sayled by the *Bosphoran* Embassadors, sent by their King *Eupater* with the Tribute mony which was yearly paid into *Bi-thynia*; To whom after I had told our danger, and escape, they courteously tooke us into their ship, and transported us safe to *Amastris*. So neare my death was I. From that time I tooke Armes against him, and raised all my forces to revenge my self; who before this Trechery hated him, and accounted him my enemy for the wickednesse of his life, and manners. Nor had I failed to question him, and joyned vvith others in his accusation, especially vvith the

the Schollers of *Timocrates* the *Heracleian* Philosopher, had not the Governour of *Bithynia*, and *Pontus*, vvith much intercession, and intreaty dissvvaded us, vvho out of his respect to *Rutilianus* profest he could not punish him, though his Impostures vv ere never so plainly proved: vvhereupon I suppress, and suffer'd my revenge to coole, despairing of my successe before a Judge so partiall. Of vvhom, to his other bold attempts, *Alexander* adventured to aske leave, that *Abonvval* might change its name, and be called *Ionople*; and obtained povver also to coyne mony, stampt vvith the Image of *Glycon*, on the one side, and of *Alexander* on the other, holding the Badge of his Grandfather *Æsculapius*, and *Perseus* sickle, from vvhom he derived himselfe by the mother. At last he publish't this Oracle concerning himselfe; *That'tvas decreed by the Fates that he should live an hundred and fifty yeares, and that then he should dye miserably struek vvith lightning*. But he dyed under seventy of a Gangrene, (as it became *Podalirius* sonne) vvhich did eate from his foote to his thigh; and almost devoured by vvormes. At vvhich time hee vv as discover'd to be bald, by permitting his head to be bathed by Physitians, for the head-ache: vvhich they could not do, and not pluck off his Perivvigge. Thus ended the Tragedy of *Alexander*, and this vv as the Catastrophe of the vvhole play. Through vvhich there seemed to run a Thred of Providence, but all vv as casualty, and chance. That vvhich follovved vv as an Epitaph upon him, expressing the vvorthinesse of his Actions, and Life, and a contention among his principall Camerades, and fellowv Cheaters, vvho referr'd themselves to *Rutilianus* vvhich should be preferr'd, and chosen to succeed in the Oracle, and vv are the Propheticke Crowne, and Robe. In vvhich number vv as one *Patus* of that Citty, by profession a Physitian; vvho by such a competition disgraced both his profession and vvwhite haires. But *Rutilianus*, the Master of the Game, dismist them all vvithout Gyrlands, and

and reserved the Propheticke place for himselfe, after his departure thence. These few things, of many, my *Celsus*, have I written both to give you a tast of the man, and to gratifie you, who are my acquaintance, and friend, and whom I hold in speciall regard, for your Wisedome, Love to Truth, Sweetnesse, and moderation of Carriage, serenity of Behaviour, and Affability toward those with whom you Converse. As also (a thing much in your wishes) to vindicate *Epicurus*; a man of a divine and inspired wit, who alone knew truth, and honesty, and deliver'd it, and infused liberty into all those who tasted his Conversation. Lastly, I doubt not but this peece of my writings will be of this use to the Readers, that 'twill confute, and cleare false opinions, and confirme those who are already rightly informed in true.



Toxaris,





Toxaris, or a Discourse of Friendship.

*The Speakers Mnesippus a Greeke, Toxaris
a Scythian.*

Mnesipp. **W**Hat say you, *Toxaris*? do you *Scythians* Sacrifice to *Orestes*, and *Pylades*, and take them for Gods?

Toxaris. We Sacrifice to them, *Mnesippus*, but hold them not Gods, but good men.

Mnesipp. Have you a Custome, then, to Sacrifice to good men departed as to Gods?

Toxaris. That's not all; we honour them with Festivals, and solemne assemblies too.

Mnesipp. Vpon what deligne? your oblations cannot draw good influences from them being dead.

Toxaris. Twere not amisse, if the dead were propitious to us. But we thinke we much advantage the living by our Commemoration of excellent men; and do therefore honour them dead; out of our perswasion that many of us will thereby be wrought into their example.

Mnesipp. You do well. But why do you so much admire *Pylades* and *Orestes*, and equall them to the Gods, being but strangers to you, or, which is more, enemies? For being cast ashore by shipwracke, and apprehended by the *Scythians* of those times, to be Sacrificed to *Diana*, they assail'd their Keepers, forced the prison, slew the King, surprized the Priest, ravisht away your Goddesse, and sayl'd away with her, to the contempt and scorne of your publicke *Scythian* Lawes. If for this you adore them, 'twill be easie for you to drawe many into their Imitation. With reflection, therefore, upon this ancient passage, consider whether it would be safe for you that more *Orestes's*

and *Pylades*'s should land in *Scythia*. For methinkes you would thereby in short time become irreligious, and A. theists; should your Gods, which remaine, in like manner be transported from your Country: and should you in their stead Deifie those who came to transport them; and reward their sacriledge with oblations. Or, if for this you worship not *Pylades* and *Orestes*, but for some other good confer'd upon you, why, holding them not anciently for Gods, do you now give them divine honours, as if they were? and why doe you sacrifice to them, who themselves had like to have beene made sacrifices? This to mee seemes ridiculous, and contrary to your former practice.

Toxaris. These, which you have repeated, were their generous exploit, *Mnesippus*. Who being but two durst put themselves upon such a bold attempt, as being so farre distant from home, to sayle the *Pontus*, a sea not tryed before by any *Gracians*, but those who made the expedition into *Colchos* in the *Argo*; neither daunted, nor affrighted with the fables which goe of it, or with those names which call it Inhospitable, from the savagenesse, I believe, of those rude nations which inhabit the Coasts. And when they were apprehended, to take courage from their misfortune, and not to thinke a bare escape enough, but to revenge their wrongs upon the King, and to sayle away with our *Diana*, how can such valiant Achievements but raise Admiration, and deserve divine honour from all men who have any taste of vertue? Though we hold not *Orestes* and *Pylades* for Demi-gods, and worthy of those reflections.

Mnesipp. Say, then, what other brave or divine enterprize was wrought by them. For as for their navigation and travels, I can show you many Merchants much diviner then they. For instance, the *Phæincians*, who sayle not onely into *Pontus*, *Mæotis*, and the *Bosphorus*, but measure all seas, both *Gracian*, and *Barbarous*, and making,

as

as I may so say, and yearly search after all Coasts, and shoares, returne home late in Autumne. Whom for the same reason you may style Gods, though perhaps they be but Hucksters and Fish-mongers.

Toxaris. Heare, then, admired Sir, and consider how much our opinion of good men, who are *Barbarians*, is nobler then yours. For no famous monument of *Orestes* and *Pylades* is to be scene at *Argos*, or *Mycena*. But wee can shew a Temple equally, as 'twas fit, built to both, as they were friends; where sacrifices are offer'd, and other rites of honour are performed. Nor do vve thinke them good men the lesse, because they vvere forrainers, and not *Scythians*; nor do vve examine, so they be vertuous, and honest, from vvhence they are, nor repine at great Actions, though vvrought by men not our friends: But rather applauding their adventures, entitled them to our selves by their deeds. But that vvhich in those men vve do vvith most admiration extoll is, that they appeared to us a paire of unequall'd friends; and made their example a Law to others, Hovv, vvith their friendship, to partake in all fortunes too, and thereby gaine the veneration of the best *Scythians*. Whatsoever, therefore, they mutually suffer'd for, or vvith one another, our Ancestors engraven in a pillar of Brasse, which they erected in *Orestes*'s Temple, and made a Law that their childrens first lesson and peece of education should be to remember what was there carved. So that it is easier for them to forget the name of their father, then be ignorant of the deeds of *Orestes* and *Pylades*. In the porch of the Temple, also, is to be scene shadowed in Antique Imagery all that is written on the pillar. *Orestes* sayling vvith his friend, then their ship broken, and wrack't against steepe rockes; then he apprehended, and drest for Immolation, and both consecrated by *Iphigenia*. On the opposite wall he is drawne freed from his shackles, slaying *Thoas*, and many other *Scythians*; Then hoyfing sayles, and conveying a-

way *Iphigenia*, and our Goddesse. Then the *Scythians* vainly striving to stop the floating Barke, by laying hold on the Sterne, and labouring to get aboard. Lastly, Failing in their attempt, some wounded, others for feare returning to the shoare. But the most remarkable passage is the mutuall friendship they shew'd in their Skirmish with the *Scythians*. For the Painter hath limbed them both severally carelesse of his owne assayers, and solicitous only to encounter those who beset the other, and to divert his darts; not at all weighing his owne slaughter, so he might save his friend; and interpoling his owne body to receive those strokes which were directed to the others. This their mutuall assistance, and communion in misfortunes, Their fidelity in friendship, ruth and constancy of affections, appeared to us no mortall vertues, but endowments of a mind advanced above the vulgar: who in prosperous times will take resentment at their friends, if they share not in their successes; But let the wind blow a little adversely, they fly away and leave them solitary in their dangers. For you must know, that the *Scythians* prize nothing so much as friendship, nor will a true *Scythian* think any thing so glorious as to succour his friend, and partake in his distresses: And therefore among us no infamy is so great, as to be held a Traytor in Friendship. The reason, then, why wee honour *Orestes*, and *Pylades*, is, because they excell'd in *Scythian* virtues, and were approved in friendship, a thing most in our admiration. From these proceedings of theirs we have given them a name and call'd them *Coraci*; which in our Language is as much as to say, the Gods of friendship.

Mnesipp. Believe mee, *Toxaris*, you *Scythians* are not onely good Archers, and better warriors then others, but the best perswaders, and Oratours too. For though I once thought otherwise, yet now, methinkes, 'tis but justice that you have placed *Orestes* and *Pylades* among the Gods. This only I knew not, that you were a good painter

ter too. Trust mee, you have most livingly described the peeces in *Orestes* Temple, as also their Encounters, and wounds received for one another. But I thought friendship had not beene so sacred among the *Scythians*; but that being a people barbarous and wilde, they had nourisht mutuall strifes, quarrels, and disagreements, and had not held friendship with their neereft Alliances and Domesticks; Being led to this opinion by that report, which among others I have heard, that they ate their departed Ancestors.

Toxaris. Whether, as in other things, so in the reverence of our Ancestours we be more religious, and pious then you *Greekes*, for the present I dispute not. But that *Scythian* friends are much faithfuller, then *Grecians*, and that friendship is more regarded among us then you, I shall easily make appeare. By the Gods of *Greece*, therefore, I desire you not to heare mee impatiently, whilst I recount what I observed during the large time of my conversation here. You, indeed, seeme abler then others to talke of friendship; but, contrary to your high discourses, doe so neglect the works of it, that you hold it sufficient to praise it, and to shew what an ample vertue 'tis. But when you should come to use it, you fall from your words, and taking wing, I know not how, shift your selves from the practice. And when you see such rare friendships presented on the stage in a Tragedy, you applaud, and clap hands; and when you see them mutually engaged in one anothers dangers, many of you shed teares: yet you your selves attempt nothing praise worthy for your friend. But if he chance to be distrest, presently, like dreames, all the Tragedy you saw flies away and vanishes; and leaves you likethose hollow, and dumbe vizards, which broadly distend their mouth, and gape widely, but speake not the least word: whereas wee, by how much we come short in our discourses of Friendship, by so much we excell you in the practice. If you like the motion, therefore, let us

pasſe over thoſe ancient friends which lived heretofore, and which either you, or we are able to muſter up : be-
 cauſe herein you overcome us, being fortified by many
 authentick authorities, eſpecially Poets, who have ſung
 the friendſhip of *Achilles*, and *Patroclus*, *Theſeus* and *Pe-
 ritheus*, and others in moſt excellent Poem and verſe. And
 let us ſelect, and produce ſome few among our ſelves, and
 report the deeds, I of *Scythians*, you of *Greekes*. And let
 him that overcomes, and produces the beſt examples in
 friendſhip, be Conquerour, and divulge his conqueſt, as
 having vanquiſht in a moſt glorious combate. For my
 part, if I be worſted in the Duell, I had much rather have
 my right hand cut off (the puniſhment among us of the
 vanquiſht) then be thought inferiour to any *Grecian* in
 Friendſhip, being myſelfe a *Scythian*.

Mneſipp. 'Tis no ſmall enterprize, *Toxaris*, to enter the
 Liſts with ſuch a Warriour as you are, ſo well appointed
 with darts and arrowes of Language, yet will I not in-
 gloriously upon the firſt encounter betray my Countrey,
 and yield to you. For 'twere moſt abſurd that two ſhould
 overcome ſuch Troopes of *Scythians*, as the Hiſtories and
 ancient pictures which you juſt now ſo exactly deſcribed,
 teſtifie; and that ſo many *Greeke* Nations, and Citties,
 ſhould without defence be vanquiſht by you ſingle;
 which ſhould I permit, 'twere fit, that not only my right
 hand, as your cuſtome is, but my tongue ſhould be cut out.
 But by what account ſhall wee proceed; by the number
 of adventures in Friendſhip, or ſhall he that can give moſt
 inſtances of Friends be held the Conquerour.

Toxaris. By no meanes: victory ought not to be reckon'd
 here by multitude. But if your examples appeare more
 excellent, and piercing then mine, though their number
 be equall, they will with more advantage wound
 mee, and I ſhall willingly meere your ſtrokes.

Mneſipp. You ſay well: let us agree then upon the num-
 ber.

Toxaris.

Toxaris, I thinke five for each sufficient.

Mnesipp. So do I. Begin then; but sweare first to speake nothing but Truths. Otherwise, 'twill not be hard for you to coyne such examples as are not capable of disproofe, but being sworne 'twere irreligious to distrust you.

Toxaris. Let us both take an oath, then, if you thinke fit.

Mnesipp. By which of our Gods shall I sweare? doe you like *Jupiter Philius*?

Toxaris. I doe: and will sweare in my language by another of my Country Gods:

Mnesipp. Be *Jupiter*, the Protector of Friends witnesse, then, that what I shall now report to you, either I have my selfe seene, or, upon the most exact information to me possible, I have received from others, and that I will faine nothing of my selfe. First, I will relate the Friendship of *Agathocles*, and *Dinias*, famous among the *Ionians*. This *Agathocles*, by birth a *Samian*, lived not long since. A man unequall'd in friendship, as he gave good Testimony, though in other things, as Pedigree, and greatnesse of fortune, he nothing differ'd from the other vulgar *Samians*. He was from his childhood friend to *Dinias*, the *Ephesian*, the sonne of *Lysio*. This *Dinias* was left exceeding rich. And as it falls out with men newly come to great estates, had many acquaintances about him fit to associate him in Potations and Drinkings, and conversations of Pleasure; but were mere strangers to Friendship. Among those was *Agathocles*, who convert and drunke with them, not pleased with the course. Nor did *Dinias* value him more then his other flatterers. But at length became offended with his frequent reprehensions, and held him troublesome, for remembring him of his Ancestours, and counselling to keepe what his father, with much industry possesse, and left him: So that hee no longer admitted him to their Revellings, but continued his

his disorders privately with them; though with some concealment from *Agathocles*. It happen'd that the unfortunate man was perswad. d by his flatterers that he was beloved of *Chariclea*, the wife of *Demonax*, a man of great Quality and Office, among the *Ephesians*; letters, also, were brought to him from the woman, and chaplets halfe wither'd, and apples just tasted, and whatsoever Bawdes usually project for the enticement of young men, when they would insinuate affection into them, and inflame them with an opinion that they are first beloved. For such Arts prevaile much; especially with such as think themselves handsome, till unawares they fall into the net. This *Chariclea* was a Courtly woman, but extraordinarily a whore; alwaies his, who approach't her upon the least suite. If any man but glanced at her, she presently returned a consent; so little feare was there of her denyals. But withall, she was more artificially cunning then all other whores, to allure her servant, and to keepe him doubtfull, till she had wholly vanquisht him. And when he was once caught, to whet him on, and enflame him sometimes with quarrels, sometimes with enticements, soone after with disdain, and jealousy, of her inclination to another. In a word, she was every way expert, and practiced in the arts how to deale with her Lovers. Her, then, *Dinias* flatterers projected for the youth, and laid many traines to kindle his love towards *Chariclea*. She, who had already beene the ruine of many such, and had acted innumerable affections, and like a changeable, and exercised mischiefe, had subverted many families, having got into her hands a youth, simple, and unexperienced in such stratagems, suffer'd him not to escape her clutches, but inclining, and ensnaring him on all sides, when she had wholly caught him, she herselfe seemed taken in the snare, and became to miserable *Dinias* the originall of numberlesse mischiefs. For, first, she sent him letters, which were frequently seconded by her maid, who told him

him how her Mistris wept, and broke her sleepes; Lastly, how she, wretched woman, meant to strangle her selfe for Love. Till hee became perswaded that he was most happy, amiable, and beyond measure affected by the *Ephesian* wives. At length, with much intreaty, he gave her a meeting, and from that time you may guesse how easily he was to be caught by a woman beautifull, of a pleasant behaviour, skill'd to weepe when shee list, and to mingle compassionate sighs with discourses, to twine about him at his departures, and to meete his approaches; to adorne herselfe in Dresses of most enticement, and sometimes to sing, and play on her Lute; All which arts shee imployed upon *Dinias*. But when shee perceived him once perplext, and sufficiently steep, and melted in Love, that shee might utterly ruine the wretch, shee contrived this plot: she fained her selfe with child by him, (a sure device the more to inflame a besotted Lover) and forbore farther visits, out of a pretence that she was observed by her husband; who had some Jealousies of their Love. He unable to beare the separation, and impatient when he savv her not, vvept, and assembled his flatterers, and dolefully invok't *Chariclea's* name, and embracing her statue made of Alabaster, made pittifull lamentation. At last, he cast himselfe downe, and rould himselfe upon the floore, and fell into a perfect distraction. Hereupon gifts vvere sent to her, not in value like her Apples, or Chaplets, but entire houses, farmes, servants, embroyder'd garments, and gold as much as she desired. What shall I say more? In short time *Lysios* family, the most renovvned among the *Ionians*, vvas vvasted and spent. She having thus dravvne him dry, forsooke him, and layd her engines for a certaine rich *Cretan* young Gentleman, to vvhom she revolted and made Love, vvhich he believed. *Dinias* thus neglected not onely of *Chariclea*, but of his flatterers, vvhich also applied themselves to the *Cretan* Lover, addrest himselfe to *Agathocles*; vvhich all the vvhile vvas a spectator of

the miscarriage of his affaires. After some expressions of shame, he told him the passages of his Love, wants, the womans disdain, and his *Cretan Rivall*; and in brieve, how he could not live without *Chariclea's* conversation. He, holding it at that time unseasonable to expostulate with *Dinias*, why of all his friends he excluded him, and prefer'd his flatterers before him, told the onely house he had, left him in *Samos* by his father, for three Talents, and brought him the price: which he no sooner received, but he left off to be obscure to *Chariclea*, and became once more amiable. The maid was againe sent with letters, and a complaint for his strangeness. His flatterers also resorted to him, with much insinuation, seeing he had yet something to give. *Dinias* promised to come to her, and came about the time of the first sleep. But, whither by his voluntary foreknowledge, or by designe with his wife, for both are reported, *Demonax*, *Chariclea's* husband was within: who rising, as it were, from an Ambush, commanded to shut the doores, and to take *Dinias*; threatening fire, and whips, and drawing his sword as against an Adulterer. He seeing in what danger he was, snatcht up a barre which lay neare, and slew *Demonax* with a blow on the head, and next *Chariclea*; but not with one blow, but iterated strokes which he gave her, partly with the barre, lastly with her husbands sword. The servants in the meane time stood speechlesse, and astonish'd at the novelty of the enterprize. But endeavouring at length to apprehend him, he no sooner made resistance with the sword but they all fled. *Dinias*, after his great achievement, conveyed himselfe privately away, and lodged till morning with *Agathocles*, where they discoursed what had happen'd; and considered what might be the issue. 'Twas no sooner day but souldiers beset the house, (for the fact was by this time divulged) and tooke *Dinias*; whom, not at all denying the murthers, they brought before the then Governour of *Asia*; who sent him to the great King,

Mnesipp. Take courage *Toxaris*, they were both saved, and do now study Philosophy at *Athens*. All that *Simylus* could report was, what he saw by night, the one tumbling over-board, the other leaping after him, and both swimming together, which was all the spectacle he could have of them in the darke. The rest of the escape is told by *Euthydicus* himselfe; As first, that having lighted on some Corkes, they supported themselves by them, and with much difficulty kept themselves floating; At last, towards morning, when they saw a Ladder let downe, they swam to it, and ascending the vessell, they safely sailed on to *Zacynthus*. Next to these examples, not vulgar, as I suppose, lend me your Attention to a third, not at all inferiour to the other two. *Eudamidas*, the *Corinthian*, held straight friendship with *Areteus* of *Corinth*, and *Charixenus* the *Sicyonian*: being himselfe as poore as they were wealthy. At his death he left a will, in the judgement of others, perhaps, ridiculous, though I know not whether it will appeare so to you, who are a good man, and value friendship, and therein deserve to be rankt with the foremost. The purpose of it was this. I bequeath to *Areteus* my mother, to be maintained, and cherisht in her old age. And to *Charixenus* my daughter, to be bestowed vvith as great a dowry as he can possibly give vvith her. Novv he had a mother very aged, and a daughter ripe for marriage. And if, said he, either of them shall die in the meane time, let the other take his burden. When his vvill vv as read, they vvho knevv onely his povetty, and knevv not vvhat friendship vv as betveene *Eudamidas* and these tvvo men, made it matter of sport: and there vv as no man vvho departed not smiling at the Legacies bequeathed to rich *Areteus*, and *Charixenus*; and saying, that they vv ere to pay Legacies to *Eudamidas*, and that the survivors vv ere to give inheritances to the decest. But the heires, vvho vv ere thus left, came as soone as they heard of the vvill, and ratified it in all the particulars. Onely *Charixenus* survived

him five dayes, and dyed. Whereupon *Aretæus*, the generous successor of both, tooke upon him both his ovvne, and the others charge: and maintaines *Eudamidas's* Mother, and not long since matcht his daughter; and of the five talents vvvhich he vvvas vvorth, he gave tvvo vvith his ovvne daughter, and tvvo vvith his friend's, and caused their marriages to be celebrated upon the same day. And novv *Toxaris* vvhat thinke you of this *Aretæus*? Hath he not given a noble instance of friendship, to inherit such Legacies, and not to frustrate his friends will? Is he, think you, In just account to be reckond among the five?

Toxaris. He is a rare example. Yet I much more admire the confidence of *Eudamidas* in his friends: whereby he gave prooffe that he would have done the like for them, though charged by no will, and had prevented others, though hee had not beene vvritten heire to such Legacies.

Mnesipp. You say well. The fourth, then, of whom I shall speake is *Zenothemis*, the sonne of *Charmoleus*, borne at *Marcelleis*. He was showne to mee in *Italy*, when I was there Ambassadour for my Country. Hee seemed to be a man of goodly presence, bigge, and weakly. By him in Coach as he travelled sate his wife, every way deformed, especially lame of her right side, blind of one eye, a Hagge perfectly loathsome, and not to be approacht. I wondring that one so proper, and beautifull, should have the patience to wedde a woman so mishapen, hee who show'd him to mee told mee the occasion of his marriage; exactly knowing all passages, being himselfe of *Marcelleis*. *Zenothemis*, said he, was friend to *Menecrates*; this ill-featured womans father, whom he equall'd in wealth and honour; though he abounded in both. It came to passe that *Menecrates* was ruined in his fortune, and made incapable of honour by the sentence of the sixe hundred, as one that had given Judgement contrary to Law. For so, said he, do wee of *Marcelleis* punish those who pronounce corruptly.

King, who not long after doomed him to *Gyarus*, one of the *Cyclad* Ilands, there to remaine banish't during his life. *Agathocles*, who had assisted at his other mis-fortunes, sayled with him also into *Italy*, and was the onely friend that stuck to him at his arraignment, and failed him in no good office. Nay after *Dinias* was banish't, he was not forsaken of his friend; who voluntarily sentenced himselfe, associated him in the Isle, and shared in his banishment. At length wanting all necessary sustenance, and supplies, he hired himselfe to certaine purple dyers, to dive for them, and nourisht *Dinias* with his gaines; and attended him also in a lingring sicknesse; and after his death he refused to returne into his owne Country, but tarried still in the Isle; holding it a reproach to forsake his friend though dead. These were the Acts of a *Græcian* friend, not of any ancient performance; For I know not well whether it be more then five yeares since *Agathocles* dyed in the Island.

Toxaris. I could wish *Mnesippus*, you had told this story unsworne, that I might not have believed it. For in *Agathocles* you have decipher'd a *Scythian* friend, I feare you have not such another example.

Mnesipp. Heare, therefore, another, *Toxaris*; And it shall be *Euthydicus* of *Chalcis*; whose story was told me by *Simylus*, a Pilot of *Megara*, who swore he was witnesse to the whole passage. He said, he sayled from *Italy* towards *Athens*, about the setting of the *Pleiades*, and transported a mixt Company of Passengers. Among whom was *Euthydicus*, and with him *Damon* of *Chalcis*, who was his friend, of equall yeares; onely *Euthydicus* was the lustier and stronger, *Damon* was pale, and feeble, and appeared like one lately recovered from a long sicknesse. They sayled, said *Simylus* as far as *Sicily* with prosperous winds; But upon their passage from that Sea into the *Ionian*, they were surprized with a great tempest; And not to spin out the Story vvith the descriptions of the vast risings, and Bil-

lovves, and the other calamities of the storme; vvhen they vv ere neere *Zacynthus*, sayling vvith a naked yard, and holding by the Tackling, the better to receive the fury of the vyaves, about midnight *Damon*, distemper'd vvith the tossing, stoopt dovvne to vomit into the sea, and the ship, as I gueesse, at that time shelving much on that side vvhere he stood, and driven by the storme, he fell headlong into the sea, not naked, vvwhich might have advantaged the unfortunate man in swimming. Being almost stifled, he cryed out, and vvith much labour raysed himself above the flood: vvwhich *Euthydocus* no looner heard, vvho by good fortune vv as then naked on the deck, but he cast himselfe into the Sea, and laying hold on *Damon* then gasping, (for by the moone-shine vve beheld the vvhole adventure) he vvamme by him, and held him up. They in the Ship strived to suecour them, out of pittie to their mutuall distresse; but could not, being ravish't away by the violence of the winde. All they could doe, was to throw many Corkes, and poles to them, on vvwhich if they could lay hold, they might support themselves; and after all they let downe a Ladder of no small length. Consider, now I pray, vvhat stronger testimony of affection could any man show to his friend, then by night to cast himselfe into a Tempestuous sea, and to partake in his death. Lay, I say, before your imagination, the swelling of the vvaves, the horrid murmure of the Billovves rolling together, the foame boiling round about, the night, and dispaire; then the one beginning to be choakt, and hardly able to beare himselfe above vvater, or to reach out his hand to his friend; the other presently leaping overboard, and swimming by him, and fearing lest *Damon* should perish before him; and you vvill perceiue that this *Euthydicus* vvhom I have reported to you vv as no degenerous friend.

Toxaris. Were they both drowned, *Mnesippus*, or did some unexpected deliverance befall them? for I have all this vv while assisted them vvith my feares.

Mnesipp.

ruptly. *Menecrates* was much grieved, both for his doome, and that in an instant of a rich man hee was made poore, and of a great man dishonourable. But above all his daughter troubled him most, now marriageable, being eightene yeares old, whom not with all the fortunes which her father before his sentence possesse, any, either rich, or poore, would vouchsafe to marry, of such affrighting lineaments: was she. She was said too, to have the fits of the falling evill, at every increase of the Moone. When *Menecrates* layd all this open to *Zenothemis* in one complaint: hee bid him take heart, and told him that he should neither want accommodations, nor his daughter a husband worthy her descent. And so saying he tooke him by the hand, brought him to his house, divided his estate, which was very great, with him, and made a feast, where he entertained his friends, and among them *Menecrates*, as if he had prevailed with one of them to accept the wench in marriage. The meale being ended, and grace said, delivering to him a full bowle, Take, said he, *Menecrates* from thy sonne in law a pledge of Alliance; for to day I will marry *Cydimache* thy daughter: I have formerly received five and twenty Talents as her dowry. The other replied, the Gods forbid, It must not be *Zenothemis*, nor must I be so mad to suffer you, a young man, and amiable, to be joynd to a deform'd, opprobrious girle. Thus saying, the other tooke his bride, led her into his chamber, and a while after brought her forth unvirgin'd, and from that time lives most affectionately with her, and carries her every where, as you see, about vvith him; And is so farre from taking shame at his match, that hee makes it his glory to shovv how much he contemnes the beauties, or deformities of the body; Riches also, & opinion, and reflects onely on *Menecrates*, his friend: vvhom he thinkes not the lesse capable of his friendship for being sentenced by the sixe hundred. Though fortune have for this requited him. For a very faire sonne hath been borne to him of a very fowle mother.

mother. 'Tis not long since his father tooke him, and carried him into the Court crown'd with a green chaplet, and clad in mourning, the better to winne pitty to his Grandfather. The Infant smiled upon the Judges, and clapt it's hands: whereupon the Court was so taken with him, that they forgave his Fine, and restor'd him to his honours, overcome by such an advocate. Thus much the *Marcilean* affirm'd *Zenothemis* to have done for his friend: wherein you find nothing ordinary, or done like you *Scythians*, who are said to choose onely the most beautifull your Mistresses. I passe on to the fift. Nor thinke I it fit to speake of any other and to omit *Demetrius* the *Sunian*. This *Demetrius* sayled in company into *Egypt* with *Antiphilus* of *Alopece*; who was his friend of a child; and with whom he grew up, and was bred to the study of Cynicke Philosophy under *Rhodius* the Sophister; *Antiphilus* to Physicke. But at this time *Demetrius* went into *Egypt* to see the *Pyramides*, and *Memnon's* Statue. For he had heard that from their great height they did cast no shadow; and that *Memnon* at every Sun rising was vocall. Drawne, therefore, with the desire of those spectacles, in August hee sayled up the *Nile*, and left *Antiphilus* tyred with travell and heat; who, in the mean time, fell into a misfortune, which required the assistance of a generous friend. For one *Syrus* his servant, so stiled from his Country, by conspiracy with certaine sacrilegious thieves, broke into *Anubis* Temple, and stole the God, two golden Chalice, a guilt Caduceus, diverse dogges heads of silver, with other things. All which they left to be kept by *Syrus*. Soone after being apprehended selling some things, they confest all upon their first torture upon the wheele. And being carried to *Antiphilus* lodging, they produced the things stolne, secretly under a Couch. *Syrus* was presently bound, and his master *Antiphilus* ravish't from his Tutor as he was then at Lecture. No man assisted him, but they who were but till then his friends, shunned him as a robber

robber of *Anu's* Temple, and thought it Impiety either to drinke or to eate with him. His other servants, who were two, rifling all that was in the house betooke themselves to flight. Long time lay miserable *Antiphilus* in shackles, of all the malefactors there imprisoned held the greatest. The Goaler, also, an *Egyptian*, a man superstitious, thought he pleased and revenged his God by being harsh to *Antiphilus*. If at any time he defended himselfe, and denyed the Fact, he was held impudent, and became so much the more odious. This drew on a sicknesse, and cast him into a disease. And no marvaile, lying nightly on the ground, and not able to extend his legges lockt up in the stocks. For by day he was inclosed in a cage, and but one of his hands manacled, but by night he lay wholly in fetters. Adde to this the stinke, and ill ayre of the house, arising from so many close prisoners, thrust into a narrow roome, and scarce able to breath; Then the sound of Irons, and broken sleepes, all which were grievous, and intolerable to one unpractised, and unaccustomed to so hard a kind of usage. As hee thus languisht, and refused to eate any meat, *Demetrius* return'd, ignorant of what had happen'd. But assoone as he knew how things stood, he presently ran to the prison, but was not permitted entrance. It being then night, and the Goaler having long before lockt the doore, and gone to sleepe, and commanded his under keepers to watch. In the morning, after much intreaty, he was let in; and comming neere, 'twas long before he could finde *Antiphilus*, so much disguised was hee with his misfortunes. In search of him, therefore, hee viewed every prisoner, like those who seeke the wither'd bodies of their dead friends after a slaughter. So that had he not aloud revealed himselfe to be *Antiphilus*, the sonne of *Demomenes*, he had beene long unknowne who he was; so transformed was he by his calamities. But assoone as he answered to his Friends voyce, and, as he came near, strokt aside his hayre, which hung fowle, and knotted over his
Z face,

face, and discovered who he was, both fell downe amazed at the strangenesse of the spectacle. After a while, both comming to themselves, *Demetrius* enquired of him exactly how he fell into that mishap. And bid him take courage, divided his mantle, and wore one halfe himselfe, the other he gave to him; and stript him of his owne totter'd ragges. And from that time giving him his best assistances, he tooke care of him, and attended him. For hiring himselfe out from morning till noone to certaine Merchants, who then lay in the Haven, his gaines were not small which he earn'd by carrying burdens; and still when he returned from his labour, part of his gaines he gave to the Goaler to mollifie and make him gentle, the rest plentifully serv'd to supply his friend. By day, therefore, he kept *Antiphilus* company, and comforted him; and when night came, he reposed himselfe not far from the prison gate upon a bed made of grasse and boughes. Thus a while they lived; *Demetrius* had free accesses, which much mitigated the afflictions of *Antiphilus*: Till at length, upon the death of a certaine thiefe in the prison, it seemes, poyson'd, the gates were strictlier kept, and no man was any more permitted to enter into the house, wheteat *Demetrius* much perplext, and troubled, and having no other way to relieve his friend, went to the Magistrate, and accused himselfe for one of those who broke into *Anubis* Temple. Upon which confession he was presently carryed to the prison, and brought to *Antiphilus*; and with much petition obtained of the Keeper that he might be chained next to him in the same Givies. Here, then, was a rare expression of friendship, to dispise his owne miseries, and though he were himselfe sicke, yet he tooke care that the other might sleep quietly, and undisturbed. Thus lessen'd they their misfortunes by communion; Till not long after an Accident happen'd which did almost put a period to their sufferings. For one of the prisoners, having, I know not from whence, got a file, and made most of the

the other prisoners of the conspiracy, filed asunder a chain to which they were fasten'd by a row of shackles, and let them all loose. They having easily slaine their Keepers, being but few, issued forth in Tumults, and presently dispersed themselves severall wayes as they safeliest might, though many of them were afterwards taken. *Demetrius* and *Antiphilus* remain'd, and stay'd *Syrus*, ready to follow the rest. Next morning, the Prefect of *Ægypt*, knowing what had happen'd, sent pursuers after them; and sending for those who were with *Demetrius* releast them of their shackles; much praying them that they onely refused to make an escape. They were not at all pleased with their manner of dismissal. *Demetrius*, therefore, proclam'd both himsele & friend much injured, if being taken for malefactors, they should be thought worthy of pitty, or praise, or releasement, because they did not breake prison. To conclude, therefore, they compell'd the Judge more exactly to reexamine the business; who finding them innocent, with great praises of both, and admiration of *Demetrius* acquitted them. And as a recompence for the punishment, and shackles, which they unjustly suffer'd, he gave them large gifts; ten thousand drachmes to *Antiphilus*, and twice so many to *Demetrius*. *Antiphilus* is now in *Ægypt*. But *Demetrius* bestowing his twenty thousand Drachmes on his friend, went into *India* to the *Brachmans*; saying onely thus much to *Antiphilus* at his departure, that he hop't he was excusable if he then left him; and that he needed not mony as long as he was of a composition to be content with a little; nor that hee any farther wanted a friend, whose affaires were so well accomplish't. These were *Gracian* Friends, *Toxaris*. And here, had you not in the beginning noted us for high talkers, I could repeat to you the many excellent Orations spoken by *Demetrius* at his Arraignment, where he made no defence for himsele; but spent teares and supplications for *Antiphilus*; and tooke the whole offence upon himself, till *Syrus* urged

by scourging acquitted both. These few examples of many famous, and constant friends, as they first offer'd themselves to my remembrance, have I reported to you. 'Tis now time that finishing my Narration, you should begin yours, whom it will concerne to produce *Scythians* not of inferiour, but of much more eminent example, if you intend your right hand shall not be cut off. Be constant to your selfe therefore; For 'twill show most ridiculous in you, having, so like a Sophister, extoll'd *Orestes* and *Pylades*, to show your selfe a bad Oratour for your Country.

Toxaris. You do well, *Mnesippus*, to invite me to speake, and not to show your selfe afraid, that vanquisht by my narrations, your tongue shall be cut out. I begin, then, not like you, with Trappings of speech, (a thing unusefull to *Scythians*) since the realities of my stories shall be more eloquent then the Historian. Nor are you to expect from me stories like yours, who have magnified a man for wedding a deformed woman, without a portion; Another for giving two Talents in Marriage with his friends daughter; a third for casting himselfe voluntarily into shackles; knowing he was shortly after to be releast. All which are slight passages, and have nothing high, or manly in them. I will recount to you slaughters, warres, and deaths undergone for Friends; whereby you shall perceive how childish your undertakings are compared to ours. Yet it is not without cause that you admire your own small adventures, since living in a firme, establisht peace, you want those Heroick opportunities, by which friendships are to be tryed. As you cannot judge in a calme of the Abilities of a Pilot, which are best discovered in a storme. Whereas we have continuall warres, and do either invade others, or are invaded our selves; or joyning battle do fight for pastures, or prey. Hence stand we most in need of good friends, whose Armes become unconquer'd, and impregnable from the strictnesse of our friendships.

ships. First, then, let mee tell you, that the Ceremonies by which wee initiate friends, are not, like yours, perform'd in Bowles, and Potations; or with our equals, or neighbours: but when we see a man valiant, and able for great Actions, wee all presently affect him; and the same course which you take to win your wives, do we take to beget friends. We court them much, and omit no application, which may defeat us of their friendship, or render us despised. And when choice is made of a friend, articles are next entred into, and a solemne oath taken, that they shall mutually live, and, if need be, die, for one another. Next, having open'd a veine in our hand, we receive the blood in a cup, in which wee dippe the points of our swords; then both drinke, nor can any thing afterwards divide us. These leagues at most consist of three: wee account of him who is a friend to more, as we do of common adulterate wives, and never thinke his a firme lasting friendship, which is divided among many. I will begin, then, with the late Deeds of *Dandamis*. This *Dandamis* seeing his friend *Amizocas* taken prisoner in a skirmish with the *Sarmatians* -- But first I will take my oath as we agreed in the beginning. By this Ayre, and Sagar, I will report no untruths, *Mnesippus*, of our *Scythian* friendships.

Mnesipp: I might very well spare your oath, *Toxaris*, if you sweare by none of the Gods.

Toxaris, Why? Do not you take the Winde, and Sagar for Gods? or know you not that to Mortalls nothing is greater then life and death? wee sweare by those two as often as we sweare by the Winde the cause of Life, and a Sagar the cause of Death.

Mnesipp: If this be a good reason, you may have many such Gods as your Sagar; as a Dart, Speare, and Poyson, and a Rope, for death is a various and numerous Deity; and is by endlesse wayes attained.

Toxaris. See what a caviller, and wrangler you are, thus to trouble, and divert my discourse, who all the while you spoke kept silence.

Mnesipp:

Mnesipp: You deservedly chide mee, *Toxaris*. Hereafter, therefore, I will not interrupt you. Proceed, therefore, in your story; you shall have mee as silent, as if I were absent, to your Relations.

Toxaris. The fourth day, then, after *Dandamis*, and *Amizocas* had joyned friendship, and confirmed it with a mutuall draught of blood, the *Sarmatians* entred our Country with ten thousand Horse, and thirty thousand foote. We, surprized with their invasion, were put into a distraction: some, vvho made resistance they slew; some they led avvay alive, none scap't, but such as svvam crosse the River, vvhere lay halfe our Army, and a great part of our vvaggons. For our Commanders, I knowv not for vvhat deligne had at that time lodged their Troopes on both sides of *Tanais*. They, therefore, easily made their prey, led avvay captive, ranlackt our Tents, tooke our Chariots vvith the men, and ravisht our vvives, and concubines before our eyes. The accident much troubled us. But *Amizocas*, as he vvvas led captive, and manacled, loudly invok't his friend, and remembred him of the cuppe, and blood. Which *Dandamis* no looner heard, but vvithout delay in the sight of all he svvumme over to the enemies, vvho cast shovvres of darts at him; and had vvith one assault thrust him through had he not cryed out *Zizis*: At the pronuntiation of vvchic vvord they slay no man, but receive him, as yielding himselfe to be ransomed. Being brought to their Generall, he demanded his friend, and he demanded his ransome, and refused to give him liberty but at an excessive price. Then said *Dandamis*, all my possessions and fortunes you have taken from mee. If naked, as I am, I can make you satisfaction, I am ready. Make your demands. Take mee, if you please in exchange, and abuse mee as you list. 'Twere needlesse, replied the *Sarmatian*, to keepe thee vvho didst voluntarily yield thy selfe. Give something vvich thou now possessest in ransome of thy friend, and take him.

Dandamis

Dandamis bid him aske what he would. He required his eyes; which the other presently submitted to be pluck't out. Which being done, and the *Sarmatians* allowing it for a ranfome, hee returned, leaning on his friend, and swimming with him back againe safely arrived at us. This Action struck spirit into the *Scythians*, who now thought themselves not vanquish't, since the thing by us most valued was not conquered by the enemy; but that our courage, and Constancy to our friends, was still unsubdued. The *Sarmatians*, on the contrary, were much terrified, when they consider'd what men they were to encounter upon preparation; though they then overcame them by surprize. 'Twas therefore, no sooner night, but leaving most of their spoyles behind them, and burning our Chariots, they betooke themselves to flight. *Amizocas* in the meane time, disdaining the use of his eyes, after his friend had lost his, made himsele blinde. And now sightlesse, as they are, they are observ'd, and kept with all honour at the publicke charge of the *Scythians*. I doubt, *Mnesippus*, whether you could equall this example, though I should allow you to joyne ten more to your five; or if unsworne you should have liberty to use what fictions you list. I have deliver'd nothing but naked story, which in your narration had, I know right well, been painted with all variety of circumstances; How affectionate *Dandamis* intreaties were; how gladly he lost his eyes; what he sayd, how he return'd, and with what acclamations he was received; with other passages, wherewith you artificially worke on your hearers. Heare, next, the story of *Belitta*, Cousin German to *Amizocas*, equall to the former. He beholding *Basthes* his friend, at a hunting, pluck't from his horse by a Lyon, who infolding him in his pawes, began to teare his throat, alighting from his horse leapt upon the Lyons backe, forcibly rayned backe his head upon himsele, spurr'd, and provok't him, thrust his fingers into his mouth; and laboured with all his strength to free
Basthes

Basthes from his Jawes, till the Lyon leaving him halfe dead turned upon *Belitta*; and griping him in his pawes kill'd him, who dying, had onely the power to thrust his sword into the Lyons paunch, and so all three expired. Whom we have buried, and erected two neighbouring monuments, one to the two friends, the other just opposite to the Lyon. My third relation shall be of the friendship of *Macentes*, *Lonchatas*, and *Arfacomas*. This *Arfacomas* became enamoured of *Mazea*, daughter of *Leucanor*, who raigned in *Bosphorus*, at that time when he was sent Embassadour thither to demand the Tribute, which the *Bosphorans* are obliged to pay us; but were then behind three months beyond their accustomed day. For having sight of *Mazea* at a feast, a goodly, and amiable Lady, he was enflamed, and much struck with her. The businessse of the tribute was now transacted, and the King having given him his answer, and entertained him at a banquet, was ready to give him his dispatch. 'Tis the custome in *Bosphorus* that suiters wooe openly at Table, where they declare their Quality, and to what fortunes they can bring those they desire to marry. It happened that there were many suitors then present, both Kings, and Kings sonnes; Among whom were *Tigrapates*, Prince of *Themiscyra*, and *Adymachus*, Duke of *Maclyna*, and many others; every wooer having revealed himself, and shovne upon what confidence he came thither a suiter, is to feast with the rest, and to sit silent. The Feast ended, he is to take a cuppe, and to powre wine on the Table, then to addresse himselfe to the Bride, and to enlarge his owne praises, by declaring his Pedigree, wealth, and power. Many having perform'd the Ceremony, and extoll'd their Dominions, & estates, at last *Arfacomas* requesting the cup, spilt no wine (for we hold it reproachfull to the God to spill him) but taking it off at a draught, give me thy daughter *Mazea*, O King, said he, to wife, who for my riches, and possessions am much to be preferr'd before these; where-

at *Leucanor* wondring, and knowing *Arfacomas* to be but a poore vulgar *Scythian*, ask't him, How many head of Cattle, and wagons have you, *Arfacomas*? for herein you *Scythians* are onely rich. I have, said he, neither waggons nor flocks; but I have two rare, and excellent friends, such as no *Scythian* hath besides, which raised their generall laughter, who contemned and thought him drunke. In the morning *Adyrmachus* was prefer'd before the rest, who shortly after purposed to carry his Bride into *Maotis* to his *Machlyans*. At his returne *Arfacomas* reported to his two friends how dishonourably he was refused by the King, and laught at in the banquet for his poverty. Though, said he, I told him what great Treasures I had in you *Lonchates*, and *Macentas*, and in your friendship, which is much more pretious, and powerfull then all the *Bosphoran* forces, whereat he laught, and dispised us *Scythians*, and gave his daughter in marriage to *Adyrmachus* the *Machlyan*, for boasting himselfe to have ten golden Cuppes, eighty four-seated Chariots, besides sheep and oxen in abundance; preferring before valiant men heards of Cattle, wrought bowles, and massie Chariots. Two things, then, my best friends, torment mee, my love of *Mazæa*, and affront in so publique an assembly, where, I suppose, you also equally injur'd; since every one severally is interested in the third part of the dishonour, if we live as we begun at our first conjunction, three made one, and doe resent and rejoyce at the same things. More then so, said *Lonchates*, in your sufferings the vv hole injury vvas offer'd to every one of us in particular. Howv, then, replied *Macentas*, shall we order our revenge? let us divide, answered *Lonchates*, the businesse among us. I dare undertake to bring *Leucanors* head to *Arfacomas*, be it your task to bring him his daughter. I accept the division, answered *Lonchates*; and do you, said he, *Arfacomas* in the meane time (for the enterprize must in likelihood engage us in a vvarre) stay here, and raise vvhat Armes, Horles, and Forces you can:

which will be no hard matter, being your selfe a stout man, and our Allyes being not few, but especially if you sit upon the ox-hide. The designe pleased; and *Lonchates* presently tooke the next way into *Bosphorus*, *Macen*tes to the *Machlyans*, both well horst. But *Arsacomas* stay'd at home; and imparted the adventure to his equall acquaintances, and put some Companies of his familiars into armes; and lastly sate downe upon the ox-hide. Now our custome of the hide is this; when any man is injured by another, and would redresse himselfe, and is unable to wage warre, he sacrificeth an ox, whose flesh he divides into parcels, and roasts it; then spreading the hide upon the ground, sits on it, holding his hands behind him, like those who are pinion'd. And this with us is the most passionate way of petitioning. Then the flesh of the ox roasted being set to the publike access, his neere acquaintances, and whosoever else will, assemble to him, and taking every one a piece, and treading on the hide with their right foote, promise ayd according to their abilities; one to find five horse at his owne charge, another ten, another more, another as many Armed foote souldiers, as he can; and he that is poorest, himselfe: so that sometimes great troopes are gather'd to the hide, and an Army thus raised is of firmest combination, and as inviolable to the enemy, as if they were knit by Sacrament; for to tread upon the hide is with us an oath. Thus did *Arsacomas* order matters; to whom repair'd about fivethousand horsemen, and promiscuously armed twenty thousand foot. *Lonchates*, in the mean time, passing unknowne into *Bosphorus* got access to the King then busie in affaires of State; and told him that he came publikely sent by the *Scythians*, but that the greatnesse of his message requir'd to be deliver'd in private. The King bidding him speake his embassie. As for their common, dayly grievances, said he, the *Scythians* forbid that your shepheards any more passe beyond your owne plaines, but feed their flocks within

Tracho.

Tracbo. Next, they deny those thieves, whereof you accuse them for over-running your Country, to have any public warrant; but say, they rob for their owne private gaine, and that if any of them be taken, 'tis in your power to punish them. And this I have commission to tell you from them. But from my owne private Intelligence I do informe you, that *Arfacomas*, the sonne of *Mariantas*, who was lately embassadour here, will shortly make a great invasion upon you, the cause, I guesse to be your refusall of him when he desired your daughter, which he takes as a dishonour, and hath already sate seaven dayes upon the hide; and contracted an Army not contemptible. I have heard, sayd *Leucanor*, that forces were assembled to the hide, but knew not that they were raised against us; or that *Arfacomas* ruled the expedition. Against thee, said *Lonchates*, is the preparation made. But *Arfacomas* is my enemy, and takes resentment that our Elders should preferre mee before him; or that I should in all things eclipse his reputation; If therefore, Thou wilt contract thy other daughter *Barcetis* to mee, who am not unworthy of the Alliance, ere long I will returne and bring thee his head. I do here promise said the King, exceedingly frightened, knowing the cause of *Arfacomas* quarrell to be the denyall of his marriage. Besides, the *Scythians* had ever been dreadfull to him. Swear, said *Lonchates*, to keepe covenants, and never to deny them, which the King preparing to do, and being ready to sweare with his hands lift up to heaven, forbear thus openly, Sir, said the other, lest some of the beholders make interpretations of your Oath. But let us enter into this Temple of *Mars*, and shut the doores, that none may overheare you: for if the least revelation be made to *Arfacomas*, I feare, he will begin the warre with my sacrifice, being already fortified with no small Regiments. Let us enter, said the King, and keepe you distance, nor let any approach the Temple whom I shall not call. Being enter'd, and the guard farre removed,

Lonchates drew his Sagar, and stopping his mouth with the other hand to suppress cryes, stabb'd him in the brest. Then cutting off his head, and carrying it under his cloake, he went forth, making as if he spoke to him all the while, and saying he would presently come againe, as if he had beene sent by the King upon businesse. And so returning to the place where hee left his horse tyed, mounting he rode back into *Scythia*. But no pursuit was made after him, because 'twas long before the *Bosphorans* knew what was done; and when they knew they grew factious for the Kingdome. Thus accomplish't *Lonchates* his atchievment, and fulfilled his undertaking by the delivery of *Leucanors* head to *Arfacomas*. *Macentes* having intelligence by the way of the *Bosphoran* affaires, past on to the *Machlyans*, and vvas the first reporter of the Kings death. But the people, said he, call on you, *Adyrmachus*, being his sonne in Law, to accept the Crowne; By vway of Anticipation, therefore, things favouring you by their distraction, shovv your selfe unexpectedly, and assume the Empire. Let your vvife by Coach followv after: vvwhose preience, being *Leucanors* daughter, vvill give you a quick interest in the vulgar *Bosphorans*. As for me, I am both an Alliance, and of affinity to your vvife by the mother. For *Leucanor* married *Mastera* from my Country: from vvwhose brothers at *Alania* I am novv sent vvith commission to exhort you to make all hasty dispatch into *Bosphorus*; and not to suffer the Crowne to fall on *Eubiatas*, *Leucanors* base brother, a long friend to the *Scythians*, and disaffected to the *Alanes*. Thus said *Macentes*, resembling that people both in his habit, and speech. For there is onely this difference betveene them, that the *Alanes* vveare not their haire so long as the *Scythians*; vvwhich *Macentes* having nevvely cut, past easily undistinguish't, and gained credit to his disguise, under vvwhich he vvvas taken for *Mastera's*, and *Mazae's* kinsman. And novv, said he, I am ready, *Adyrmachus*, as you please to command mee;

either

either to accompany you into *Bosphorus*, or to stay, and as occasion serves to conduct your wife. I had much rather, replied *Adymachus*, that being of her alliance you would convey my wife. For by accompanying mee into *Bosphorus* you shall but adde one horseman more to the Troope: but in conducting my wife you will serve in stead of many. Things thus resolved, he presently began his journey, and left *Mazea* yet a virgin, to be brought after by *Macentes*, who by day carried her in a coach. But when night came, by deligne with one of his servants, who followed him with horses, he set her on horse-back; and mounting himselfe, kept not any longer the way towards *Maotus*, but turning aside to the Mediterranean, and leaving the *Mitraean* mountaines on his right hand, appeasing the young Lady the best hee could, in three dayes passage through the *Machlyans*, he arrived in *Scythia*: where his horse no sooner finish't his course, but after a short stand expired. But *Macentes* delivering *Mazea* to *Arfacomas*, Receive, said he, from mee my promise; and when the other much astonisht at the unhop't for spectacle prepared to thanke him: Forbeare, said *Macentes*, to make me any other then your selfe, For to acknowledge your selfe obliged to mee for what I have done, is as if my left hand should give thanks to the right, for curing it wounded, and affording it friendly attendance. Twere, then, most ridiculous in us, if after a long conjunction, wee, who as farre as 'tis possible became one, should put great values upon any thing adventurously atchieved by a part for the whole. Since being but a part, the good wrought for the whole, was wrought for the part too. Thus said *Macentes* to *Arfacomas*, preparing to give him thanks. But when *Adymachus* heard of the plot, he broke off his journey intended for *Bosphorus*; for there *Eubiotus* was Crowned, called home from *Sarmatia*, where hee sojourn'd, and returning to his Country rais'd a great Army, and through the mountaines made an invasion

upon *Scythia*. Shortly after he was seconded by *Eubiotus*, who led a promiscuous Army of *Greekes*, *Alanes*, and choyce *Sarmatians*, consisting of 20000 of each, which joyned to *Adyrmachus* Troopes, made an Army of ninety Thousand; whereof the third part were Horse Archers: we on the contrary, (I bearing a share in the expedition, to which I with others assembled to the hide contributed an hundred well appointed horsemen) having gather'd a body, little lesse then thirty thousand, with our Cavalry attended their assault, having *Arfacomas* for our Generall. As they made their approach, we march't Counter, placing our forces of Horse in front. After a long uncertaine battle, we were put to the worst, and our Squadrons routed; And at last the *Scythians* being divided into two bodies, one part fled, as if apparently vanquish't, but in a kind of retreat, so as the *Alanes* durst not pursue them farre, but incircling the other part which was the weaker, with help of the *Machlyans*, made great slaughter with their showres of Darts, and Arrowes: so that our menthus besieged were very much distressed, and many of them threw away their Armes; in which number by chance were *Lonchates*, and *Macentes*, who more forward then others to put themselves upon dangers, were both wounded, *Lonchates* with a poyson'd dart which burnt his thigh, *Macentes* with a stroke of a Battle axe on the head, and a halberd on the shoulder, which when *Arfacomas* understood, who was then with us in the other part of the Army, holding it dishonourable not to relieve his friends, putting spurres to his horse, with loud cries and his sword drawne he brokethrough the enemy, nor could the *Machlyans* resist his fury, but gave him passage. He having brought off his friends, and given new courage to the rest, rusht upon *Adyrmachus*, and striking him on the neck with his whineyard, cleft him downe to the girdle, upon vvhose fall the vvhole Army of the *Machlyans* vv ere disorder'd, and soone after the *Alanes*, and
after

after all the *Grecians*. So that by an after Battle wee conquer'd, and pursued them with a great slaughter, to which onely the night gave a period: next day came Embassadors from the enemy with petitions of League. The *Bosphorans* covenanted to pay double Tribute, the *Machlyans* promised to give Hostages; the *Alanes* in discharge of that invasion undertooke to subdue the *Syndians* ancient enemies to our State. To these Articles wee agreed, led chiefly by the consents of *Arsacomus*, and *Lonchates*, who sway'd the rest, and a peace was concluded. These, *Mnesippus*, are the exploits of *Scythians* for their friends.

Mnesipp. They are very Tragickall, *Toxaris*, and sound like *Romances*; your Sagar, therefore, and wind by which you swore must grant easie pardons, and not blame him much that shall not believe you.

Toxaris. Take heed, generous Sir, your envy cause not your infidelity: yet shall not your hardnesse of faith divert mee from reporting the like enterprizes perform'd by other *Scythians* of my knowledge.

Mnesipp. Be not tedious, then, I beseech you, excellent Sir, nor let your discourse be Errantry, or sometimes wander up and downe *Scythia*, and *Machlyna*, then passe over into *Bosphorus*, at last returne home to the vexation of my silence.

Toxaris. You shall be obeyed in your Impositions and I will be briefe, lest your attention should tire in following my Digressions. Heare then what a friend of mine call'd *Sisinnus* did for mee. When I tooke my voyage for *Athens*, out of my desire to the Greeke education, I stroke in at *Amastris*, a Towne of *Pontus*, lying just in passage to those who saile from *Scythia*, and not farre distant from *Caramoe*. *Sisinnus* bore mee company, my friend of a child. Here wee saw certaine Merchandizes brought into the Haven, which carrying ashore we bought, not suspecting any mischance. In the mean time, some theeves broke open our trunks, and stole all we had, and left us not enough

enough to supply us for that day. At our returne from our Lodging, understanding what had happened, we thought it not fit to question the neighbours being many, or our Hoste, out of our feare to be taken for Braggarts, if wee should have complain'd that foure hundred Daricks, diuerse suits of rich apparell, and hangings, and whatsoeuer elle we had, had beene stolne from us. Wee consulted, therefore, what men thus impoverisht were to doe in a strange place: my resolution was to kill my selfe, by falling on my sword, before I was cast upon base wayes of reliefe, either by thirst or famine. But *Sisinnus* by his better counsels diverted mee from such a fact: And said hee had found a way to sustaine us. That day his gaines for carrying wood from the wharfe supplied us with victuals. Next morning, as he walkt in the market place, hee saw (as he tells the story) a gallant show of stout young Gentlemen, who man by man were chosen for a prize set, to enter combate the third day following. Having well instructed himselfe in the conditions, hee came to mee, and said, *Toxaris*, hereafter call not your selfe poore, for three dayes hence I will enrich you. Wee passing the time in miserable reliefes, at the day of the show came thither as spectators. Inviting mee abroad he carried me to the Theater, as to some delightfull spectacle of the *Gracians*. Having seated our selves, we saw first some wild beasts peirced with javelins, and hunted with dogges; others let loose upon certaine men bound, whom wee guessed to be malefactors. When the combatants entred, the cryer produced a young man of vast size, saying, if any man will enter duell with this Champion, let him stand forth, and as the reward of the fight he shall receive ten thousand Drachmes. *Sisinnus* presently rising up, leapt out, undertooke the combate, and required armes; and receiving the mony deliver'd it into my hands; saying, If I overcome, *Toxaris*, when we depart this shall be our *viaticum*. If I be slaine, bury mee, and returne to *Scythia*. The
words

words drew sighs from wee, whilst hee taking the Armour, put it all on but the helmet, and fought bare headed. In the first encounter he was wounded with a reverst blow in the hamme; at which much blood issued, which halfe slew mee with feare; but hee stoutly observing his adversaries assaults, ran him through the brest, whereupon hee fell presently at his feet. And hee faint with his wound was forced to sit downe upon his conquest; so neere was he expiration. I running to him, rais'd him, and gave him heart. And after hee was declared victor, tooke him upon my backe, and carried him home: where he lay a while under cure, but is now recover'd, and lives in *Scythia*, marryed to my sister, onely he is still lame of his wound. This, *Mnesippus*, was not done among the *Machlyans*, or in *Alania*, which might give you colours for your distrust. But the *Amastrians* have yet in fresh memory *Sisinnus* combate. I will conclude my first narration with the story of *Abauchas*. This *Abauchas* arrived at the City of the *Borysthenians*, and brought with him his wife, whom hee exceedingly loved, and two children, one a sucking boy, the other a girle, of the age of seven yeares. He had besides in his company a friend, one *Gyndanes*, who lay sick of a wound received by the way from certaine theeves which assaulted them. By whom in the skirmish he was hurt in the thigh, and disabled from standing by the paine. One night as they lodged in an upper chamber, and were all asleepe, a great fire happen'd, which shutthem in, and surrounded the house. At which *Abauchas* awaking, left his children crying, and thrusting away his wife, who cleaved to him, and bidding her save her selfe, taking his friend upon his shoulders, he carried him downe, and broke with him through the flame untoucht. His wife bearing the little infant followed, and bid her daughter follow her, but halfe burnt shee vvas constrained to cast the child from her armes, and yet hardly so escap't the flame; her daughter also

which closely follow'd was almost smother'd. Afterwards, when one objected to *Abauchas*, that he betray'd his wife, and children, and saved *Gyndanes*, 'Twill not be hard for mee, said hee, to beget more children; besides 'tis doubtfull how they will prove: but it must be a long time before I can find such another friend as *Gyndanes*; of whose affection I had so many tryalls. I have sayd, *Mnesippus*, and have reported five examples of many. 'Tis now time to pronounce whether I be to loose my right hand, or you your tongue; who shall be Judge?

Mnesipp. That wee did not agree upon. But Ile tell you what we will doe; since we have all this while shot without a marke; let us upon a new agreement choose a Moderator, and report before him other examples of friendship: and as the conquest is decided, let either my tongue, or your hand be cutt off; or if such decision be too savage, since you seem to be an admirer of friendship; and since I hold nothing more excellent, or desirable to men, why should not wee two combind betweene our selves, hereafter become friends, and for ever enterchange affections, being both conquerours, and both receiving the highest reward, instead of one tongue and one hand, two apiece; foure eyes also, & foure feet, & in a word, all things double? For two or three friends joyn'd become the *Geryon* described by writers to be a man vvith fixe hands, and three heads. But I suppose them three men vvho did all things in common as it becomes friends.

Toxaras. You say vvell, be it so then.

Mnesippus. To confirme our friendship, then, vve need not use a svvord, *Toxaris*, or blood. Our present discourse, and sympathy is much more povverfull then your Cuppe: since such friendships require affection not necessity for their ground.

Toxaris. 'Tis true. Be vve then mutually friends, and hostes, you to mee here in *Greece*, I to you vvhensoever you come into *Scythia*.

Mnesipp.

Mnesipp: Assure your selfe, I would take a much longer voyage to gaine such a friend, as you, *Toxaris*, by your discourse have showne your selfe.



Anacharsis, or a Discourse of Exercises.

The Speakers Anacharsis and Solon.

Anacharsis. **W**HAT Custome is this among you, *Solon*? some of your young men mutually closing, trip up one anothers heeles; others take their companion by the Throat, and toss him; others tumble, and rowle themselves in the mire like swine. But first I observed that unclothing themselves they shave and annoint one another very peaceably; and presently, I know not upon what quarrell, they fall to pushing, and to dash foreheads like rammes. Looke, yonder one having lift his fellow up by the thighs, hurles him to the ground, and falling on him, suffers him not to rise, but drawes him into a puddle, and screwing his legges up to his belly, and infolding his neck with his arme almost stifles him; another beats him on the backe; requesting him, I suppose, not to be chok't; nor care they to loose their oyle, or to be sullied; but bemiring, bedaubing, and putting themselves into a great sweat, make mee sport, like so many Eeles slipping away betweene the holders fingers. Inlike manner, others here in the Court yard, rowle not themselves in puddle, but in the deep sand, and tumble together into a pit, where like so many cocks they bedust one another, to hinder disimbracements, I suppose, & to avoyd slipperynesse; and by drying his body, to strengthen his hold on his adversary. Others, keeping posture, and dusted all over, beat and kick one another. See how

yonder poore wretch sprinkled with sand bleeds with a blow on the face, and is ready to spit out his teeth; nor doth their Captaine (for so I guesse him by his purple) offer to part them, or compose the quarrell, but rather provokes them, and praises the striker: others, farre off, with much speed seeme to runne races, yet keepe the same place, and kicke up their heeles into the ayre. I would, therefore, know to what end they doe thus. For to mee these agitations seeme plaine madnesse; nor shall any man easily perswade mee that they, who do thus, are not distracted.

Solon. 'Tis like enough, *Anacharsis*, that these exercises carry such appearances to you, being strange, and different from your *Scythian* customes, and formes of exercises; which to a *Gracian* spectator, would seeme as forraigne, and strange. But censure fairely, I pray, These are not exercises of distraction; nor doe they beat, or rowle in the mire, or besprinkle one another with dust out of quarrell, but out of a delightfull necessity, to encrease the strength, and vigour of their bodies: nor doubt I but, when you have stay'd a while in *Greece*, you will be one of those who tumble in the mire, and sand, and will take both pleasure and profit in the exercise.

Anacharsis. The Gods forbid, *Solon*, I bequeath such Recreations of profit to you. Should one of you offer mee such affronts, he should feele it wore not a sword in vaine. But pray tell mee, what doe you call these kind of Horse-plays? what name may wee give to these pastimes?

Solon. That space yonder, *Anacharsis*, is call'd the Schoole of Exercise, and dedicated to *Apollo Lycius*: whose statue you see leaning to a pillar; holding a bow in the left hand, and sustaining his head with the right, as taking his rest after a long wearinesse. These exercises, which you see performed in the mire, wee call wrestling, as also those in the sand. Those that you see thrust, and beate

beate one another are called Hurlers : we have many other kinds of exercise, as Cuffing, Quoites, and Jumping; wherein wee propose games. In any of which the conquerer is held the most Generous, and carryes away the prize.

Anacharsis. And what are your prizes?

Solon. In the *Olympicke* games, wee give a Crowne of wild Olive; in the *Isthmian* of Pine; in the *Nemean* of Parsely; in the *Pythian*, the Priests of the God give Apples; wee *Athenians* give Oyle of Olive. Why do you smile *Anacharsis*, are these Trifles thinke you?

Anacharsis. Noe, you have reckon'd up rewards, *Solon*, very honourable, and worthy both of their proposers for their magnificence, and of the contenders, who so earnestly strive for them. For Apples, then, and Parslye, they toyle, and endanger themselves, thrusting and beating one another: nor, though they should long, may they without much contention eate Apples, or be crown'd with Parslye, or Pine; unlesse they bedaube their faces with mire, or receive kicks in the belly from their Antagonists.

Solon. But wee, good Sir, doe not barely looke upon the meannesse of the rewards, which are but signes of victory, and markes, whereby to know the Conquerours; who preferre the glory which accompanies them above all things else. And, therefore, they who seeke Reputation from their dangers, thinke it honourable to be kickt. For fame is not purchased without labour; But it behooves him that courts it, to undergoe many difficulties at first, and to pursue, and sweeten his end with sufferances, and toyles.

Anachar: Call you their end, *Solon*, sweet, and gainfull, who are crown'd in publique Assembly, and extol'd for their victory, who just before were pittied for their patience? or can they be happy, who for so much danger, are paid with Apples, and Parsly?

Solon. You are still unexperienced in our Customes : ere long you will change your opinion, when you have beene once at our Games, and there see a numberlesse multitude gather'd, to the spectacle, the Theatre fill'd with thousands, the exercisers shouted, and the Conquerour equall'd to the Gods.

Anachar: This makes their case the more deplorable, *Solon*, not to suffer such indignities before a few, but before so many Spectatours, and witnesses of their affronts, who prononnce them not happy till they see them stream with blood, or throttled by their Antagonists. And this you call the felicity of their conquest. But among us *Scythians*, if any strike a Cittizen, or juttle him out of the way, or tare his garment, the Elders fine him very deeply, though the injury were offer'd but in the presence of few, and not in such publique Theatres as *Isthmus*, and *Olympia*. Nor doe I onely pitty your exercisers for their sufferings, but your spectators; who, you say, being of great quality, resort from all places to the show. For I cannot but wonder that they should neglect their serious affaires, and find leasure for vanities. Nor can I understand how it can be a spectacle of pleasure to them, to see men stricke, and beaten, and throwne downe, and trampled by one another.

Solon. Were this the time, *Anacharsis*, of our *Olympick*, or *Istmian*, or *Athenian* Games, the things there done would teach you that our studies of them are not vaine. For no man by my descriptions can so instill the pleasure of those sights, as when you your selfe making one of the spectators, behold mens valour, the goodlinesse of their persons, their admirable dexterity, prodigious skill, invincible strength, courage, emulation, unavoidable sleights, and indefatigable desire of victory, which I know you would incessantly praise, shout, and clap.

Anachar: By *Jupiter*, *Solon*, I should incessantly shout, and laugh, to see your whole Catalogue of vertues, bodily force,

force, shape, and courage misemploy'd, and spent to no end: when neither your Country is endangered, nor your Coasts invaded, nor your friends injured. For, to mee, those whom you call valiant, appeare the more ridiculous for their vaine sufferings, afflictions, and defacement of their lineaments, and personage with dust; and tramlings, that their victories may be rewarded with Apples, and Pine-leaves. I cannot, therefore, thinke of such prizes but they are my sport. But tell mee, have all exercisers the same reward?

Solon. Noe; He onely that conquers.

Anachar: Dothe rest, then, toyle for a doubtfull, uncertaine victory, knowing there can be but one Conquerour; And that the conquered, who are many, endure all those beatings, and wounds to no purpose?

Solon. You seeme, *Anacharsis*, to know nothing of a well ordered Commonwealth; otherwise you would not so slightly value the best customes. But whensoever you give your mind to know how the best State is to be governed, and how the best Citizens are to be made, you will then praise those exercises, and emulations so much practised by us, and will discern the commodities mingled with those sweats, though they now seeme labours in vaine.

Anachars. I had no other purpose, *Solon*, to my journey from *Scythia* hither, in which I measured much Land, beside the tempestuous *Euxine* Sea, but to learne the *Græcian* Lawes, and to instruct my selfe in your customes, and study the best forme of Government. Of all the *Athenians*, therefore, and forreiners, I chose you by your fame for my acquaintance, after I heard you were a giver of Lawes, and an inventer of excellent customes, and an introducer of usefull institutions, and fashioneer of a commonwealth. You cannot therefore, more desire to teach, and to make mee your Scholer, then I shall be ready, without eating or drinking, to sit as long as you are

are able to speake, and greedily attend your Lecture of Lawes and States.

Solon. To give you a just account in a brieve narration were not easie. You shall, therefore, by degrees and steps, know what opinions wee hold of the Gods, of our parents, of marryage, and other things; As also what wee decree of our young men, and how wee breed them, when they they once begin to know what is best; and arrive at such a strength of body as to endure labours. All which I will unfold to you, that you may be instructed, why wee set them those Games, and compell them to exercise their bodies; not meerly for the Games sake, or the glory of the prize (for few attaine to it) but for a farre more excellent good, which hereby growes to the whole Commonwealth, and to themselves in particular. For there is a more publique prize, and crowne proposed to all good Cittizens, not made of Pine, or wild Olive, or Parsly, but which comprehends the common happinesse of men; namely, the private liberty of every one, and publique of the State; besides riches, glory, fruition of solemne Assemblies, security of friends, and whatsoever Blessings else men would aske in their prayers of the Gods. All which are woven into the Garland, I spoke of, and accompany that prize, to which those exercises, and labours lead.

Anachar: Why then, most venerable *Solon*, having rewards of such value, did you tell mee of Apples, and Parsly, and boughs of wild Olive, and Pine?

Solon. Even these, *Anacharsis*, will not be of slight consideration to you after you understand what I am about to say. For these have the same purpose, and end, and are but lesser portions of that ample and happy reward, and Garland I mentioned. But my discourte, hath, I know not how, broke order, to begin with things done in the *Isthmian*, *Olympick*, and *Nemean* Games, I, therefore, since my leisure and your patience meet, will dravv things from

from their first principles, and lay for my originall that publique reward to which all these exercises aspire.

Anachar. You shall do well, *Solon*, if you use no more digressions by the way; And thereby I shall the easier be perswaded not to laugh any more when I see one stalke Majestically crowned with wild Olive, or Parsly. If you please, therefore, let us withdraw into yonder shade, where wee may sit undisturb'd with the noyse of the exercisers. For (not to dissemble) I am impatient of the scorching Sun-beames striking on my bare head, and lest my cap at home, that I might not be the onely man seene among you in a forraine Habit. Besides, now is the time of the yeare that the scorching starre, which you call the Dogge, raignes, and burnes all things, and renders the Ayre sultry and enflamed; The Sun also now at noone, being verticall, casts an insupportable raye on our bodies. So that I wonder, you being an old man, do not, like me swee, nor appeare molested with the heat, nor looke about for some cool place to retire to, but patiently brook the season.

Solon. Those foolish exercises, *Anacharsis*, and frequent tumblings in the mire, and open contentions in the Sands do harden, and fortifie us against the Sunne; nor need we cappes to protect our heads from his beames. But let us withdraw. I expect not you should consent or bind your whole faith to every thing I speake as Law, but when you think I speak amisse presently to contradict, and rectifie my discourse. For in one of those two I will not faile, either to make you of my opinion, if you meet with nothing to be contradicted, or learne from you how erroneously I have beene the author of those customes; For which the whole City of *Athens* will give you ample thanks. Nor can you more oblige them then by disciplining, and instilling righter opinions into mee. which I will not conceale, but will presently make them publique, and standing in open Assembly thus bespeake the City. I, O yee *Athenians*, have heretofore written

Lawes, which I thought most necessary for the State; But this stranger (pointing at you, *Anacharsis*,) being by Country a *Scythian*, yet a wise man, hath otherwise instructed mee, and taught mee better principles, and institutions. Let him, therefore, be registred your Benefactor, and erect his brasen statue among the persons most of honour in the Citty, neere *Minerva*. Hereupon assure your selfe, *Anacharsis*, the *Athenians* will not be ashamed to be taught better rules by a *Barbarian*, and a stranger.

Anacharsis. I heard as much before of you *Athenians*, that you were great scoffers: For how should I, being a rude, wandring man, living in a waggon, and travailling from one Country to another, who never inhabited, or till now saw a Citty, discourse of policy, or teach men borne and bred in an ancient State; where for so many successions they have lived under the best forme of government? especially you, *Solon*, whose study, they say, it hath alwayes beene to lay the best foundations of a Common-wealth; and to know under what Lawes it would most flourish? 'Tis fit, therefore, your Authority, being a Law-giver, should sway mee. And, therefore, if I oppose you, where you seeme not to speake reason, it shall be that I may be the firmlier instructed. See we are now sheltered in this Arbour from the Sunne; this coole marble also offers us a pleasant, and seasonable seat. Begin your discourse then, and say, why you breed your children to those hard labours; or how puddles, and exercise can make them gallant men; or how dust, and tumblings in the mire can advance their vertues. This I first desire to know: you shall informe mee of other particulars in their place and order. Remember I pray withall in the structure of your narration that you speake to a *Barbarian*; which I tell you, that you may neither involve, nor prolong your discourse. For I shall be apt to forget the beginning, if your narration be too much lengthened.

Solon. Your admonition will be timelier, *Anacharsis*, when

when you find mee darke in my expressions, or digressing from the purpose. It shall, therefore, be in your power to aske what questions by the way, and to cut off what superfluities, you please: But where I am pertinent, and rove not from the marke, you must give mee leave to be copious; and to observe the practice of my Country, allow'd of even by the *Areopagus*, where matters of the highest nature are decided. For in that Court the Judges being entred, and placed, to determine of murthers, intended wounds, and conflagrations, Liberty is given both for the accuser, and the accused to speake by turnes, either themselves, or by their Advocates, retain'd to plead for them: who, as long as they speake to the businesse, are heard with silence of the Senate. But if any shall offer by a preface to render the Judges favourable, or to draw pittie, or powerfullnesse to his caule, (which are the ordinary arts of young Oratours) presently a Cryer stands forth, and enjoynes him silence, and suffers him not to trifle before the Senate, or to colour the businesse with eloquence, but to present it naked to them. So I doe constitute you, *Anacharsis*, the *Areopagite* of my present discourse; and give you power to heare mee according to the Lawes of my Court; and where you find mee over Rhetoricall to silence mee; but where I speake agreeable to the businesse to suffer mee to enlarge my selfe. For wee hold not Dialogue now in the heat of the Sunne; And therefore let mee not seeme tedious, if I prolong my narration, since wee are now in the thicke shade, and are both vacant.

Anachar: You speake reason, *Solon*, and I give you no small thanks, that by this Digression you have taught mee the the passages of the Senate; which, truly, are admirable, and such as besit wise men, who order their suffrages by Justice. Proceed, then; and since you have made mee one of your *Areopagite* Judges, I will heare you like one.

Solon. First, then, you are briefly to marke how wee define a Citty, and Citizens. Wee take not a Citty for the buildings, such as are the Walls, Temples, and houses; For these are but, as it were, a constant immoveable body for the receipt, and safety of the Inhabitants. All Authority is seated in the Citizens; who fill, order, perfect, and preserve the other, as the soule doth every one of us. Vpon these considerations wee extend our cares, as you may observe to the Body of the Citty, which we adorne to the utmost show of magnificence, with elegant structures within, and secured with the strongest Rampires, and Fortifications without. But the chiefeest part of our providence is, that the Citizens may have vertuous minds, and strong bodies: whereby being enabled for government, they may be mutually usefull to themselves in peace, and defend the Citty, and preserve it free, and happy, in warre. Their first education, therefore, wee assigne to their Mothers, Nurseries, and Schoolmasters, to breed them to the Liberall Arts. But when they are growne up to understand what vertue is, and when modesty, bashfulness, reverence, and desire of the best things is implanted in them, and when their bodies, by patient exercises, are confirmed, and strengthened, and brought to a manly consistency, then wee teach, and propose to them other knowledges of the mind, and exercises of the body; which wee accustome and inure to other labours. For wee thinke it not enough to be borne, as wee are, with bodies, and soules; but are to perfect both with Discipline and sciences: by which naturall endowments being reduced to order, are much advanced, and defects are beautified, and corrected. Wee take our patternes from husbandmen, vvho vvhen their plants are lovve and tender, cover, and digge about them, to protect them from the vvinde; But vvhen they are vvell growne, they cut off the superfluous boughs, and exposing them to be roste, and shaken by the vvindes, render them the more fruirfull.

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The first elements of our childrens education are, musicke, Arithmeticke, how to forme letters, and exactly to pronounce them. Afterwards, we repeat to them the sayings of wise men, ancient exployts, and usefull discourses made illustrious by verse, that they may the better be remembered. They hearing the deeds, and memorable Achievements of famous men, are insensibly inflamed, and provoked to an imitation, that they may be celebrated, and admired by posterity. Of which nature are many things deliver'd by our *Hesiod*, and *Homer*. When they are ripe for government, and are ready to be call'd to the handling of publique Affaires---- but this is besides the purpose. For I intended not at first to show how wee manured their minds, but why wee thus imployed, and exercised their bodyes. I doe, therefore, enjoyne my selfe silence, without the reprehension of a cryer, or such an *Areopagite* as you, who out of modesty, I believe, have all this while heard mee trifle beside the purpose.

Anachars: Tell mee, *Solon*, why your *Areopagus* doth not punish those who omit things materiall, and passe them by in silence?

Solon. Pray make mee understand why you aske this Question.

Anachars: Because you passe over the best things, and which I most desire to heare, Namely the exercises of the soule, and proceed to the lesse necessary labours and exercises of the body.

Solon. Herein I am constant to my first purpose; For should I suffer my discourse to wander from the scope, I should confound your memory by my digressions: yet I will give you as brieve a draught as I can of those also. For an exact description of them, would require a particular discourse. First, then, wee lay in our childrens minds excellent sentences; Afterwards wee teach them the Common Lawes, which in capitall Letters are openly hung up to be read; commanding what is to be done,

and what to be avoided; That the company of good men is to be used, from whom they may learn to speak what is fit; to observe justice in an equality of Conversation; not to covet things dishonest, but to desire honest; and not to offer injuries. Now these men are with us stiled *Sophists*, and *Philosophers*: we bring them, also, into the Theater, where wee publikely teach them by the virtues and vices of former ages presented in Comœdies, and Tragœdies, which they are to shunne, which to embrace; we give liberty, also, to our Comick Poets to personate, and inveigh against those Cittizens, whose lives are infamous, and disgracefull to the Commonwealth; whereupon some grow reformed by Libells, and forsake their faults which would hereby fall under the reprehension of the vulgar.

Anachars: I understand you, *Solon*, your Tragœdians, and Comœdians were those who wore Socks, and Buskins, and were changeably apparell'd, and adorn'd with golden fillers, having on their faces ridiculous, wide gaping vizards; under which they speak big, and stalke, I know not how, unknown in their Buskins. At which time, if I erre not, you celebrated your feasts of *Bacchus*. Your Comœdians were not so exalted, were lower shod, and spake in a lesser tone, and more like men; only their vizards were more ridiculous; and rays'd the generall Laughter of the Theater. But those Buskin'd Actors were heard with a generall sadnesse, out of pittie, I suppose, to the vveights, and Cloggs of their feet.

Solon. 'Twas not pittie to them, Sir; but the Poet, perhaps, represented some ancient, calamitous story, which cast into Tragickall language, and action, moved the Teares of the spectators, and hearers. 'Tis likely, also, you saw Fiddlers, and Singers placed together in a Ring; neither are their voices, and cornets, void of profitable use; but by such and the like incirements, we whet, and sharpen, and better our soules. As for our bodies, vvhich

which you next desire to hear, we thus discipline them, when they are once compact, and past their tenderness. First, by going naked sometimes we expose them to the Ayre, and so acquaint them with all seasons, as neither to dissolve with heat, or shrink with cold. Next, we annoynt and supple them with oyle, to make them the more active and pliant. For 'twere unreasonable that dead hides, and Leather softened by Oyle, and tanned, should be lesse capable of ruptures, and last longer, and that we should think such Oyntments lost upon animated bodies. Next, we invent exercises of severall kinds, to which we assigne severall Teachers; one for Fencing, another for Wrastring. That, being accustomed to such exercises, we may both know how to defend our selves from blowes, and not shunne wounds through Cowardlinesse. Two great advantages do hence arise; our young men, by not sparing their bodies are made valiant against dangers; and possesse a firme consistency of health, and strength. For those that wrastle, do thereby learn to fall safely, and to rise nimbly, to cast off, imbrace, toss, strangle, and lift their adversary aloft. These, then, are not exercises to be neglected, whose chiefe and great end, which they infallibly attain, is, that bodies thus exercised gain higher patiences, and vigour. Their next end, not inferiour to the other, is, that hereby our young men may be experienced against the necessities, and Accidents of Warre. For 'tis clear, that a souldier by his skill in wrastring, will more easily overthrow his enemy, or being overthrown rise again himself. All these personated combates, then, we referre to that greater of the Warre; out of our opinion, that men thus practised are fittest for Armes, whose naked bodies we have first by Oyntments, and labours, confirmed, and fortified, and thereby made agile, and dextrous, and offensive to their encounterers. For you may easily imagine what those men would do in Armour, who can
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naked strike a terrour into the enemy; when they see bodies neither overburden'd with white unsupportable flesh; nor pine'd with leanness, and paleness; like the bodies of Women, which withering in the shade, tremble, and flow with sweat, and pant under a helmet; especially if the Sunne, as now it doth, shine hot at Noone. For what service can they be fit, who are impatient of thirst, and dust, and faint at the sight of blood, and expire before they come within shot, or encounter of the enemy? Whereas our men, dying their naturall rednesse by the Sunne into a brown, show manly countenances, great Heights of spirit, and flames of valour. Being by the goodnesse of their composition, neither too grosse, nor too thinne, nor overclogged with weight, but wrought into a measure by their sweats, by which they evaporate the uselesse superfluities of their flesh, and retaine only that which gives strength and vigour, without mixture of defects. For the like effects which winnowers have upon Corne, have those exercises on our bodies; they blow away the Chaffe, and husks, from which they separate the pure graines, and gather them into heapes. Hence comes it, that we are so sound, and so able to endure long Labours; Or that one thus bred, is so hardly provok't to sweat, and so rarely cast into a Distemper: As if one should set fire to Wheat, Straw, and Stubble, (for I return to my former comparifon) I suppose the Stubble would presently be consumed, but the Corne would by degrees, without any great pyramids of flame, not at one blaze, but by insensible clouds of smoke after sometime be it selfe burnt; so neither diseases, nor wearinesse invading a body thus exercised will easily infeeble, or overcome it; Being so well prepared within, and so impreguably fortified against them without, as to withstand their entrance and to encounter heats and colds without damage of the person. For by those laborious

Laborious exercises, much heat being taken in, and of a long time provided, and laid up, as it were, for necessary use, it administers sudden supplies, and renders the body indefatigable. For these pialabours, and Toyles, do not destroy the courage, but encrease, and enlarge it by provocation; we breed our young men to races also, and enable them by custome to hold out in long courses, and by their speed, and activity in short. Nor do we allow them to runne on firme, equall ground, but in deep sand, where they can neither fix, nor fasten their feet, but are ready to slippe at every stride. We teach them, also, if need be, to leap Trenches, and other places of hinderance; which they practise to do with leaden weights in their hands. Sometimes, also, they strive who shall hurle a Spear farthest. You have seen, also, another brazen weight in the place of exercise, round, and made in the figure of a little shield, having neither handle, nor string; which you poysed as it lay in the mid'st, and it felt massy, and hardly to be taken hold of by reason of the smoothnesse. This they sometimes sling aloft into the Ayre; sometimes straight forward, striving who shall hurle farthest, and outthrow the rest: which kind of exercise doth much strengthen their shoulders, and beget a vigorous spring in their Armes. Hear now, venerable Sir, why they exercise in the mire, and sand, which to you, at first, seemed ridiculous. The first reason is, that they may not be thrown on the hard pavement, but may fall softly without hurt; The next reason is, because their slipperinesse by their sweating in the mire is much increased, which you compared to Eeles; but 'tis no matter of contempt, or laughter: For hereby their strength and vigour is not a little perfected, when thus bemired they are forced to take stronger hold of one another to hinder escapes: For you must not think it easy to hold fast one bemired, sweating, sleekt with oyle, and struggling to slip from your fingers.

All which slights do much conduce to warre, whither a wounded friend be without impediment to be fetcht off, or an enemy taken prisoner to be borne away. Upon these considerations, we exceedingly exercise them, to the most difficult labours, that they may the more dextrously undergoe the easier. We practice them in the dust for a contrary reason, that they may not slip from their entwinings. For being inured in the puddle to grasp their adversary, for all his sleeknesse, they learn to slippe out of his hands themselves when they seem caught: Now dust sprinkled on distilling bodies, drinks up the sweat, and much enables them not to tire. 'Tis a kind of crust to them too, and protects them from the wind striking on their tender, and naked flesh. Besides, it scoures off the filth, and makes the man much cleaner. Should I, then, bring in presence together one of the delicate pale men, who alwaies live in the shade, and one of those, whomsoever you shall choose, exercised in the *Lyceum*, and washt from his Dust, and mire, I would ask to which you would choose to be like. I know you would presently at first sight, though unacquainted with the education of either, choose to be strong, and solide, then to be of a broken, and melting constitution, and pale with the poverty, and retirement of your blood to the inward parts. These are the exercises, *Anacharsis*, to which we breed our young men; whereby, we think, we enable them to defend their countrey, to secure us in our liberty, and vanquish our invaders, and make us terrible to our neighbours; who for the most part are subject to us, and pay us tribute. In times of peace our use of them is no lesse excellent, between whom spring no base æmulations. Nor have they leisure to be injurious, but spend their whole time, and imployment in these exercises. Now (as I said before) The common good, and highest felicity of a state consists in the best preparation of youth, both for Peace, and Warre, which

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is only to be effected by Studies of this excellent Nature.

Anacharsis. So then *Solon*, when you are invaded, you meet your enemies in your Oyntments, and dust, and encounter their Armour with your hands, and fists; who in the mean time struck with terrour fly from you, fearing, least if they should gape, you should cast sand into their mouth; or coming behind them should trippe up their heeles, or twine their legges about their middle, and your Arme about their neck and stifle them? And though they shoot Arrowes and hurle Darts at you, yet you, like so many Statues are impenetrable; being tainn'd in the sunne, and stored with so much blood. For you are not men of straw, or stubble, to yield at the first onset; but are hardly brought to loose blood, though pierced with deep and mortall wounds. For so you said, if I mistake not your resemblance. Or, perhaps, when you goe out to battle, you Arme your selves like Comedians, and Tragedians, and put on gaping vizards, that you may appear terrible, and like so many Goblins to your enemies; and wear high buskins, which, if you have occasion to flie, are light; And if you pursue your foes, are unavoidable, bringing you so fast upon them. But consider, I pray, whether these fine slights, and devices, be not frivolous, and childish, and the exercises only of young men, void of better imployment, and given to sloth. For if your ayme be to be free, and happy, you should prescribe true, and reall exercises, and such as are practised in Warre. Where the Combate is not in jest between Companions, but against enemies; with whom they are to fight, with danger exercising their valour. Laying aside your dust, and your oyle, therefore, teach your young men the use of their Bow, and Pike; nor accustome them to slight darts, which are carried away by the wind; but to massy speares, which sing and whistle in their discharge; To stones also which fill their hands.

Let them wear also a Sagar on their side, a shield in their left hand, a Brest-plate also, and Helmet. For as you now are, you appear to me saved by the favour of some God, who have not all this while perisht by the incursion of any slight invaders. For put the case, I unsheathing this short Sword, which I wear at my girdle, should singly set upon all your young men; doublesse I should raise a generall shriek, and take the School, or put them to flight, none daring to look back upon my weapon, but standing behind statues, and hiding themselves behind pillars, they would by their teares, and affrightments be the Argument of my laughter. Then should you see their bodies no longer red, as now they are, but they would presently wax pale, and discoloured with fear; For a long peace hath so soften'd you, that you cannot resolutely endure the sight of one plume in an enemies Crest.

Solon. The *Thracians*, *Anacharsis*, Who under the conduct of *Eumolpus* took Armes against us, spoke not thus, nor your *Amazones*, who having *Hippolyta* for their General, made an expedition against our City. Nor others, who have had trials of us in Warre. For we do not so make our young men exercise naked, as to expose them to dangers unarmed; But when they grow perfect, they afterwards practice in Armour, which by these preparations, they much more easily mannage.

Anachars. And where is your School where you thus exercise in Armour? I have survey'd your whole City and cannot discover it.

Solon. When you have convers't longer among us, *Anacharsis*, you will see every house furnisht with Armour, which in times of necessity we use; Crests also, and Caparisons, and Horses, and Horsemen, to the fourth part of the Cittizens. To bare Armes, or wear a Sword in time of peace, we hold superfluous; and punish those who needlessly carry a Weapon, or appear armed in publique:

lique: which in you is pardonable, who spend your whole lives in armes. For dwelling in places unfortified, you cannot but lie open to incursions, and create many Warres; nor are you certain, but that some neighbours may slay you, as you sleep in your Waggon. Besides, your mutuall Distrusts, and association together without any common bonds of Law, or Government, makes it necessary for you alwaies, to have your Sword in readinesse to prevent injuries.

Anachars. Without cause, then, *Solon*, to wear a Sword, you hold it superfluous; and do favour your Armes, least with frequent use, they should be worne out: you lay them up, therefore, in your Armories, and bring them forth only upon occasion. But in the mean time, without any imminent danger you commit the bodies of your young men to mutuall beatings; who weaken themselves by sweate, not forced by necessity, but vainly spend their courage in the mire and dust.

Solon. You seem, *Anacharsis*, to have the same opinion of courage, as you have of wine, or water, or some such liquid thing, which makes you imagine, that by frequent exercises, it will insensibly leak away, as through some broken vessell, and leave the body empty, and dry, having no spring within to replenish it. But herein you are mistaken. For the more courage is drawn forth by Labours, the more it overflowes. Like the fable which you have heard of *Hydra*: who having one head cut off, was presently supplied with two. 'Tis true, a body originally unpracticed, and feeble, and wanting sufficient naturall matter, is presently tyred, and consumed by exercise, as we see in fire, and Tapers; with the same breath you kindle the one, and in an instant blow it into a greater flame; but extinguish the other, not having competent strength of matter to encounter your blast, or a strong root to sustaine it self.

Anacharsis.

Anacharsis. I do not well understand you, *Solon*; your Similitude is too subtle for me, and requires an exact consideration, and a sharpe sighted mind to conceive you. But pray tell me, why in your Olympick, Isthmian, Pythian, and other Games, where, you say, there is such confluence of Spectators to behold your young exercisers, do you not make them contend in Armour; but producing them naked, expose them to kickes, and beatings, and then reward the Conquerors with Apples, and Olive boughes? I would faine know the reason of your Custome.

Solon. We think, *Anacharsis*, we hereby more inflame, and animate them to such exercises, when they see the vanquishers honoured, and shouted in a Ring of Græcians; And therefore, they who thus contend naked, are provident of their bodily habit, and blush not to strip themselves; but every one strives to make himselfe most worthy of victory. Nor are they, as I said before, small revvards to be cried up by the Spectators, and held the most honourable, to be pointed at by passengers, and voiced the most valiant among equalls. Many of the beholders, therefore, vvhose age is not past exercile, depart not a little enamour'd vvith their vertue, and Labours. Should any man, then, banish the thirst of Glory from common life, vvhath mark should vve have to our desires, or vvho vvould covet to performe any high Action? From hence you may conjecture how they vvould behavethemselves in Warre, armed for the defence of their Countrey, Children, Wives, and Temples, who naked for a wreath of wild Olive, or Apples, are enflamed with such a serious desire of victory. How would you be affected, should you see our Quayle, and Cockfights, and our solemne studies of them? perhaps, you would laugh; especially if you knew that our Custome, were built upon a Law, which commands all of decile Age to be present; and to behold the Fowles contend

to their utmost rigour. But 'tis no argument for Laughter. For hereby an insensible contempt of Dangers steales into their soules, who mean not to appear more degenerate, or cowardly, then Cocks. And are hence taught, not to yield to wounds, wearinesse, or other difficulties whatsoever. Now to make the like trialls of them in Armes, and to behold their mutvall slaughters, were savage, and inhumane. 'Twere great improvidence also to destroy those valiant men, whose courages would be better imployed against an enemy. Becaule, then, you resolve, *Anacharsis*, to see other parts of Greece, pray remember when you arrive at *Lacedamon*, that you laugh not at them also; nor think them vainly busied, when met together in the Theater at Ball you see them strike one another: or assembled in a place surrounded with water, and divided into Battalions, naked, as they are, they make a formall Warre upon one another, till one side, namely the *Lycurgians*, drive the other, namely the *Herculeans* out of the Island, or force them backward into the mote, whereupon followes peace, and no man is afterwards struck; especially when you see them whipt at an Altar, and streaming with bloud, their Fathers and Mothers standing by, not at all moved with the Spectacle, but threatning them if they shrink under their stripes, and intreating them to hold out to their utmost patience, and to take courage from their sufferings. Hence many die under the scourge, disdaining to faint in the presence of their familiars, as long as they have life, or to favour their bodies. To whose honours you shall see statues publickly erected by the *Spartans*. When, therefore, you see this done; think them not madde, or that they thus discipline their Children without just cause, because no Tyrant is feared, or enemy neer. For *Lycurgus* their founder will give you very good reasons, why he instituted such cruell customes, being neither enemy, nor carried by his hatred, to the unprofitable destruction of the youth
of

of the state, but desirous to render these, who were to defend their Country, stout, and of courage above their sufferings. Or suppose *Lycurgus* should say nothing, yet you your selfe know well, that none such taken in warre, did amidst the tortures of the enemy, ever discover any secret of the *Spartanes*; But smiled when they were rackt, and strived with their Tormentors who should be first tired.

Anacharsis. Was *Lycurgus* himselfe, *Solon*, in his young daies bred to the Whippe? Or without trialls of his own was he only the author of the Discipline?

Solon. He was very old before he wrote his Lawes, and came thither from Creet: where he had sojourned a while, because he heard they had the best Lawes, having *Minos* the Sonne of *Jupiter* for their Lawgiver.

Anacharsis. Why, then, *Solon*, do not you imitate *Lycurgus*, and whippe your Children? An education wise, and worthy of you.

Solon. Because we hold our own native exercises sufficient; and think forraign imitation below us.

Anacharsis. Or rather because you understand, I suppose, how ridiculous 'tis to be whipt naked, and to supplicate with erected hands; without profit either to him that is vvhipt, or to the state. If I come to *Sparta*, therefore, at a time vvhhen they discipline, they cannot but forthvvith publicquely stone me; for I shall laugh to see them scourged like Theeves, Pilferers, or such like malefactors. For clearly a Citty accustomed to such ridiculous sufferings, in my Judgment should be purged with *Hellebore*.

Solon. Think not, generous Sir, being alone Orator, and solitary, and no repliers present, you have vanquish't: you will meet those at *Sparta* who will give probable satisfaction. Since, then, I have made you a just report of our Customes, which you have entertained with no great approbation; Let me not seem unreasonable if I request

request a brief report from you, how you *Scythians* do breed your children, and by what exercises you make them stout and valiant.

Anacharsis. 'Tis but Justice, *Solon*. I will, therefore make you a narration of our *Scythian* Customes; not so glorious perhaps, or gratefull to you as your own: for we are not so valiant as to strike one another on the cheek; yet such as they are you shall hear. Till to morrow, then, if you think fit, let us break off our Discourse; that in private I may the better recollect what you have said, and furnish my memory with what I am to say. Here, then, put we a period to this conference, and depart; For the evening cometh on.

A Discourse of sorrowing for the Dead.

TIs worthy the Observation, what many, in their sorrow do, and say; and what is said by those that comfort them; how they account some accidents intollerable, both to those that mourn, and to those that are mourned. When (by *Pluto* and *Proserpina*) they not at all understand, whither they be evill, and deplorable, or gratefull, and desireable to the sufferers; but make fashion and custome, the rule of their grief. For when any body dies, this is their manner. But first, I will tell you what opinions they hold of Death. Whereby it shall appear upon what grounds they are thus superfluous. The greater part of people, whom the wise call *Idiots*, building their faith upon *Homer*, *Hesiod*, and other Fblers, and making their Poetry their Law, imagine a certain deep place, or hell under ground, large, spacious, darke, and sunlesse; yet so lightsome in appearance, as to represent to them every thing there. In this vault (as one of them

told me the story) raignes *Jupiters* brother, call'd *Pluto*; honour'd with that stile from the store of Ghosts where-with he is enricht; whose forme of Commonwealth, and the life of soules infernall is thus ordered. It fell to him by Division, and Lot, to rule over the Dead: which, as he receives, he binds in unavoidable Chaines; and permits none to return, but some few once in an Age, upon weighty reasons. Through his Countrey run Rivers, great; and terrible from their very Names, called *Cocytus*, and *Phlegeton*, and the like. And what is yet worse, the entrance to it is the Lake of *Acheron*: which first receives all Commers, and is not to be past, or sayled over without a Ferryman; being for depth not to be waded, and for breadth not to be swumme over. In a word, the Ghosts of Fowles departed cannot fly over it. In the Descent, seated in a Gate of Adamant, sits *Æacus*, the Kings Cousin German, who commands the passage. Neere him lieth a dogge with three heads, of great fiercenesse; who on Arrivers casts a gentle, and peacefull eye; but barks at those who endeavour to escape, and frights them back into their Dungeon. Those that are waisted over the Lake are received into a spacious meddow, set with Daffodills; through which glides a stream enemy to remembrance, and for that reason called *Lethe*. For these are the relations of them, who have anciently return'd from thence, *Alceſtis*, and *Protesilaus*, two Thessalonians; *Theseus* also, the Sonne of *Ægeus*, and *Homers Ulysses*; very reverend and credible witnesses: who surely drunk not of the forgetfull Spring, for then they had not remembred such descriptions. *Pluto*, then, and *Proserpina*, as they report, raigne there, and have the whole Dominion of the place. Though they have many Attendants, and Ministers of state, as *Furies*, Punishments, Horrors, and *Mercury*, (who is not constantly resident) under-rulers also, and Peeres, & two Judges, *Minos*, and *Rhadamanthus*, both of Creet, and Sonnes of *Jupiter*. Who
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when a Competent number of good men, & just, who have lived a life of vertue, are arrived, send them like a Colony into the Elysian fields, there to live a life of felicitie. But wicked men they deliver to the Furies, to be conveyed to the region of Malefactours, there to be punished according to their offences. In which place what miseries do they not suffer? tortured and burnt, and gnawed by Vultures, and tost upon wheeles, and forced to roll relapsing stones against steep hills. *Tantalus* stands in a Lake, yet is wretchedly in danger to dye with thirst. Others of a middle kind of life (of which there are store) wander in a meadow without bodies, being meere shades, which touch't vanish like smoake. These are nourished by our sacrifices, and oblations poured on their graves. So that he who hath no friend, or Allye left on earth, wanders among them famished, and starved. These dreames have made such strong impressions in some, that when one of their friends dyes, first they put a fare in his mouth, which hee is to give the Ferry-man for his wafrage. And do not first consider whether the money be currant, and will passe below; or whether with Ghosts, an *Attick*, or *Macedonian*, or *Egina* coyne beare most value; or whether it were not much better to have no fare at all to give. For so being refused by the Ferry-man, he may be sent back, and returne to life againe. After this, they wash him, (as if the Infernall marish were not Bath enough for those that come thither) and embalme his body with rich ointments, for the expulsion of ill smells; then crowning him with Orient flowers, they lay him out gloriously apparrelled; lest, perhaps he should take cold by the way, or be seene naked of *Cerberus*; Then follow the howlings of women, teares of acquaintance, percussion of breasts, tearing of haire, cheekes bloudyed, garments rent, and heads sprinkled with dust. So that the living are more to be pittied then the dead. For they many times roll themselves on the floore, and dash

their heads against the ground, whilst the other, adorned and trimm'd, and gloriously crown'd, lyes aloft, and sublimed, like one drest for a triumph. Lastly, his mother, and father, surrounded with their kindred, goe before him, to whom turning sometimes (you must imagine him to be some gallant young man, for the greater solemnity of the play) they utter abortive, senselesse sounds, to which the dead party would make answer, were he able to speake. For his father, drawing out every word vvith interruptions, and sighes, thus bespeakes him. My deare sonne, thou art lost, dead, and before thy time snatcht from mee; leaving mee alone, solitary vvretch: Thou vvast neither married, nor hadst children, nor practised to the Camp, or plough, or arrived to thy old age; never more, my child, shalt thou feast, be amorous, or drunke againe vvith thy companions. Such and the like complaints he povvres forth, out of an opinion that his sonne after death needs, and desires such things, but is denied the fruition. But vvhy mention I such trifles? How many are there, vvho at such funeralls doe sacrifice his horses, concubines, and butlers, and burne, and bury his robes, and cloathes of ornament, vvith the deceased party, as if hee vvere to use, or enjoy them belovv? Novv the old man, vvho thus laments, speakes not this, and much more, nor is thus tragicall vvith reflection on his son, (For hee knowes he cannot heare him, though hee should cry as loud as *Stentor*) or on himselfe, for then his bare inward thought, and contemplation, vvere sufficient vvithout a voyce. For no man needs to be clamorous to himselfe. It remaines, then, that he acts this distemper for the spectators sakes, since he neither knowes vvhat hath befallen his sonne, nor vvhere he is, nor vvell examined the courie and state of his life. For, then, he could not reckon his departure hence among calamities. Well, therefore, might his son, having obtained leave of *Æacus*, and hell, to raise his head a while out from his dungeon, for the quieting

quieting of his distracted father, say thus to him, Forlorne man, what meane thy clamours? Why dost thou trouble mee? cease to teare thy haire, and to rent thy face. Why art thou so injurious to call mee miserable, and unfortunate, who am much better, and happier then thou? Is it, thinkest thou, any calamity to mee, that I am not arrived at thy decrepit age, or have not a bald head, wrinkled face, crumpled backe, and back knees, or am not wither'd, and decay'd by so many *Triacades*, and *Olympiades* of time, or betray not my follies before so many witnesses? Fond man, What canst thou call desirable in life, which wee shall not afterwards enjoy? perchance thou wilt say delicious potations, feasts, rich garments, and the pleasures of *Venus*; whose denials thou fearest are my misfortunes. Dost thou not understand how much better 'tis not to thirst, then to drinke? or not to be hungry, then to eat? or not to be cold, then richly cloathed? Since, then, I perceivethee ignorant, I will truly teach thee how to grieve. Begin thy Lamentations againe, and say, My wretched child, never more shalt thou thirst, never more shalt thou hunger, never more shalt thou freeze. Thou art lost, unhappy boy, and hast escaped diseases, needest not hereafter feare feavers, enemies, or Tyrants: Love shall no more torment, nor venery tempt thee; nor shalt thou twice or thrice a day consume thy selfe. O calamity! Thou shalt not be scorn'd, when thou art old, nor thy sight be thought troublesome to young men. Shouldest thou, O my father, say thus, would not these complaints seeme much truer, and more ridiculous then the other? Be not, therefore, troubled at the consideration of our night, and great darknesse; nor imagine mee stifled when I am shut up in my tombe. But thinke rather, that my eyes being perisht, and burnt (if yet you have burnt mee) need neither darknesse, nor light to see by. But suppose your owne private complaints reasonable, how am I better'd by your howlings, or by so many breaths, as it were musi-

cally stricke, or by the immoderate Lamentations of so many women? why doe you lay a stone strowed with Garlands on my grave? or to what end do you powre wine upon mee? Do you thinke 'twill distill to us, and soke through to Hell? As for your funerall sacrifices, you your selves, I suppose, plainly see that the most pretious part, which is intended for us, is carried up in smoke to heaven, and profits not us below. Nothing remaines but dust altogether unusefull, unlesse you thinke wee can eate Ashes. *Pluto's* Kingdome is not so barren, or unfruitfull, nor are we so voyd of Daffodils, as to translate your meales higher. I sweare, therefore, by *Tisiphone*, I have had a longing desire to exclaime against your Actions, and speeches, but was hindred by the winding sheet, and wooll wherewith you stopt my utterance: He made an end, and then death clos'd his eyes. But for *Jove's* sake tell mee, should one departed returne, and leaning on his elbow speak thus, would you not think he spoke reason? yet these senselesse people do both howle themselves, and hire some Sophister, whose trade is lamentation; who mustering up many old calamities, is imploy'd as the leader, and captaine of the franticke solemnitie; and where he begins, they follow, and make up the ridiculous consort. Their lamentations have all one manner of folly; But severall Nations have severall manners of funerall. The *Greekes* burne their dead; the *Persians* bury them; the *Indians* anoint them with Lard; the *Scythians* eat them; the *Aegyptians* salt and powder them: where I have seene a dead body well dried, and season'd set at meale, and made a guest. Nor is it usuall with an *Aegyptian*, when he lacks mony to supply his wants, to pavne his father, or brother for a time. For as for tombes, Pyramides, Pillars, and fading Epitaphs, are they not superfluous, and childish? Others ordaine funerall Games, and make Orations at Sepulchers. As if they pleaded, or gave testimonials of their dead friends to
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the infernall Judges. After all comes in the funerall supper; to which are invited the deceased persons friends, who comfort his parents, and perswade them to eat. To which they are not unwillingly compell'd, having felt the famine of three dayes before. How long, say they, will you bewaile your deare losse? Trouble not his happy Ghost any longer with your complaints. Or if you be obstinately resolved to mourne, you are therefore not to starve your selfe, that you may be able to hold out with the greatnesse of your sorrow. Then for a Conclusion, they all repeat these two verses of *Homer*;

For bright hayr'd Niobe remembred meat :

And,

The Hungry Greekes banisht their cares with meat.

Whereupon they fall to; but bashfully at first, out of their feare, after the death of their dearest friends, to betray any humane disturbance. Many things more ridiculous then these may hee observe, who markes what is done at mournings, since most people thinke death the greatest of evils.

Hercules of Gaul, or a Discourse of Eloquence.

THE Gauls in their Language call *Hercules Ogmius*, and paint the God in a strange figure; extreamly old, and decrepit, bald before, his haire, which remaines, white, his skinne wrinkled, and burnt into a deep tawnie, like aged saylers: you would take him for *Charon*, or some infernall *Iapetus*; and would guesse him to be any thing sooner then *Hercules*. Yet in this unlikely shape he weares the ensignes of *Hercules*; a Lyons skinne about his shoulders,

ders, A massie clubbe in his right hand; a quiver at his backe, and a bent bow in his left hand, like an out-right *Hercules*. I thought at first they had drawne him thus preposterous out of contempt of the *Grecian* Gods; and by this uncouth picture meant to take revenge of him, for his ancient entrance into their Country, and the prey's he tooke, when in search of *Geryons* heards, he over-ran many westerne Nations. But I have not yet told you the greatest paradoxe of the picture. This aged *Hercules* drawes a vast multitude of people tyed by the eares with chaines, which are slender wires, made of gold, and amber, like to our most orient bracelets. Yet though they be captived by such feeble threds, they neither labour to escape, though they easily might, nor offer to make resistance, nor hang back, or struggle with their leader, but follow him with pleased, cheerfull, and applauding countenances; all striving to make haste, and slacking the cords out of their desire of prevention, and expressing some unwillingnesse to be releast. It shall not be troublesome to mee to describe to you what to mee seemed most absurd. The painter, wanting a place where to fasten the ends of his wires, having fill'd his right hand with a clubbe, his left with a bow, bored a hole through the tip of his tongue, at which hee drew them linkt; the God turning himselfe, and smiling on them. Long stood I fixt in the contemplation, wonder, doubt, and indignation of the peece. till a certaine *Gaul*, who stood neere mee, not ignorant of our learning, as hee well show'd by his exact pronuntiation of *Greeke*, whereby I tooke him to be some Philosopher of that Country, said, Stranger, I will unriddle the picture to you; for it seemes to have cast you into a deep astonishment. Wee *Gauls* doe not, like you *Grecians*, ascribe eloquence to *Mercury*, but to *Hercules*; who was much the stronger. Nor let it be your wonder that you see him painted old, since eloquence of all things else shoves its power most in age. If your Poets say

say true ; that,

*In younger minds do mists and clouds arise,
But the discourses of old age are wise.*

Thus hony was said to drop from your *Nestor's* tongue, and the *Trojan* Oratours to utter fragrant flowers; that is, if I mistake not, to speake in a muscally voyce. Nor are you to marvaile that this old *Hercules*, the embleme of eloquence, drawes men tyed by the eares to his tongue, knowing the neare Alliance betweene them. Nor ought it to be his reproach, that you see his tongue bored; for I have learned, said hee, from your Comedies, which I yet remember;

*That men, in speaking verſt,
Have tongues bore'd through, and pierc't.*

Briefly, wee hold that *Hercules* perform'd all his labours by Rhetoricke; and being a wise man, subdued Countries meerly by his perswasions: whose darts were sharpe, well aymed, quick speeches, which pierced the hearers soules, such speeches as you call winged. Thus said the *Gaul*. Whereupon I walking off, considerd with my selfe, whether it would become a man of my yeares, who had long since abandoned the profession, againe to submit my selfe to the judgement of so many censurers: when opportunely the remembrance of the picture gave mee encouragement. For till then I was jealous, lest you should thinke my course of life childish, and too youthfull for my Age; or lest some Schoole-boy should apply that piece of *Homer* to mee, and say,

*Thy strength is vanisht, Age hath made thee slow,
Thy servants spent, thy horses are growne slow,*

Alluding by that scoffe to my feet. But as often as I remember the old *Hercules*, I am prepared for any employment; nor blush at my profession, though I be as antique

as the picture. Fare well, then, my strength, activity, shape, and all other goods of the body. And let *Cupid*, if he please, seeing mee with this white chinne, fly by mee with his glittering wings, more swift then Eagles. It shall not trouble *Hippocrides*. For now is the time for mee to grow young, and vigorous againe, and to flourish in elocution, and to draw as many by the eares, and ayme as many darts as 'tis possible; since I am fearlesse that thereby my quiver will be exhausted. You see the refreshments of my old age; who thus adventure to launch forth my ship which hath layne long in the Docke, and to commit her once more rigged to the mercy of the sea. Swell my sayles prosperously, O yee Gods, who have so much need offriendly & auspicious windes. Wich if you vouchafe mee, let another applye that other peece of Homer to mee,

See what strong nerves looke through his aged raggs.

The Ship, or, a Discourse of Wishes.

*The Speakers, Lycinus, Timolaus, Samippus,
and Adimantus.*

Lycinus. **D**Id I not say a corrupted carkasse cast out would sooner scape Vultures, then a strange sight *Timolaus*, though hee were to run himselfe breathlesse to *Corinth*? How came you to be such a lover of shoves, and so indefatigably inflamed with them?

Timolaus. How should I employ my leisure, *Lycinus*, when I heard of a great shippe, beyond the ordinary burden, landed in our port; especially one of those Carickes which transportes Corne from *Egypt* into *Italy*? I beleeeve you and *Samippus* had no other motive for your comming hither, but the spectacle.

Lycinus.

Lycinus. *Adimantus* the *Myrrhinusian* came with us too, but is lost in the Crowde of Spectators, I know not how. Hee accompanied us to the shippe, & ascended with us, for if I mistake not, you *Samippus* went before, *Adimantus* followed you, and him, holding him with both my handes, Till he barefoote guided mee shodde up the ladder, and then I saw him no more either in the ship, or below after our descent.

Samippus. Doe you not remember, *Lycinus*, that he left us when the handsome boy arrayd in pure white, whose haire equally divided on his forehead was tyed behind, came forth of the Cabbin? If I know *Adimantus* well, at sight of the faire spectacle hee bid farewell to the *Ægyptian* Ship-wright, who showed us the Roomes, and after his old fashion stood still, and wept: for his amorous nature makes him very prone to teares.

Lycinus. Methought, *Samippus*, the boy was not so ravishingly handsome, as to cast *Adimantus* into an astonishment; who is courted at *Athens* by so many young men, beautifull, nobly borne, fluent of speech, practiced in Games, and to whom teares are no disparagement. For besides the swarthinesse of his complexion, he had prominent lippes, small legges, a loose, continued, running speech, which was *Greeke*, indeed, but pronounced after the manner of his Country, in an ill sound, and Tone. His haire, and locks woven behind, show'd him to bee a slave.

Timolaus. Their haire, *Lycinus*, is a signe of nobility among the *Ægyptians*, which all mens children of Quality weare brayded, till their age of maturity. So our Ancestours of *Pallene*, when old, cherish't long haire, which they wound up in a caule, stuck with golden Grasshoppers.

Samippus. You doe well, *Timolaus*, to bring to our remembrance the writings of *Thucydides*, who in his Preface to his *Ionians*, when with others they were transplan-

ted into Colonyes, speakes of our ancient luxury.

Timolaus. I now remember, *Samippus*, *Adimantus* left us when wee stood so long by the mast, numbring the hides layd in heapes, and admiring the saylers running up the Tackling, and downe againe, safely holding by the sayle yard.

Samippus. You say true, what then shall wee doe, stay heere, and expect him? or shall I goe backe againe to the shippe?

Timolaus. Rather let us goe on. For 'tis likely he is past by, and return'd into the City after he could not finde us. If hee be not, he knowes the way; nor if we leave him behind is there danger of his losse.

Lycinus. But consider whether wee may with civility depart and leave our friend; yet if you like the motion, *Samippus*, let us goe on:

Samippus. You have my consent, if the Schoole of exercise be yet open. But among other Discourses, doe you remember what large Descriptions the wright made of his shippe? which hee said was an hundred and twenty Cubits in length, the fourth part of that in bredth; from the Decke to the lowest Bottome, where the pumpe stands, twenty nine cubitts. Hee told us also the length of the mast, the greatnesse of the yard it bore, and the vastnesse of the cable whereto 'twas fastned. How the Sterne rising in an insensible bent had a golden goole for an ensigne, and the forcastle equally prominent, and standing out at the other end bore on each side the Goddess *Isis*, who gave name to the *Carricke*. The other trimmings, pictures, flame colourd sayles, Anchors, Capstalls, Rudders, and Cabbins next the Sterne, much provok't my admiration. Then the multitude of saylers, which might be compared to an Army. Then 'twas said to carry as much corne as would serve all the Inhabitants of *Attica* a yeare for food. And all this prodigious bulke is ruled by a litle dwarfish old man, who steeres and wields it with

a slender pole. One shew'd him to mee, a bald curl'd fellow, his name is *Heron*.

Timolaus. A rare man in his Art, as they report who say'd with him, and a better seaman then *Proteus*. You have heard by what accident the shippe was driven hither, what they suffer'd in passage, and how they were preserved by a starre.

Lycinus. Wee have not, *Timolaus*, but vvould gladly heare.

Timolaus. I had the relation from the Master, a courteous man, and of civill behaviour, vvho told mee that after they had hoysed sayles from *Pharos*, they vv ere vvith easie gales in seven dayes brought in sight of *Acamas*, at vvhat time they were crost vvith a west vvind, vv which carryed them as farre as *Sidon*. From vvhen ce in great tempest they vv ere driven in ten dayes through thole straights upon the *Chelidonian* Ilands, vvhere they almost suffer d vvrack. I knowv by my ovvne experience, and presage by those Ilands the roughnesse of that Coast, especially made tempestuous by the South, and South vv est vvindes. For there the *Pamphilian* Sea dividing from the *Lycian*, and the floods meeting severall vvayes, and breaking themselves against the *Promontory*, vv which consists of sharpe, broken rockes, made craggy by the vvaves, svvell into terrib'e billovv es, vv which make a dismall roare, and rise sometimes above the height of their steepe rockes. Hither, hee said, they vv ere driven in a darke night. At length the Gods, compassionate to their cries, revealed a fire to them from *Lycia*, by vv which they knevv the place. For a starre, one of the vvins, sate upon their top-saile, and by a left hand course directed the vessell againe into the Sea, just ready to dash against the steepe cliffe. From thence, having once strayed from their right course, sayling through the Arches, the seventieth day after their departure from *Ægypt*, by Easterly side vvinds they vv ere yester day driven into the *Pyraum*; and cast

thus lov'd : who , had they left *Creet* on the right hand , and sailed above *Malea*, had by this time been in *Italy*.

Lycinus. By *Jupiter*, *Heron* shew'd himselfe a most admirable pilot, and equall to *Nereus*, to wander thus from his course. But see, is not that *Adimantus* ?

Timolau. 'Tis hee. Lets call him. *Adimantus*, you *Myrrhynusian*, *Strobichus* sonne.

Lycinus. He is one of the two, either angry with us, or deafe. It can be no other but *Adimantus*. I know him by his clothes, and gate, and close notching : lets swiften our pace, and overtake him. If wee had not taken hold of your cloake, and stopt you, *Adimantus*, you would never have heard us : you seeme to be in a contemplation, and dumpe, and carry some magnificent designe in your countenance.

Adimantus. 'Tis not dangerous, *Lycinus*, but a certaine unusuall contemplation, which seised on mee by the way, and made mee not heare you, whilest my sense was call'd away by my consideration.

Lycinus. What was it ? feare not to acquaint us ; unlesse it be such a secret, as is not to be utter'd. You know wee are sworne friends, and have learnt to conceale.

Adimantus. I shall blush to tell you ; so childish will my thoughts appeare to you.

Lycinus. Is love their object ? you may safely admit us to your mysteries, who are initiated with the same bright Taper.

Adimantus. No such matter, Sir, But I was shaping to my selfe great fortunes, which others, perhaps, stile empty happinesse ; and when I was in the height of my wealth, and pleasures you awoke mee.

Lycinus. According to the common proverbe, then, we are to cry halfe *Mercury*, or *Booty*, and you are to produce your riches : For 'tis but Justice that wee who are your friends should share in your felicity.

Adimantus. As soon then, as we were ascended the ship, &

I had safely got you up, *Lycinus*, you all forsooke mee, and left mee measuring the greatnesse of the Anchor; I neverthelesse tooke a survey of all things, and askt one of the Marriners, what revenue the shippe might one yeare with another bring the master of it: who said in the least computation twelve Atticke Talents. At my returne, therefore, I thus discourst with my selfe. Would some God make this shippe mine, how happy should I bee? being enabled to oblige my friends, to sayle sometimes my selfe, sometimes to send forth my servants? with the twelve Talents would I build a Pallace of the best situation, a little beyond the painted pallace by *Iliſſus*, and forsake my fathers house; I would buy servants also, rich apparell, coaches, and horses. In this speculation mee-thought I sayl'd, was proclaymed happy by those in the shippe, revered by the saylers, and almost thought a Prince; when as I was setting things in order in the ship, and beholding the port a farre off, you, *Lycinus*, Wrackt my whole treasure, and overwhelmed my Barke, carried by the prosperous gales of my Imagination and wishes.

Lycinus. You were best carry mee, therefore, before the Admirall, for a pyrate, or Drowner, or one that hath committed a Land wracke in the way betweene the Haven and the Citty. In the meane time see how I will comfort you for your losses. Fayne to your selfe the possession, if you please, of five shippes, fairer and greater then the *Ægyptian*, and, which is yet more, impossible to be wrackt; Let them yearly make five returnes, and voyages from *Ægypt* with wheat, you plainly show fortunate, Sir, how insolent your behaviour would be. Who being but the Master of one Imaginary ship you refused to heare us, when wee cryed after you; if you had five such weather prooffe, you would not, I believe, vouchsafe to looke upon your friends. Proceed you then, wealthy Sir, in your navigation: wee will sit in the port, and aske those who sayle from *Ægypt*, or *Italy*, if they saw the

the *Isis*, *Adimantus* great shippe.

Adimantus. See now whether my feare to reveale my thoughts were not reasonable; knowing you would convert my wishes to derision, and *Satyre*: whilst you goe backe, therefore, I will stay here in my shippe, and proceed in my navigation; for 'tis much better to converse with saylers, then to endure your flouts.

Lycinus. It must not bee; wee will shippe our selves with you.

Adimantus. Ile ascend first, and draw up the ladder.

Lycinus. We will swimme after. For you must not think to enjoy great carrickes, which you neither bought, nor built, and that wee cannot also petition the Gods to enable us to swimme many leagues untired. When not long since wee row'd over to *Ægina* in a small boat, and gave groats a piece for our fare, you disdain'd not our company in the passage; yet now you scorne to admit us, and threaten to draw up the ladder: you are growne haughty, *Adimantus*, and have forgot your selfe; nor know what Master of a shippe you are, but are exalted with your pallace built in the most eminent place of the Citty, and with the multitude of your followers. For *Isis* sake, therefore, at your next returne from *Ægypt*, remember to bring us some fine *Nile* pickles, or perfumes from *Canopus*, or an *Ibis* from *Memphis*, or, if your shippe be able, one of the *Pyramids*.

Timolaus. Enough, *Lycinus*, you have made *Adimantus* blush, and have overwhelmed his ship with laughter, which begins to leake, and can no longer hold out water. Since then there is a good space to the Citty, let us divide the way into foure parts, and assigning every man his reach, let us severally put up our vvishes to the Gods. So shall vvee not perceive the tediousnesse of the vvalke, but recreate our selves like men fallen into a pleasant dreame, vvhich shall make us as happy as vve please. For it shall be in every mans povver to put measure to

his

his vvish; since the Gods are able to accomplish things in their ovvne nature incredible. The thing most considerable herein vvill be the discovery hovv every man vvill employ his riches, and vvish, and hovv he vvill alter vvith his fortunes.

Samippus. I obey your faire propofall, *Timolaus*, and vvill in my turne vvish as I thinke fit. *Adimantus* consent, I believe, is not to be askt, vvho hath one foot in his ship already, and *Lycinus* cannot refuse.

Lycinus. Make vvee, then, our vvishes, if you please. I vvill not hinder the common fortune.

Adimantus. Who shall begin?

Lycinus. You *Adimantus*, and next to you *Samippus*, then *Timolaus*. I vvill begin my vvish a little before vvee arrive at *Dipylum*, at our entrance upon the last halfe furlong, vvich I vvill briefly runne over.

Adimantus. I, then, vvill not forsake my shippe; but, if you please, will amplifie my vvish, and be *Mercury* the God of Gaine, propitious to us all. I vvould have the shippe, then, and all things in it, the Merchandise, Merchants, women, saylers, and whatsoever else is of desirable possession, mine.

Samippus. You forget one thing in the shippe.

Adimantus. You meane the long hay'd boy, *Samippus*; I vvould have him mine too. Next, I desire that all the Graynes of Corne there might be minted into gold coyne, and made so many Darickes.

Lycinus. 'Twould sinke your shippe, *Adimantus*. For Wheat, and Gold are not of equall weight.

Adimantus. Be not envious, *Lycinus*. But when 'tis your turne to vvish, transforme, if you please, the mountaine *Parnes* into gold, I'll not repine.

Lycinus. I onely spoke vvith reflection on your safety; lest you should all perish vvith your gold; vvich vvore no great losse. But your handsome boy, unable to svvim, vvould be shipvvrackt too.

Timolaus. Feare not *Lycinus*, some Dolphin would convey him on his back to shoare. For can you imagine a musician so prelerved, in recompence of his harmony, or a dead youth transported by a Dolphin to *Isthmus*, and yet *Adimantus* new seivant to want an amorous fish?

Adimantus. You have learnt from *Lycinus*, *Timolaus*, to mocke mee; though you be the Author of the proposall.

Timolaus. Wish more reasonably, then. As to finde treasure under your bed, whose conveyance from the ship to the Citty might put you to no trouble.

Adimantus. You say well. I would have digged up from under the stone *Mercury* in my hall as much wealth as should arise to a thousand baskets of minted gold. Then (as *Hesiod* precribes) would I presently have variety of magnificent Pallaces, and buy all the Countries about the Citty, *Isthmus* also, *Delphos*, and *Eleusine*, all the Sea coast, and regions bordering upon *Isthmus*; which should be for my places of game, when I made my progresse into those parts, and to the plains of *Sicyonia*. Briefly, all the well wooded, water'd, and fruitfull places of *Greece* should in short time be mine. The dishes wherein I eat should be of massie gold; my bowles not slight, like those of *Echecrates*, but should severally weigh two talents.

Lycinus. How then should your Cup-bearer deliver to you such heaveie Bowles filled? or how could you receive from him, not a Cup, but a weight equall to that of *Sisyphus*?

Adimantus. Good Sir, disturbe not my wish. I will have Tables, Beddes, and, if you talke, wayters of gold.

Lycinus. Take heed, lest, like *Midas*, your bread and wine become Gold, and lest you miserably perish by your Treasure, and dye of a wealthy hunger.

Adimantus. Order your wishes better, *Lycinus*, when when it comes to your courseto ask. I would to all this, have purple Robes, most delicate fare, sleepes of pleasure;

sure; be saluted, and petitioned by my friends, revered & adored of all: some should every morning early walke up and downe before my doore, among which I would especially have *Cleanetus*, and *Democrates*. At whose approaches, and offers to enter, seven barbarous, biggboned porters should clappe the Gate in their face, as they doe now to others. When I pleased to submit my selfe, like the Sun to bee seen, upon some I would not vouchsafe to dart a looke. But to a poor man, or such a one as I was before, bee affable, bid him wash, and come to supper. Rich men should hang themselves when they saw my Chariotts, Horses, beautifull Pages, to the number of two thousand, fairliest chosen out of all ages. Then my meales served in gold plate, (for Silver is base and below mee) my sawces, and oyles from *Spaine*, my wines from *Italy*; my hony native, and untryed; my provision, as pigges, hares, and variety of fowles, from all places; my Pheasants from *Colchis*, Peacocks from *India*, Turkies from *Numidia*. Then, my purveyours of all those should bee Sophisters, well studyed in Luxury and Sauces. When I take the bowle to drinke to any body, Hee who pledged mee should beare away the Cup. They who are now rich, compared to mee should be so many *trufs*, and beggars. *Dionicius* should no more in ostentation show his silver Dishes, and Goblets, seeing my Groomes imploy as much silver in daily use. My expenses upon the Citty should be these. Upon a Citizen I would monthly bestow an hundred Drachmes; upon a Sojourner fifty: for the publique ornament I would build Theaters, and Bathes; and bring the Sea as farre as *Dipylum*, where I would make a Haven, and to which I would cut a passage large enough for my shippe to sayle in, and to be seene from the *Keramicke*. As for you, my friends, I would command My Steward to measure to *Samippus* twenty bushels of stampt gold. To *Timolaus* five pecks. To *Lycinus* one, and that strik't, because he is a talker, and flouts my wishes. And

this is the life I would lead ; I would be above measure rich, live delicately, and enjoy pleasures of all sorts. I have laid: *Mercury* accomplish my desires.

Lycinus. Doe you know, *Adimantus*, by what a slender webbe your God of riches hangs; which if once broken all your great fortunes will vanish, and your treasures will be transformed into coales?

Adimantus. How meane you, *Lycinus*?

Lycinus. That tis doubtfull how long you shall enjoy your wealth. For who knowes when you sit downe at your golden table; but that while you stretch out your hand to taste your *Numidian* Peacocke, or Turkie, you may breath out your wretched soule, and leave all your riches to Vultures, and Ravens? Shall I reckon to you some dead before they could possesse their wealth? others impoverish't alive by some God that envyed their estate? Have you not heard how *Cræsus*, and *Polycrates*, who were much richer then you, fell in an instant from their great wealth? But to omit thole, can you thinke your selfe of a constant and an eternall health? See you not how many rich men are miserably tortured vvith diseases, and paines? some not able to goe; others blinde, or vex vvith secret fitches vvithin? Should you be silent, yet I knowv you vvould not accept your vvish doubled, and feele rich *Phanomachus* cramps, or be so vvomanish as he. I forbear to reckon the Ambushes, and treasons layd for your vvealth, besides the danger of theeves, and slaughters, and hatred of the multitude. Doe you yet perceive of vvhat mischiefes your Treasure is the cause?

Adimantus. Still you are my opposer, *Lycinus*. I vvill, therefore recall my peck of gold, since you thus thwart my vvishes.

Lycinus. You doe like most rich men, to revoke your promise. Propose you your wish, *Samippus*.

Samippus. I being an *Arcadian*, In land man of *Mantineia*, as you know, desire not a shippe, which to show to my Country

Country-men were impossible. Nor will I draw downe the Gods to such poore petitions, as to aske a certain measure of Treasure, or Gold, since all things, even those which seeme most difficult, are possible to them, and since the Law made by *Timolau*s gives power to aske all things of them, who will deny nothing; my wish is to be a King. Not such a one as was *Alexander*, the sonne of *Philippe*, or *Ptolemy*, or *Mithridates*, or one that raignes in a kingdome left him by his father. But I vvould begin my Empire from robbery; in which course I vvould have some thirty faithfull, resolute companions, and associates. Shortly after should come in to us successively three hundred, then a thousand, not long after ten thousand, till at last wee made up an Army of fifty thousand foote, beside five thousand horse. Then vvould I by comon suffrage be prefer'd, and chosen Generall, as fittest to lead men, and manage affaires. That it might bee my excellency above other Kingsto be prefer'd for my vertue, to rule an army; and conquer, not succeed in an hereditary Kingdome. For that vvore a felicity like *Adimantus* Treasure; and vvould carry much lesse satisfaction, then to be the author, and contriver of my ovvne greatness.

Lycinus. You have ask't no trifle, *Samippus*, but the height of felicity, in vvishing to governe such an Army, and to be held the vvorthiest of fifty thousand. I thought *Mantineia* could not have bred such an admirable Prince, and Captaine. But proceed in your Empire, and lead on your Souldiers, and set your Horse and Foote Troops in Array. I vvould faine know vvwhether such numerous Regiments march out of *Arcadia*, or against what miserable people you intend your first expedition.

Samippus. I vvould tell you, *Lycinus*, did I not rather desire you vvould march with us. I vvill make you Colonell of five thousand Horse.

Lycinus. I thanke you for the honour, most mighty Prince, and, after the *Persian* manner, do prostrately adore

you with my hands behind mee, and do reverence your erected *Tiara*, and Crowne. But desire you to cast the Imployment on some man more valiant. For I am utterly unskil'd in riding, and 'till this day never backt horse. Nor can I but feare, lest at sound of the Trumpetter, falling off, I should be trampled in the tumult; or lest, if my courter be fiery, taking the bridle betweene his teeth, he should carry me into the midst of the enemy: so that to sit him, & raine him in, 'twill be necessary I be lock't to the saddle.

Adimantus. Let mee, then, *Samippus*, lead your horse Troopes, and let *Lycinus* command your right wing of Foot. For I deserve the highest imployment from you, to whom I gave so many bushels of gold coyned.

Samippus. Let us first aske the Horse-men, *Adimantus*, whether they will accept you for their Commander. Fellow-souldiers, let them who approve *Adimantus* for their Colonell hold up their hand. You have their generall consent, *Adimantus*. Bee you, then, over the Horse, *Lycinus* over the right wing, *Timolaus* shall command the left. I will keepe in the midst, after the manner of the *Persian Kings*, when they intend to assemble their Counsellours. Make wee, then, our first march over the mountaines to *Corinth*, and King *Jupiter* assist us. After we have subdued all the parts of *Greece* (for none will dare to oppose their Armes against such numerous forces, but wee shall conquer without toyle) let us shippe our Men and Horse, Store of victuals, and shipping, and all things else lye prepared at (*Cenchrea*) and let us sayle through the Arches into *Ionis*. And having there Sacrificed to *Diana*, and taken their undefended Citties, and placed Governours in them, let us march into *Syria*, through *Caria*, *Lycia*, *Pamphylia*, the *Pisidians*, and the Maritime and mountainous parts of *Cilicia*, till we come to *Euphrates*.

Lycinus. If please you, Invincible Prince, leave mee Prefect of *Greece*. For I am timorous, and would not willingly goe farre from home, for I perceive you mean

to invade the *Armenians*, and *Parthians* too, Nations warlike, and skilfull Archers. Bestow your right wing, therefore, on some other, and make mee some *Antipater* of *Greece*, lest leading your regiment to *Susa* and *Bactra*, I be slaine with a Dart, or run through in some place where I am dilarmed.

Samippus. You put your selfe out of the roll, like a Coward, *Lycinus*, and by the Law are to loose your head for breaking order. Since, then, wee are now at *Euphrates*, and the river hath a bridge; and the Countries behinde us, which wee have past through, are secured, and have accepted Governours of my Imposition upon them severally; since also some of our Troopes are dispatcht to the conquest of *Phœnicia*, *Palestine*, and *Ægypt*, passe you over first, *Lycinus*, with your wing, I'll follow, next after mee *Timolæus*, doe you *Adimantus* in the reare convey over your horse forces. You see through our whole march through *Mesopotamia*, wee have met with no enemy, but the Inhabitants have voluntarily surrendred both themselves and their forts. Wee no sooner approach *Babylon*, but are unexpectedly received within the walls, and put in possession of the City; the King making his Rendezvous at *Ctesiphon* hath heard of our Incurfion; passing on from thence unto *Seleucia*, hee enlarges his preparations, and presseth more Horsemen, Archers, and Slingers. Our Spies compute him about an hundred thousand strong, of which twenty thousand hurle darts on horsebacke: nor is the *Armenian* yet come in, nor the borderers upon the *Caspian* sea, nor the *Bactrians*, but the neighbouring Troopes onely, and Suburbs of the Kingdome. So slyly hath hee levied a vast Army. 'Tis time, therefore, to consider what we have to doe.

Adimantus. My counsell is to dispatch our Foot Companies to *Ctesiphon*; and our Horse Troopes to stay here to guard *Babylon*.

Samippus. The necerensse of the danger makes you a coward,

coward *Adimantus*, what is your opinion *Timolaus*.

Timolaus. To march against the enemy with our whole Army, and not to give them leisure to encrease their strength, by the new Forces which from all places are comming in, but to give them an onset by the way.

Samippus. 'Tis well advised: What thinke you *Lycinus*?

Lycinus. My counsell is, that tired with walking this morning downe to the *Pyræum*, and now thirty furlongs backe againe, the Sunne also now at noone being hottest, we repose our selves among those olive trees, and sit downe upon this engraven pillar. Afterwards that wee rise up and walke on to the City.

Samippus. Doe you take your selfe to be at *Athens*, *Lycinus*, when you are sitting in a Councell of warre, in the plaines before the walls of *Babylon*?

Lycinus. Your pardon, Sir, I thought you in your wits, But I see you are beside them.

Samippus. March wee on, then, and shew your selves undaunted with perils, nor betray the courage of your Ancestors. You see your enemy in present Array. Let the word be *Enyalius*. At the sound of the Trumpet, rush on with a shout, clash Speares with shields, and joyne battle with the enemy; Get within their Darts, that wee may avoid their strokes, taking from them their just space and ayme: and since wee now fight hand to hand, *Timolaus*, and his left wing hath put the *Medes* their Encounterers to flight. The battle about mee is yet equall, for it consists of *Persians*, and the King is among them. The whole Force of the *Barbarian* Horse is turned upon the right wing. Behave you, therefore, your selfe stoutly, *Lycinus*, and encourage those about you to withstand the Impression.

Lucinus. O dire misfortune! All the Horsemen make their assault upon mee, and I am left alone to encounter them. My best course is, since they enforce mee, to run away

away to the fencing schoole, and leave you here in the Skirmish.

Samippus. By no meanes. You have in part vanquish't them. I, as you see, am to enter combate with the King, who challengeth mee, and to refuse him were dishonourable.

Lycinus. By *Jupiter*, you will presently be wounded by him; For 'tis very Princely to receive wounds in a Duell for a Kingdome.

Samippus. You say true. I have received a slight wound; but in no open place of my body, which shall hereafter betray any deform'd scarre. But do you see how upon rencounter I have with one thrust of my speare pierced both him and his horse? Next cutting off his head, and taking off his Crowne, how I am saluted King, and publicly adored? From the *Barbarians* I expect adoration, over whom I will rule by the *Gracian* Lawes; and be stiled one Emperour of both. Afterwards, imagine how many Cities I will build to my name; how many I will demolish, and take by force, if they contemne my Government. But my chiefe persecution shall fall on rich *Cydias*; who being my neighbour, dispossess me of my field, and by degrees encroacht upon my borders.

Lycinus. Finish your warres, *Samippus*, 'tis now time after such great Conquests to celebrate your victories at *Babylon* with a feast, (For your Empire, I believe, hath extended beyond your furlong) and that *Timolaus* take his turne, and wish what he please.

Samippus. But how like you my wishes *Lycinus*?

Lycinus. As much more laborious, (most admired Prince) and troublesome then *Adimantus* wishes. Since hee desired only a life of pleasure, and to entertaine his friendes with two Talent Gobletts. But you were hurt in a Duel, and were cast into feares, and anxietyes night and day; And were not only surrounded with Affrightments from your enemyes, but with a thousand Dome-

sticke Treasons: Besides the envy, hatred, and flatteryes of those with whom you converse. Among whom you had not a true friend, but all their affections were dissembled, and acted; out of hope, or feare. The fruition of your very dreames was not pleasant. Only you had Glory, purple garments, embroyder'd with Gold, a white fillett about your head, and a guard to goe before you. The rest is toyle insupportable, joyn'd with much anguish. For you are to entertaine Embassadours from the enemy, or to sit in judicature, or to publish Edicts to your Subjects. Then some Nation rebels; or some Forrayne invasions are made upon your Empire. So that your feares, and suspicions are perpetuall. And you appeare happier to all men then to your selfe. Can that condition be noble, wherein you feele the same sicknesse as peasants doe? nor doth a feaver distinguish you as a King; nor death feare your Guards; but making what accesles to you, it pleaseth, carries you away lamenting, without any reverence to your Crowne? Whilest you falling from your height, and snatcht from your Throne, and going the common way of men, and made equall to the vulgar, by being lost among the heard of the departed, leave behind you upon earth onely a high Tombe, or exalted Pillar, or Pyramide rising in equall angles, as so many late, and insensible honours. The Statues, and Temples, which flattering Citties raise to you, your great name also perish all by degrees, and dye neglected. Or if they be of any long continuance, what fruition can they afford to one sencelesse of them? You see, then, what teares, perplexities, and toyles befall you alive; and what shall befall you after death. 'Tis now your turne to wish, *Timolaus*, see you aske discretlyer then these two; as it becomes a prudent man, and one acquainted with affaires.

Timolaus. Judge you, then, *Lycinus*, what is faulty in my wish, and what to be corrected. I desire not gold, or Treasure, or sacks of Coyne, or Kingdomes, and
Warres,

Warres, and Affrights of Empire, which you deservedly rejected. For all these things are unstable, and fraught with Treasons, and carry with them more trouble then delight. But I would aske of *Mercury* certaine Rings of thole severall vertues. The first should keepe mee in a firme consistency, and health of body; invulnerable, also, and free from distempers. The next should make the wearer invisible, like that of *Gyges*. I would have another, which should instill into mee the strength of ten thousand men, and enable mee single to carry a weight scarce to be lifted by an Army. I would have another Ring, which should enable mee to fly aloft from the ground. I would also charme as many as I pleased asleep. Doores also at my approach should voluntarily open, the lockes flie backe, and the bolts fall off; and this to be performed with one Ring. But above all I would have one more powerfull then the rest, which worne, should make mee amiable to handsome Boyes, Women, and whole Nations, and should so enamour, and enflame them, and make mee so desirable, as to be their discourse. Women impatient of their desires should hang themselves, and boyes grow madde, and account him happy, on whom I vouchsafe to looke: And they whom I neglected should pine away with grieve. Briefly, It should render mee more beautifull then *Hyacinthus*, or *Hylas*, or the *Chian Phaon*. And thus would I be not for a short time, or according to the measure of the life of man, but a thousand yeares, renewing my youth after youth, and still returning to the age of leventeene; and casting off my decayes like serpents. In this state I will lacke nothing. Whatsoever others possesse shall be mine, by my power to open doores, lay the Keepers asleepe, and enter invisible. If there be any thing in the Easterne, or Northerne parts of the World, of strange, and unusuall spectacle, or if there be any thing pretious, or pleasant to be eaten, or drunke, I would, without sending for them,

my selfe fly thither, and enjoy them to a satiety. And because a Griffin is a winged beast, and the Phoenix a fowle to be seene in *India*, and no where else, I would behold them there. I would also discover the head of *Nilus*, and the uninhabited parts of the earth, and the *Antipodes*, if there be any such, who inhabit the adverse Hemisphere of the world. Next, I would know the nature of the Starres, of the Moone, and Sun himselfe, being præsecur'd from their fires. But my greatest delight should be in the same day to report at *Babylon* who vanquish't at *Olympia*. And if, perhaps, I dine in *Syria*, to suppe in *Italy*. Then if I had an enemy, to take an invisible revenge of him, and dash out his braines with a stone. On the contrary, to bestow secret courtesies on my friends, and showre gold on them in their sleepes. If there were a proud man, or a rich disdainfull Tyrant, I would take him up some twenty furlongs, and then precipitate him. Then, without controule might, I converse with faire boyes, and make invisible approaches, by laying all asleepe but they onely. What a spectacle were it to hoyer aloft in the Ayre, above all shafts, and there looke downe upon two Armies fighting? And if I list'd to joyne my selfe to the weaker side, and by charming the Conquerours to bestow victory on the flyers, and recall them from their flight. In a word, the whole life of men should be my recreation; All things should be mine, and others should take mee for a God. And this is the height of felicity, which can neither fade, nor be betrayed, especially being accompanied with health, and long life. What can you blame, *Lycinus*, in my wish?

Lycinus. Nothing, *Timolaus*, nor were it safe to oppose a man winged, and stronger then thousands. But yet let mee aske you, Have you among all the Nations you have flowne over, seene such another old man, so beside his right minde, as to thinke himselfe by the power of a small Ring enabled to remove mountaines with the top
of

of his finger? or made amiable to all eyes, though hee were bald, and saddle nosed? Againe, tell mee, why one Ring may not suffice you, but that you must weare so many, and burden every finger of your left hand, nay with the over number charge the right hand too? Besides, you omit the most necessary ring of all, which you ought to weare for the cure of your folly, and allay of your excessive insolence. Unlesse Hellebore simply taken purge better

Timolaus. 'Tis at length come to your turne, *Lycinus*, to wish. Wee shall now see how innocent, and unblameable your demandes will be, who thus accuse others.

Lycinus. 'Twere needlesse for mee to wish. Wee are now come to *Dipylum*; and Heroicke *Samippus* by his Siege of Babylon, and you *Timolaus* by dining in *Syria*, and supping in *Italy*, have worne out my remaining furlong; for which I thanke you. For I should never endure to enjoy great riches for a while, and shortly after bee tormented with their losse, and be compell'd to eate a thinne morsell of bread; which will ere long bee your case, when your fantastique felicitye, and aery treasures take flight, and forsake you. And you taking leave of your wealth, and scepters, like men awaken'd out of a sweet dream, find nothing at home but dissimilitudes. Like those Tragedians, who Act Kings; who off the stage are ready to starve, though on it they were *Agamemnons*, and *Creons*. You cannot, then as 'tis fit, but pine, and vex at your meane spectacles at home. Especially, you, *Timolaus*, when *Icarus* misfortune lights on you, and when upon the melting of your winges, you fall from heaven, and walke againe on earth and loose all your enchanted ringes which voluntarily droppe from your fingers. It shall suffice mee instead of Treasures, and *Babylon*, sweetly to laugh at your wishes, especially being soe learned, and made by the prayfers of Philosophy.



The Councell of the Gods.

The Speakers, Jupiter, Mercury, and Momus.

Jupiter. **L**Ay aside your future murmurs, yee Gods, and vent not your mutuall whispers, and discontentments in corners, that soe many unworthy mortalls are admitted to your meetings. But when the counsell is assembled about it, let every one openly speake his grievance, and make his complaynt. And doe you *Mercury*, according to Law, make Proclamation.

Mercury. Heare, and be silent. If any perfect God have ought to say to this Senate, he is permitted to speake. The inquiry is concerning the native Gods and forraigners.

Momus. With your leave, and pardon, *Jupiter*, I *Momus* am ready.

Jupiter. That's granted you already by the proclamation; I need not confirme it.

Momus. First, then, I Pronounce some of us blameworthy; who are not themselves content of men to bee made Gods, but, unlesse they advance their followers, and servants to the same equall honours, thinke they have done nothing great, or sprightfull. I desire, therefore, *Jupiter*, that Liberty of speech may be given mee; otherwise my complayntes will bee imperfect. You all know of what a liberall tongue I am, and how ill a dissembler of faults. For I bring all things into reprehension, and utter my minde freely, not disguising my opinion for fear, or reverence of any: which makes mee seeme troublesome to some, and naturally a Sycophant to others, and am stiled the publique Informer. Since, then, the Law, Proclamation, and you your selfe, *Jupiter*, allow mee freedome of Language, I will speake nothing reservedly.

servedly. Many there are, (as I said before) who not content to be admitted into our Senate, and to enjoy equall society, though they be halfe mortall, have brought their servants, and associates into Heaven, and there enroll'd them: where they now share with us, and partake sacrifices, and pay us not our due tributes.

Jupiter, speake not in riddles, *Momus*, but expresse your selfe clearly, and without clouds, and assigne names. For hitherto you have throwne your speeches amongst us, and drawne many into suspicion, and raised our jealousies on diverse. Utter your selfe boldly, therefore, and feare not to reveale your selfe.

Momus. Since you allow mee, *Jupiter*, freedome of utterance, (wherein you doe magnificently, and like a Prince) I wil come to particulars, and instances. First, then, the most generous, halfe-mortall *Bacchus*, not so much as a *Gracian* by the mothers side, but borne of *Cadmus* a *Syrophænician* Merchants daughter, was no sooner install'd in his Immortality, but I blush to tell you of his behaviour, miter, drunkenness, and reeling. I believe, you all see how naturally effeminate, and womanish hee is, halfe madde, and intemperate from morning to night. Hee, I say, hath introduced his whole Linage upon us, and is the Leader of a Morris, and hath declared *Pan*, and *Silenus*, and certaine wild, savage Satyres, and Goat-like men, given to dancing, and of monstrous shapes, for Gods. Of which one hath hornes, and in halfe his body downward resembles a Goate, and weares just such a long beard. Another is a bald old man, wry-nosed, riding for the most part upon an Asse, by birth a *Lydian*. The Satyres are prick-eared, bald, horned, much like new calved Fawnes, by originall *Phrygians*. They have all tayles; and these are Gods of the sober Gentlemans creation. Nor are wee to wonder if mortall men despise us, when they behold such ridiculous mishapen Gods. I forbear to tell you, how hee hath brought up

two

two women, one his Mistresse call'd *Ariadne*, whose Crowne hee hath placed among the Starres; the other *Icarus* the plough-mans daughter. Besides, what is yet most ridiculous, O yee Gods, hee hath made *Erigones* dog a Constellation also, least shee should grieve to be without her companion, and whelp shee loved, in Heaven. Are not these so many scandals to us, and arguments of our folly, and others laughter? I proceed to others.

Jupiter. Take heede, *Momus*, you speake not of *Æsculapius*, and *Hercules*. For I see whither your speech tendes. One of them you know is a Phisitian, and cures diseases, and therefore is to be prefer'd before others. Then, my sonne *Hercules* hath purchased his immortality by no small labours. Take heed, therefore, how you accuse them.

Momus. For your sake, *Jupiter*, I spare them, though I have much to say; among other things, that they yet retaine their marks of fire. But had I liberty to speake of you your selfe, I could say much more.

Jupiter. You have full licence. But how can you question mee, who am a native God?

Momus. I cannot heare so in *Creet*, where they speake otherwise of you, and show your sepulchre. But I neither beleeeve them, nor those Greekes of *Ægina*, who say you have but a forged, supposititious Deity: The things which I thinke most worthy of reproofe, are these. The originall of these disorders, and the cause how our celestiall senate becomes thus adulterated springes, *Jupiter*, from you. Who mingle with mortall women, and descend to them in varied shapes. Which makes us feare least, mistaken for a Bull, you should sometime or other be sacrificed. Or when you are transform'd into Gold, least some Smith should worke you into one change more, and make a chaine, or bracelet, or eare-ring of a

Jupiter. Besides, you have fill'd heaven with Demi gods; for so I must call them. And 'twould be meere Argument of laughter, should any man of a suddaine be told,
enjoynd

that *Hercules* is made a God, and that *Eurystheus*, who enjoyn'd him his labours, is dead and perisht; and that neerly adjoyn'd are to be seene *Hercules* the servants Temple, and *Eurystheus* the Masters Tombe. Againe, Among the *Thebans*, *Bacchus* is made a God; yet his cousins *Pentheus*, *Aelæon*, and *Learchus* were of all men the most unfortunate. From the time, then, that you, *Jupiter*, open'd the Gate, and accompanied with mortall women, all have followed your example; not onely the male Gods, but what is yet worse, the female too. Who knowes not *Anchises*, and *Tithon*, and *Endymion*, and *Iason*, and others? All which, to avoid tediousnesse, I passe over.

Jupiter. Take heed *Momus*, you say nothing of *Ganymed*. I shall take it ill, if you displease the boy by the disparagement of his Pedigree?

Momus. If, then, I must not speake of the Eagle which you have also placed in heaven, and which sits upon your imperiall Scepter, and almost builds her nest on your head, but must for *Ganymeds* sake be sparing; pray tell mee, *Jupiter*, how *Attis*, and *Corybas*, and *Sabazius* were advanced hither, or *Mithres*, the *Mede*, who weares a Cassock, and *Tiara*, and hath not *Greeke* enough to pledge him that drinke to him. The *Scythians*, therefore, and *Getes* upon these apprehensions have quite cast us off; bestow Divinity of their owne, and make what Gods they please. So that, without our allowance, *Zamolxe* a slave is registred a Deity. But all these are tolerable, O yee Gods: you *Egyptian* Barker, who are clad in linnen, what are you Divine Dogg's-face? or how come you to be a God? Besides, what meanes this spotted Bull of *Memphis*, which is adored, and gives Oracles, and hath his Priests? I blush to speakes of the Storke, Apes, Goats, and other ridiculous Deities, which, I know not how, have ascended from *Egypt* up to Heaven: which how, O yee Gods, can you behold equally, or more honour'd then your selves? Or how can you endure, *Jupiter*,

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that

that they should give you the hornes of a Ramme?

Jupiter. Surely, the things whereof you accuse the *Ægyptians*, *Momus*, are very fowle: yet most of them are mysteries, which the prophane are not to deride.

Momus. Indeed, wee have need of mysteries, *Jupiter*, by which wee may know Godsto be Gods, and Dogs to be Dogs.

Jupiter. Speake no more of the *Ægyptians*; of w hom we will consult at leisure; proceed to the rest.

Momus. *Trophonius*, *Jupiter*, and what most stirres mee, *Amphilochus*, the son of a wicked Matricide, gives Oracles in *Cilicia*, false for the most part; with which, for two Drachmes, he deceives the Inquirers: so that you, *Apollo*, are no longer famous; but every stone, and altar vvhich hath novv Oyle povvred on it, and is Crovvn'd vwith roles, and frequented by Impostors, of vvich there are many, gives ansvver. The Statue of *Polydamas* cures feavers at *Olympia*; and of *Theagenes* at *Thasus*. They sacrifice to *Hector* in *Troy*; and in the opposite *Chersone-sus* to *Protesilaus*. Since our number, then, vvas increased, perjury, and sacriledge have beene more familiarly practised; and the vertuous have learned to contemne us. And thus much be spoken of bastard, supposititious Gods. Next, I cannot but laugh, *Jupiter*, when I heare certaine strange names of things, which are not found among us, nor, indeed, can bee. Where are the so-much spoken of Vertue, Nature, Fate, and Fortune to be seene? are they not meere senselesse empty names of things invented by vaine Philosophers? which though they have no higher off-spring then their fiction, yet they make such impressions upon simple people, that none will now sacrifice to us, out of their perswasion, that though they should offer to us a thousand Hecatombes, yet things would fall out according to Destiny, and Chance, and according to the thread of every mans nativity. I would now gladly know, *Jupiter*, where you ever saw Vertue,

or

or Nature, or Fate. For that you your selfe heare such words in the disputations of Philosophers, I doubt not, unlesse you be deafe, and cannot heare their wranglings. I have much more to say, but vwill here set my Period. For I see some troubled at my discourse, others hisse; Especially those vvho have beene toucht by my freedom. For a conclusion, therefore, if you please, *Jupiter*, I vwill read the Decree, lately made for redresse of those grievances.

Jupiter. Rehearse it, since thy complaints have not been altogether unreasonable; but that many things are to be reformed, and kept from a farther growvth.

The Decree.

The Speakers Momus, and Jupiter,

Momus. **A**T a councell, lawfully assembled, the seventh day of this present month, *Jupiter* was chiefe, *Neptune* President, *Apollo* Assistant, *Momus* scribe by Night, and sleepe pronounc't this sentence. Whereas many Forraigners, not *Greekes* onely, but also *Barbarians*, altogether unworthy of this State, and Society, have registered themselves, I know not how, and taken upon them to be Gods, and fill'd Heaven, so that our meetings are crowded with the tumultuous confluence of a diverse languaged rout, and our *Ambrosia*, and *Nectar* spent, and raised to a *Mina* the quart by reason of the multitude of drinkers: and whereas most immodestly they displace the Ancient, and true Gods, and contrary to the Lawes of this Country, claime the highest seats here, and precedence of Adoration on Earth: It seemes good to the Councell, and present assembly, that the next winter Solstice, a Parliament be called in *Olympus*; and there seven Gods be joyn'd in a Committee for the examination of usurpations, of which three to be of the old house under

Saturne, and foure of the twelve ; of which *Jupiter* to be one. Next, they who sit in Commission to be Legally sworne by *Styx* ; and Herauld *Mercury*, to summon all those who are to appeare in the Synod ; and they to bring sworne witnesses, and proofes of their descent, and to come forth one by one. And the Commissioners, upon examination, either to pronounce them Gods, or to returne them to their Sepulchers, and the Monuments of their Ancestors. Hee, who once disallowed, and sentenced by the Commissioners, shall afterwards attempt to enter Heaven, to be cast downe to Hell. Next, every one to attend his owne profession. *Minerva* not to practice Physicke, nor *Æsculapius* to give Oracles, nor *Apollo* so variouly to employ himselfe, but to make his choyce whether he will be an Oracle, or a Musitian, or a Physitian. Philosophers to bee admonisht that they fayne not new names, nor trifle about things they know not. They who have beene falsly honoured with Temples and Sacrifices, to have their images demolisht, and the Statue of *Jupiter*, or *Iuno*, or *Apollo*, or some other Legitimate Gods to be erected. Citties to build Tumbes to the rest, and in stead of Altars to set up Pillars. Whosoever disobeyes this decree, and refuseth to make appearance to be sentenced unheard.

Jupiter. The Act, *Momus*, is most just ; you who approve it, hold up your hands ; or rather be it ratified. For I know many will deny their suffrages. And so dissolve the Court ; with this charge that at *Mercury's* summons you all appeare, and bring every one cleare proofe, and certaine evidence of his father, and mothers name ; how he came to be made a God, and also of what stocke, and family he is descended. If any appeare not, the Commissioners shall not consider what magnificent Temples hee hath on Earth, or how men esteeme him for a God.

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The Images.

The Speakers, Lycinus, and Polystratus.

Lycinus. Iust so as they who were confounded at the sight of the *Gorgons* head, was I lately astonisht at the sight of a beautifull woman; and almost accomplit the fable, by being changed from a man into a stone, and congealed by the wonder.

Polystratus. By *Hercules* 'twas a supernaturall, and very powerfull spectacle, if a woman did stupifie *Lycinus*. You frequently suffer such Trances at the sight of handsome Boyes; and 'tis much easier to remove *Sipylus*, then to draw you from their contemplation: so gazingly fixt are you, and many times ready to dissolve in teares like *Tantalus* daughter. But pray tell mee, what petrifying *Medusa* is this, and from whence, that I may also see her? I cannot thinke you will envie mee her sight, or grow jealous, if I cannot avoyd Congealment at the spectacle.

Lycinus Know, then, that if you but see her through a Casement, shee will presently strike you dumbe, and render you more immoveable then a statue. But perchance your wound, if you only see her, will be more gentle and slight. Let her but lee you, and what power will you have to depart? shee will draw you captived whither she list, as the Load-stone draws Iron.

Polystratus. Faigne not, *Lycinus* a beauty so prodigious. But tell mee who shee is.

Lycinus. I am so farre from speaking Hyperbolies, that I feare when you see her, shee will so excell, that I shall appeare faint in my prayses. But who shee is I cannot tell you; shee was numerously accompanied, and with great pompe attended by a multitude of Eunuches, and wayting Women. In a word her retinue was much above a private fortune.

Polystratus. Did you not learne her name, nor how she was called?

Lycinus. My Intelligence of her is only that she is of *Ionia*: for one of the spectators, turning to him that stood next, said, Such are the *Smyranean* beautyes. Nor is't a miracle that the fairest Citty should produce the most beautiful Women. By which Boast of her, I conceived the speaker also to bee of *Smyrna*.

Polystratus. And you, in the meane time, had this property of a stone, neither to follow her, nor to aske him who she was. Describe her, therefore, to mee, in the best language you can: perchance I may that way bee brought to her Knowledge.

Lycinus. Doe you know what you aske? 'Tis beyond the power of speech, especially mine, to decipher so admirable a piece; for which *Apelles*, *Zeuxis*, or *Parrhasius*, though wee should joyne to them *Phidias*, and *Alcames*, are insufficient. I shall but deforme the Originall by my want of skill.

Polystratus. However, describe her face, *Lycinus*, 'twill be no dangerous attempt, to represent her picture to your friend in its owne lineaments.

Lycinus. I hold it much safer, for the accomplishment of the worke, and fairer draught of the woman, to call into my assistance some of the ancient Artificers.

Polystratus. How meane you? Or how, after so many yeares, can you recall them from the dead?

Lycinus. Easily if you will vouchsafe to answer to my Questions.

Polystratus. Aske what you please.

Lycinus. You have beene at *Cnidos*, *Polystratus*?

Polystratus. Yes.

Lycinus. And you have seene their *Venus*?

Polystratus. 'Tis the best piece *Praxitiles* ere made.

Lycinus. You have heard the story, also, which the people report of her; how one enamour'd of the Image,
and

and secretly left in the Temple, to his power committed with the Statue? but more of this some other time. Since, then, you have seene her (as you say) answer mee to this question. Have you observed *Alcmenes* Statue in the Garden at *Athens*?

Polystratus. I were the dullest, and most carelesse of all men, *Lycinus*, not to marke *Alcmenes* fairest piece.

Lycinus. I will not aske you, *Polystratus*, how often you have ascended the Fort, and there seene *Sofandra* carved by *Calamis*.

Polystratus. I have frequently seene her too.

Lycinus. 'Tis sufficient. Which piece of *Phidias's* doe you praise most?

Polystratus. Which should I, but that at *Lemnos*? on which hee doubted not to engrave his name? and next his *Amazon* leaning on a Speare?

Lycinus. These, indeed, are his best. Nor shall I neede more Artificers: take now severall parts from all these, and proportion them as well as you can, and I will show you all their excellencies collected in one feature.

Polystratus. How may that bee?

Lycinus. Without difficulty, *Polystratus*, If allowing the ability of drawing pictures to language, wee allow it the power also to trimme, compose, and fit, and with the best proportion it can, to observe mixture and variety too.

Polystratus. You say true. Pray show mee these severall excellencies joyned. I would faine see how you can dispose them; or how, from such disagreeing parts, you can raise one harmonious piece.

Lycinus. The picture, then, which I will present to to your view, shall be of this composition. Give it the head of *Venus* at *Cnidos*, and 'twill require no other parts of the naked Goddesse Next, you shall allow it the haire fore-head, and vvell dravvne eye brovves of the Goddesse, as they are carved by *Praxiteles*; as also the sparkle of her eye, joyn'd vvith such a cheerfulnesse, and
grace

grace of countenance, as *Praxiteles* hath fancied them. Then the breasts, and fore parts shall be taken from *Alcamenes*, and his *Venus* in the garden; as also the extremities of her hands, the Arithmetical junctures of her wrists, and the decent slenderesse of her fingers, ending in a beautifull sharpe; the Ayre of the whole face, the delicacy of the cheekes, and measure of the nose shall be borrowed from *Lemnia* and *Phidias*, who shall also bestow the composure of the mouth and his *Amazons* necke. *Sofandra*, and *Calamis* shall adorne it with modesty; with which shall be mingled a soft, unperceivable simper inclining to a smile. The bravery of Attire shall be taken from *Sofandra*, all but of the head, which shall be bare; the size and dimensions of her stature shall carry just proportion to that of the *Cnidian Venus*, as *Praxiteles* hath happily measured her. What thinke you *Polystratus*, will it be a fair peece when it is exactly finisht?

Polystratus. Can there be yet any addition of beauty made to your picture, after such an amiable accumulation of parts?

Lycinus. Hitherto my discription hath beene rude; and to all this, my friend, you are to joyne colour, and decorum; that those parts which are blacke be exactly black, and those which are white, be excellently white; and those which are redde do out-blush the role. So that the danger is, since the greatest perfection is yet wanting, from what paternes we shall derive it. Shall wee call in to our assistance the rarest paynters, to help us to mingle colours, and teach us how to give them fit order, and disposition? Bee it so; let us recall *Polygnotus*, *Euphranor*, *Apelles*, and *Ætion*, and let them divide the worke. Let *Euphranor* paynt the hayre, as he hath drawne *Funo's*. Let *Polygnotus* limbe two decent eye-browes, and such flowry cheekes, as he hath given to *Cassandra* in the Quire at *Delphos*; let him also shape the garments so subtly, that part may sit close, the rest may hang loose, and appeare blowne

blowne by the winde. Let *Apelles* draw the rest of the body by *Pacata*; on which let him not lay over much white, but make it temperately sanguine. Let *Ætion* draw such lippes, as he hath given to *Roxana*; but above all, Let *Homer*, the best of Painters, be joyned in assistance with *Apelles*, and let the whole body weare that colour which he hath layd upon *Menelaus* thighs, Ivory dipt in Scarlet. Let him also frame the eyes, and make them Oxe-like; to which let the *Thebane* Poet joyne his Pencill, and draw the liddes. Then let *Homer* adde a sweete cheerfulnessse, shoulders of snow, rosie fingers, and make her fitter to be compared to his golden *Venus*, then *Briſeus* daughter. And so much be taken from the most learned Statuaries, Painters, and Poets. But the Grace, or rather all the Graces, and *Cupids*, collected in one Circle of beauty, arising from this composition what Language can expresse?

Polystratus. Trust mee you have decipher'd as divine a piece, *Lycinus*, as if dropt from *Jupiter*, or made by some Celestiall Artificer. How was shee busied when you saw her?

Lycinus. Shee held a Booke in her hands, roll'd into two parts; one of which shee seemed to have read, and then to read the other. Onely betweene pawses shee discoursed something to one of her women, which came not to my knowledge, because her voyce came not to my hearing. But vwhen shee smiled, *Polystratus*, she betrayed two rowes of teeth, so vwhite, so even, and so proportion'd to one another, that if you have seene a rope of Orient, and equally sized pearle, just in such order they grew. Onely they tooke a iresh lustre from the Crimson of her lippes, through which they shined like *Homer's* polisht Ivory. None were broader, or higher, or more prominent then others, as you see in most women, but were of one equall ranke, colour, and bignesse, and equally order'd in their rowes. Briefly she was a great

wonder, beyond all mortall beauty.

Polystratus. Despaire not. I know what woman you meane, by her description and Country; and by the Eunuches, and souldiers, which you said attended her. Your remarkable peece is a Kings wife.

Lycinus. What is her name?

Polystratus. 'Tis a most sweete, and amiable one, *Lycinus*; The same with that of *Abradatas* faire wife. Have you not often heard *Xenophon* praile a discreet, beautifull woman?

Lycinus. Yes; and am so affected, that methinkes I see her, as often as I read that passage in him; and do almost heare her discoursing of battles; and how she armed her husband, and behaved her selfe when shee sent him to the Warre.

Polystratus. You then, seeing this Lady but once in passage, like a flash of lightning, have hitherto praised only her vulgar perfections, I meane, her body, and outward feature. The perfections of her soule are invisible, nor could you know how much more excellent, and divine, her inward beauties are then her corporeall. But I doe, who am of her acquaintance, and have often mingled discourses with her, and am of the same Country. For I have (as you well know) ever praised sweetnesse of carriage, and affability, and height of spirit, and wisdom, and education, before beauty, as endowments much worthier to be prefer'd before those of the body. For 'twere most unreasonable, and ridiculous to admire the garment above the wearer. The most perfect beauty, then, (if I may judge) is, when the vertue of the minde concurreth with the amiable shape of the body. I can shew you some of indifferent features, who are staynes to their creation; In whom the onely thing praise-worthy dyes, and withers, blemisht, and disgraced by its desertlesse conjunction, to so foule a Mistresse as their soule. Such women to mee resemble *Egyptian* Temples, where the outward structure

is glorious, magnificent, and adorn'd with pretious stones, gold, and carvings; but if you shall search for the Deity within, you shall finde an Ape, or Storke, or Goate, or Cat. 'Twere easie to give you many such examples. Fornie, and shape, therefore, are not enough, where the true, and just dressings are wanting. I do not meane rich garments, and jewels, but those better dressings before mentioned, of vertue, discretion, equall behaviour, affability, and the rest comprehended under these.

Lycinus. Being so able, *Polystratus*, to retorne tale for tale, as they say, in the like measure, and over, you may do well to draw the portrayture of a foule, that wee may no longer fix our admiration on the worse halfe.

Polystratus. You enjoyne mee, my friend, no small enterprize: nor is it all one difficulty to praise things apparent to all, and to make obscure things visible. I shall need assistance too to my Draught, not of Statuaries, or Painters, but of Philosophers, to whose receipts my figure is to be conformed, and fashioned, according to the ancient Imagery. Thus, then, I begin. First, her speech is vocall, and cleare, and flowes sweeter then hony from her tongue; so that *Homer* is herein to give her the precedency of his *Pylian* old man. Every word is pronounced with most delicate Accent, neither too base, or manly, nor yet too treble, effeminate, or loose; but like the utterance of an unripe boy, pleasant, tunefull, and gently stealing into the sence: so that when shee ceales to speake, a certaine melody, and relique of her voyce remaines, and playes about the eare; like a soft eccho, which prolongs the hearing, and leaves certaine delicious footsteps of language, full of perswasion in the Soule. When shee sings her best, especially to the Lute, then 'tis time for *Halcyons*, and *Swannes* to be silent. For all things are un-musical, compared to her; *Pandions* daughter harsh, and artlesse, with all the variety of her voyce. Had *Orpheus*, and *Amphion*, who lead their hearers, and drew things

void offense to their harmony, heare her, they had, I believe, forsaken their harpes and stood her silent Listners. For whence should that *Thracian*, or the other, who fed a heard on *Cytheron*, have the skill so to touch a harpe, as to observe the exact proportions of Harmony, not to transgresse number, but by seasonable risings, and falls, to give measure to the lessons, then the harpe to bear consort with the voyce, and the quill to keepe time with the tongue, to which are to be added the right stroke of the fingers, and flexibility of the joynts? It, therefore, *Lycinus*, you ever heare her sing, you will no more undergoe the transformations of a Gorgon, and passe from man to stone; but will feele raptures like those of the Sirens, whilest a sweet charme creeping over your sense, takes from you the remembrance of your Country and acquaintance. And though you scale your eares, yet the sound will insinuate through the waxe. Such is the musicke of a *Terpsichore*, or a *Calliope*, and such is the skill of a *Melpomene*, fraught with a thousand enchantments of all sorts. In a word, methought I heard such Harmony, as was fit to passe through such lippes and teeth: since, then, you have seene her, imagine you heare her too. Though this excellency of her voyce, being purely *Ionicke*, with which in her familiar discourses she mingles much of the *Atticke* elegancy, be the least thing to be admired in her; since 'tis hereditary, and descended to her from her Ancestors; nor could shee well doe otherwise, having in her travels conversed with the *Athenians*. Nor doe I wonder that she delights in Poetry, and is well studied in that way, springing from *Homer's* Citty. Suffice it, *Lycinus*, that you have seene the picture of her excellent voyce, though rudely drawne: Consider wee now her other parts, which I purpose not, like you, to decipher by a Collection taken from many, and wrought into one peece, (for 'twere poore and like vulgar paynters, to joyne so many various, disagreeing beautyes in one draught) but all the vertues of the soule

ſoule ſeverally taken ſhall bee caſt into one exact cōpye of the originall.

Lycinus. You promiſe mee a feaſt, *Polyſtratus*, and a variouſly furniſht banquet, and ſeem to repay mee with overflowing meaſure: proceed then; for there is nothing with which you can more oblige mee.

Polyſtratus. Since, then, the knowledge of all good arts is neceſſary, eſpecially thoſe of Contemplation, I ſhall preſent her to you various, and in diſerſe ſhapes, and ſhall approve my ſelfe not outdone by you in Mimatūre. Imagine her, then, poſſeſt of all the rare endowments which flow from *Heliſon*; not like *Clio*, and *Polyhymnia*, and *Calliope*, and the other Muſes, who are ſeverally learned but in one thing, but poſſeſt of all, even thoſe of *Mercury*, and *Apollo* too: whatſoever Poets have witten in raviſhing numbers, or Hiſtorians have publiſht, or Philoſophers extoll'd, are but the ſeverall trimmings, and ornaments of my picture; which are not to be ſuperficially colour'd, but to be thoroughly ſteep in colours of Graine, iterated, and to ſatiety repeated. You are to pardon mee, If I cannot ſhow an Archetype to this portrayture; Since in all the Monuments of the Ancient Literature, none ſuch is recorded. If you thinke fit, therefore, let this piece of her be layd up as ſacred; being, in my judgement, ſpotleſſe, and without blemiſh.

Lycinus. You have deſcribed her, *Polyſtratus*, moſt exactly, and with all her numbers.

Polyſtratus. I am, next, to decipher the Image of her wiſedome, and underſtanding. For which I muſt borrow ayde from many examples, moſt of them ancient, and one *Ionicke*. My painters, and coadjutors ſhall be *Æſchines*, friend to *Socrates*, and *Socrates* himſelfe; the beſt reſemblers of all thoſe Artificers, who ever drew with a *Venus*, and life. Their *Aspaſia*, with whom the admired *Olympius* familiarly converſt, as ſhe is by them propoſed for no mean example of wiſdome, both for her experi-

ence in businesse, sharpnesse in affaires politicke, and for the edge, and piercingnesse of her judgement, will I in the most exact resemblancetransferre from *Miletum* to my picture: only here will be the difference, she is drawn in a narrow Tablet, this Image will take up the Dimensions of a *Colossus*.

Lycinus. How meane you?

Polystratus. That though both portraictures be equall in resemblance, yet they are not in magnitude. Nor did the *Athenian* Commonwealth then carry any neere proportion to the *Romane* Greatnesse now. Though, then, they agree in similitude, yet this excells in largenesse, as being drawne in a more spacious Table. To these adde wee, for a second, and third example, *Theano*, and the *Lesbian* Poetresse, and *Diotima*. *Theano* shall conferre height of mind; *Sappho* Courtlinesse of Behaviour; shee shall resemble *Diotima* not onely for those vertues extold by *Socrates*, but for her other discreet endowments too: and so *Lycinus*, you have one part more of her picture.

Lycinus. By *Jupiter*, *Polystratus*, most admirably limbd. Pray describe her other perfections, namely, her sweetness of Nature, and affability, the manner how she expresseth her pittie, and relieves the distrest.

Polystratus. Once more, then, I must resemble her to *Theano*, *Antenors* wife; as also to *Arete*, and her daughter *Nausicaa*, and all others who have observed an equall temper in an abundant fortune. Next, fancy to your selfe the *Idea* of modesty, and discretion in Behaviour, and in both she answers *Homer's* Character of *Itarus* daughter. For just such a description hath he made of *Penelope*, as I have, for the agreement of their names, made of *Abradatas* wife before mentioned.

Lycinus. Your peece, *Polystratus*, is every way compleate, nor can you easily finde more patterns, having past through all parts of the soule, and commendation.

Polystratus. Not all. Her greatest praises are yet behinde.
I meane

I meane, that in the eminent height of honour in which she is, she is not blowne up by her prosperity, nor puffed beyond humane measure by her confidence in fortune; but observes a moderatiō of carriage which is neither haughty nor burdensome; receives those who make their Adresse with a popular, and equall sweetnesse, affording both her hand, and familiarity. For persons of Quality by so much the more winne upon their Approachers, by how much being advanced above them, they are not tragicall, or unkind in their deportment. And, therefore, they onely who show their power not in pride, but benefits, are most worthy of the goods of fortune, and most easily avoyd envy. For none will repine at his happinesse, whom they see temperate amidst his felicities, and not like *Homers Ate*, stalking on the heads of men, and trampling inferiours. A carriage not unusuall in men of base spirits, though the mis-apprehension of their fortune. By which, beyond their hopes, being suddenly advanced, and placed in a sublime, and winged chariot, they keepe not within their measure, or looke downe, but straine to fly aloft, till at length, like *Icarus*, their waxe melts, and feathers droppe off, and they, to the laughter of the beholders, fall headlong into the sea, and floud. But they who, like *Dadalus*, imploy not their wings to too lofty flights, remembering they are joyned with waxe, but observe a humane course, and love to carry themselves not too high from the water, rather choosing to wet their feathers, then betray them to the Sun, fly in a safe, and secure Region. As this Lady, who cannot be sufficiently praised, did: who receives this reward of her vertues, to have all men wish that she may alwayes be upon this height of the wing, and that all good things may streame to her.

Lycinus. So be it, *Polystratus*; since her merits arise not onely from her bodily gifts, which are equall to *Helen*, but she is much more faire, and lovely in the qualities of her minde. It becomes also so great a King, and withall
so

so serene, and gentle, among his other felicities to have the happinesse to have so brave a woman borne in his Empire, joyn'd to him in marriage, and to love him. For that woman can be no vulgar blessing, of whom the speech of *Homer* may properly be pronounced, that *shee* may contend with *Venus* for beauty, and with *Minerva* for parts. For the woman cannot be assigned, with whom she may be compared, for shape, for wit, for minde, for artifice, as *Homer* hath it.

Polystratus. 'Tis true, *Lycinus*, If you thinke fit, therefore, let us mingle Characters, and unite your picture of her body, with mine of her soule: which compiled in a booke, let us exhibit to the generall admiration of the present age, and succeeding. A monument much more lasting then if drawne by *Apelles*, or *Parrhasius*, or *Polygnotus*; and she her selfe will show much more illustrious limbed by the industry of the Muses, then represented in wood, waxe, or colours: since that is the best picture which, with the beauties of the body, expresth the vertues of the soule.

A Defence of the former Discourse.

The speakers Polystratus, Lycinus.

Polystratus. I Am sensible, *Lycinus*, sayes the Lady, of your great respects, and the honour you deligne mee in your writings. For no man would have so overpraised mee, but one who wrote with affection. But the thing which I would have you know is this. In my disposition I am not taken with Flatterers, but such men seeme to mee Impostors, and slaves by nature. So that when any man heaps Panegyricks on mee, and swells my praises into troublesome, immoderate Hyperboles, I presently blush, and am ready to stop my eares, and take his commendations rather for mockeries, then just Encomiums.

miums. For praises are no farther tolerable, then the person prayed knowes them to be due. All excessse is improper, and fawning. I know many, sayes she, who delight to heare themselves commended, and to have their defects supplied by flatteries. As, if they be old, to have one extoll their vigour; if they be deformed, to be prefer'd for beauty before *Nireus*, and *Phaon*. Supposing they alter shape from their praises, and waxe young againe, as *Pelias* believed. But they are deceived. For nothing were so precious as Panegyricke, if Hyperboles could bestow whatsoever they commend. Methinkes, therefore, sayd shee, their case is much like his, who being naturally ill-favoured should weare a beautifull vizard: and then grow proud of his borrowed lookes, though they be ready to drop off, and be disorder'd upon every encounter; and thereupon to expose him to the more laughter, when hee returnes to his owne face, and appeares vvithout his veyle. Or, as if a dvvarfe vvearing buskins should contend in stature vvith one a cubit higher. Hereto shee joyn'd an example. There vvvas, sayd she, a great Lady, of competent feature, and handsomenesse, but low, and very short of just stature, praised by a Poet, in songe, among other perfections for her beauty, and tallnesse, who compared her for length and straightnesse to a poplar tree; she was much tickled, and clapt her hands, as if shee had received new stature from the verses: which the Poet, seeing her so joy'd with false prailes) often repeated to her. Till a stander by whispering him in the eare, said, forbear, Sir, lest you perswade the Lady she is growne taller. A story like this, but much more ridiculous, shee reported of *Stratonice* the wife of *Seleucus*, who propos'd a talent for the rewarde of that Poet who most elegantly praised her hayre; though shee were bald, and had but few haire left: yet bald as she was, and publicquely known to have been so of a long time, by reason of a disease; shee found some wretched

Poets, who call'd her her hayres *Hyacinthine*, and wove them into curl'd tresses, and compared the thinner spaces to Lovedge. Shee, therefore, laughs at all such who thus expose themselves to flatterers. Shee added moreover, that many love to be thus flatter'd, and deceived, not onely in language, but in pictures too: and, therefore, choose those painters, who will draw them best featured. For there are some, sayes shee, who charge the painter to dissemble their nose, to adde blacknesse to their eyes, and whatever else they desire; Hence they are not drawne, but do honour to other pictures nothing like them. These and the like were her expressions. Many things in your description shee likes, but relents one passage where you resemble her to *Juno*, and *Venus*. Such comparisons, shee sayes, are much too high for her, or any mortall creature. Nor will shee allow you to take *Idea* from such Heroicke women as *Penelope*, *Arete*, and *Theano*, much lesse from the most excellent Goddesses. For she sayes, she beares a sacred horror, and a superstitious reverence to all things concerning the Gods. And feares she should be like *Cassiopeia*, should she admit such prayes; though she stood only in comparison with sea *Nymphes*, and adored *Juno* and *Venus*. She, therefore, bids you, *Lycinus*, either alter such expressions, or shee will call the Goddesses to witnesse you wrote without her allowance. She would have you, also, know, that shee is much troubled your booke should be made so publique, comprehending (as now it is) so much irreligion, and blasphemy against the Gods. She thinks, also, shee cannot excuse her selfe from impiety, and sacriledge, should she suffer her selfe to be equall'd to *Venus* at *Cnidos*, or in the Gardens. Shee desires you, also, to remember what you sayd of her towards the end of your booke, where you stile her moderate, not haughty, nor soaring above humane reach, but observing humble flights; and yet forgetting your selfe, you advance her above the heavens, and place her among the Goddesses.

Shee

Shee would not have you thinke her more indiscreet, then *Alexander*, who when an Architect promised to transforme *Athos*, and so to figure it like him, that the whole mount should be his statue, holding two Citties in his hands; gave no countenance to such a prodigious undertaking, but holding the Attempt to be above his performance, dismist the man not probably able to contrive so vast a *Coloßus*, and bad him let *Athos* stand as it was, and not shrinke so great a hill to the similitude of so small a body. Shee, therefore, much extols *Alexanders* Magnanimity, and sayes, by this refusall he hath erected a statue bigger then *Athos* in the mindes of those who will bee his perpetuall remembrancers. It being no Act of meane spirit to contemne such a Paradox of honour. Shee praises, also, your Imagery, and admires the contrivance of your draught, but acknowledges it not to bee like her, being unworthy of such resemblances, nor any way neere them; nor, indeed, any woman else. Shee, therefore, returnes your honours with veneration of your Archetypes, and patternes: and desires you would praise her a more humane way, and not make her shooe too large for her foot; lest when shee meets you, you silence her. Shee bid mee, also, tell you, that shee heares many say (how truly you know) that conquerours in the *Olympicke* Games, are not licenced to have Images erected to them bigger then their bodies; and that the Judges take care that none exceed the truth; but exactly size their Statues to the measure of the wraстlers: shee would therefore have you consider, vvwhether if she should allow your false dimensions, the Judges vvould not demolish her picture. Thinke, therefore, *Lycinus*, upon some faire alteration of your booke, and blot out your offences against the Gods; vvwhich shee tooke vvith so much resentment, and read vvith such horroure, that she besought the Goddes to be propitious to her. Nor vvvas she to be blamed for expressing the passions of her sexe. For, to tell

you true, I was minded to have sayd some such thing my selfe; who at first hearing perceived nothing amisse, having my contemplation fixt on her descriptions: but since she made her objections, I begin to be of her opinion; having before suffer'd in my selfe a deceit of the sight; which beholding things in too neere an approach, and close to the eye, cannot perfectly distinguish; But at a just distance, and space, all things cast true appearances, and are seene as they are. To resemble a mortall woman, then, to *Venus*, and *Juno*, what is't but to detract from the Goddesses? For by such comparisons the lesse is not advanced to the greater, but the greater is diminisht, and drawne downe to the lesse. As if two should walke together, one of very tall, the other of dwarfish stature, and you should desire to match them in equality, not one to exceed the other; the shorter by stretching himselfe would never reach the others height, though hee stood Tiptoe. But if they will appeare alike statured, the taller is to stoope, and depresse himselfe. So it is in Imagery; where a man compared to a God is not so much made greater, as the God call'd downe to an inferiour is made lesse. Yet had your want of earthly instances sent you to heaven for Coppies, you had had some excuse for your impiety: but you having for example the beauties of so many women, had no need to liken her to *Venus*, or *Juno*. You are, therefore, to your utmost to deliver your selfe from envie, *Lycinus*: who are not accustomed, nor otherwise prone, or easie to over-praise; yet now, I know not how, you are suddainly changed, and fallen to excesses, and show your selfe as prodigall of your commendations, as hitherto you have been sparing. Nor let it beget your shame, to correct your worke, though publisht; since they report *Phidias* to have done so, when he drew *Jupiter* for the *Eleans*: who when hee first open'd his workmanship to the view of Passengers, stood behind a curteine, and heard what they blamed or praised. One accused the nose, as too bigge,
another

another the face as too long; others censured other parts; and when the Spectators were gone, *Phidias* shutting himselfe up corrected, and reformed his picture by the publique Judgement. Holding the opinion of so many not to be contemned, but that many must necessarily see more then one, though that one were *Phidias*. Thus much shee gave mee in Commission to say, which I cannot but approve being your friend, and so well affected to you.

Lycinus. Till now, *Polystratus*, I tooke you not for such an Orator, who by your lengthen'd speech, and accusation of my worke, have left mee no hope of an Apologie: yet of one piece of Injustice, I must complaine, especially in you, who have sentenced my booke undefended, and no advocate assigned to it. 'Tis easie, I suppose, according to the Proverbe, for him to winne the race who runs alone; nor doe I marvell at your conquest, vvhether no glasse is set up, nor liberty given to plead: but that vvhich is yet more unreasonable, is, that you have made your selves the Accusers, and Judges too. Which, therefore, vwill you, that I patiently submit to your Decree, and like the *Himeræan* Poet, vvrite a Recantation? or vwill you give mee leave to make an Appeale?

Polystratus. Take your choice, so you come prepared with a just defence, which you shall not make before your Adversaries, as you call us, but before your friendes. I am prepared to undergoe the like Tryall.

Lycinus I am something troubled, *Polystratus*, that I shall not plead for my selfe in her presence (which would have been much to my advantage) but make my defence only at her command, yet upon condition you will bee as faithfull a reporter to her, as you have been from her to me, I will put my cause on the Dice.

Polystratus. Secure your selfe *Lycinus*, you shall finde me no partiall conveyer of your answers, so you contract them into such a brieve, as I may well remember them.

Lycinus. I should rather prolonge my defence to such copious Accusations; but for your sake I will abridge it. Tell her then from mee.

Polystratus. By no meanes, *Lycinus*, but expresse your selfe as if she were present: under which personation, I will represent you to her.

Lycinus. Since you will have it so *Polystratus*, I do suppose her present, and to have spoken to me whatsoever you have reported from her; though it put mee to the expence of a second preparation. For (not to conceale my perturbations from you) you have (I know not how) made the Attempt much more terrible to me. who (as you may perceive) do sweate, and tremble at the apprehension of her presence, which begets a kinde of astonishment in me. Thus, then, I begin, since there is now no way left for evasion in her presence.

Polystratus. Let not so serene a countenance affright you: you see she is cheerfull, and mercifully disposed; speake boldly, therefore.

Lycinus. I, most excellent of Ladyes, whom you charge for having prayesd you above just measure, cannot see how I have bestowed more Panegyricke on you, then you have heapt upon your selfe by your religious esteeme, and reverence of the Gods, which is more to your commendation, then all I have sayd of you. Pardon me, therefore, that I omitted this part of your description, which had it fallen within the compasse of my knowledge, had stood in the first place: not with a purpose to excell your other prayes, but because, I have sayd much lesse then you deserve. Judge, therefore, what excellencies I have left out, and what available proofes of your religious carriage and straight intentions. Since they who thus reverence the Gods, are to be supposed vertuous in all their Actions towards men. Should you, then, enjoyne mee to alter my writings, and to correct my portrayture, I should be so farre from subtraction, that I should insert this passage

as the toppe and crowne of the whole worke. Next, I confesse my selfe obliged to thanke you, that when I praised the moderation of your behaviour, as not corrupted, or swolne, or puffed up with your present greatness, and fortune, you by your dislike of my expressions, have confirmed, & verified them. For not greedily to catch at such commendations; but to blush at them, and to thinke them above you, is a sure signe of a discreet, and affable temper. You, therefore, by your averseness to praise show your selfe so much the more worthy to be praised; and do almost fulfill the saying of *Diogenes*, who being asked which was the readiest way to glory, sayd, the contempt of it. So should one aske mee who most deserved praise, I would say, they who most avoid it. But this is Digression, and from the purpose. That whereto I am to make my defence, is, that in drawing your picture, I have resembled you to *Venus* at *Cnidos*, and in the Gardens, to *Juno*, also, and *Minerva*. Comparisons too high and beyond your last. To this I might reply, that the old saying is, Poets and Painters are not accountable; much lesse Panegyriste; though their language be lower, and not fettered in numbers. For praise is a free thing, and not to be measured by the lawes of brevity, or excess; but makes this its principall ayme, to commend the person praised to the publique emulation and wonder. But I will not take that way of defence, lest I should seeme to you so to doe for want of other matter. You know that the lawes of Panegyricall Orations consist in the Panegyriste's right use of similitudes, and resemblances; and the height of the Art is to apply well: which is atchieved not when like is compared to like, or to a worse, but when the thing praised is advanced by something as transcendent as 'tis possible. For example, If one in commendations of a Dogge should say hee were bigger then a Foxe, or Catt, would you thinke such a one skill'd in the Art of praying? you would not; nay though hee should

should say, hee were equall a Wolfe, hee had not praised him much. But the perfection of praise were to compare a Dogge to a Lyon for size and strength. As when the Poet praises *Orions* Dogge, calls him Lyon-tamer, which is the perfection of a Dogges commendations. Again, should any man, desirous to praise *Milo the Crotonian*, or *Glaucus the Carystian*, or *Polydamas*, say, they were stronger then a woman, would you not thinke him worthy to be laught at for his silly comparison? or if he should say they exceeded other men, 'twere not praise enough. But how doth the excellent *Homer* magnifie *Glaucus*? He sayes, *Pollux had not might enough to encounter him hand to hand, nor Alcmena's warlike son*. Do you marke to what Gods he compares him, or rather preferres him before them? yet *Glaucus* tooke not resentments to be extoll'd above the stoutest Gods; nor did they take revenge either of him or the Poet. as irreligious in his prelations; But both were famous, and had in honour of the *Greekes*, *Glaucus* for his valour, the Poet for his numbers, especially for that passage in them. Wonder not, therefore, that I, intending to bring you into comparison, (which is essentially to a Panegyrist) went by the highest patternes, led by the reasons of the worke. But since you inveigh against flattery, and professe your hatred of flatterers, I am obliged to make that one degree more of your praise. but by the way I will define and distinguish the businesse of a praiser, from the excesses of a flatterer. A flatterer, making his profit the end of his commendation, without any regard to truth, thinkes hee cannot be hyperbolicall in his praises, with which he mingles many untruths and falsehoods of his owne, not blushing to stile *Thersites* comelier then *Achilles*; or to call *Nestor* the youngest of all the Captaines that came to Troy; and so hee may gaine by his lying, hee will sweare that *Crasus* sonne is of quicker hearing then *Melampus*, and that *Iphneus* is quicker sighted then *Lynceus*. Whereas the other in praising, lyes not,

nor

nor inserts descriptions utterly disagreeing ; but taking their naturall perfections though not great, amplifies them, and makes them larger : not fearing when he would decipher a horse naturally swift, and fleet, to say,

Hee could flye o're the toppes of unprest corne ;

Again he would not doubt to say,

The course of horses swift as winde.

And if he were to praise a fair house magnificently furnished, he would say,

Such is the Inside of the Olympicke Hall.

Which verse a flatterer for hope of reward, would applye to a swine-herdes Cottage: like *Cynathus*, flatterer to *Demetrius Poliorcetes* ; who when he had spent all other waies of flattery, praised him for his pifficke, and sayd, he cought very musically. Nor is it the only marke of difference betweene them, that flatterers strive to purchase favour with those they praise by lyes, and that the others praise truthes with advancement : but that wherein they most differ, is that the one without choice heap together what *Hyperboles* they can ; the others use them, but selected, and confined to moderation. These few distinctions of many have I shovne you betweene flattery and just praise ; that you may not confound, but divide them, and asigne them their severall limits, and measure. Now, then, if you please, apply both these rules to my descriptions of you, and see to which side they belong. Had the person, which I compared to the statue of *Venus* at *Cnidus*, been fowle, and deformed, I might deservedly have beene thought a deceiver, and more impudent then *Cynathus* : but being such a one as wee all know you to be, my boldnesse is not altogether unpardonable. But, perhaps, you will say, or rather have already sayd, that you allow mee to praise your beauty, but then it ought to have beene without envie, or comparison of a fraile woman with Goddesses. I, most excellent Lady (for now truth compels mee to speake) have not

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compared

compared you to the originall Goddesſes, but to their Coppies wrought by the beſt Artificers in ſtone, braſſe, and Ivory. Nor can I thinke it irreligion for men to draw reſemblances from the workmanſhip of men; unleſſe you take her Statue made by *Phidias* for the true *Pallas*; or the *Venus* carved not long ſince at *Cnidus* by *Praxiteles* for the heavenly: which apprehenſions of them were diſhonourable, ſince I hold their true portraytures unexpreſſible by any humane imitation. But ſuppoſe I had compared you to them, I am not ſingular, or the firſt broacher of ſuch ſimilitudes; but have for my examples excellent Poets, eſpecially your Co-cittizen *Homer*, whom I will now raiſe from the dead in my defence, confident of your allowance of a name ſo Claſſick. Let mee aſke him, then, or rather you, (who among your other prayſes, are ſkill'd in all the beſt deſcriptions of his Poems) What thinke you of that paſſage, where ſpeaking of the captived *Brifeis*, he ſayes, *Bright as Golden Venus ſhe bewayl'd Patroclus*? and a little after, as if his compariſon of her to *Venus* were not enough, he ſayes:

So ſpake the woman Goddeſſ-like and wept.

As often as you meete with ſuch expreſſions, doe you hate him, or throw away his *Iliads*, or do you allow the licentiousneſſe of his reſemblances? If you do not, ſo many paſt ages have; nor hath he hitherto found an accuſer, or one that durſt laſh his Statue, or libell his obeliſke, with the inſcriptions of his cenſurable verſes. If he, then, were licenced to compare a barbarous, weeping Lady to Glittering *Venus*, may not I (ommitting your beauty, not to be ſpoken of with your patience in your hearing) compare a ſprightfull, debonaire Lady, to the Images of the Gods, for thoſe things which we mortalls partake in common with the? next, in his Character of *Agamemnon*, obſerve how ſparing he hath bin of the Gods, whoſe ſcatter'd perfections he hath collected, & caſt into one gallant deſcriptiō, where he ſayes, *For his eyes and head bee was equall to Jupiter, for*
his

his courage to Mars, for his breast to Neptune; dividing his parts by severall resemblances with the most eminent Gods. In another place hee compares him to mortall-slaughtering Mars, and compares others to other Gods; Hee calls *Hector* the Godlike *Phrygian*, and *Achilles* frequently the God-like Greeke. But I returne to examples of the other sex, you know where hee sayes,

She is like golden Venus and Diana;

And

Such is Diana hunting.

Nor doth hee only compare them with Gods, but likens *Eupherbus* hayre to the Graces, though imbrued with blood. In a word, there are so many examples in *Homer*, that there is scarce any part of his Poem unadorned with similitudes taken from the Gods. Either, therefore, let such expressions bee blotted out, or grant mee liberty to make the like. Nay the use of allusions, and similitudes, is so uncontrouleable, that *Homer* hath not doubted to bestow praises on Goddessees borrowed from meane and inferiour things; thus hee calls *Juno* *axe eyed*, and *Venus* in another place *Violet-fighted*; who is so smally versed in his poems as not to have read of the *rosy-finger'd Aurora*? 'Tis no offence, then, to say, one is shap'd like the Gods; but how many have assumed their compellations, and have stiled themselves, *Bacchus's* and, *Vulcans*, and *Jupiters*, and *Neptunes*, and *Mercuryes*: The wife of *Euagoras*, King of *Cyprus*, was called *Latona*; yet no Goddesse was offended, though able to transforme her, like *Niobe*, into marble. I forbear to speak of the *Ægyptians*, of all people the most scrupulously superstitious; yet the names of the Gods are in that plenty worne among them, that most of their compellations are fetcht from heaven. Be not you, therefore, troubled at my prayes. For if there be any offence against the Gods in my writings, you are not accountable, unlesse one may prove

guilty by hearing offences read. The Gods will punish mee, when they first punish *Homer*, and the other Poets; but they have not yet taken revenge of the best Philosopher, for saying man was the Image of the Gods. I have much more to say, but for *Polystratus* sake do here breake off, that he may the better report what I have said.

Polystratus. I know not, *Lycinus*, whether I be able: for you have spoken long, and beyond your Glasse. Yet I will trye the goodnesse of my memory. And that my relation to her may bee faithfull, I do here stoppe my eares; least the entrance of other things should confound your method, and I be exposed to the hisses of the spectators.

Lycinus. 'Twill concerne you, *Polystratus*, to act mee right: and so, having delivered you your part, I take my leave. When the Judges give up their Decision, I will appeare againe, and see what will bee the issue of this controversy.



Jupiter Tragædian, or a Discourse of
Providence.

The speakers, Mercury, Minerva, Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, Venus, the Colossus, Momus, Apollo, Hercules, Hermagoras, Timocles, Damis.

Mercury. **V**Hy thus musing, *Jupiter*, and holding private Dialogue with your selfe? You looke pale, and have got the face of a Philosopher. Unlocke your selfe, and make me Counsellor to your Dumps: perhaps my trifling assistance will not prove contemptible.

Minerva.

Minerva. Say, Jove, thou Sire of Gods, and things below,
I blew-eyed Pallas begge, reveale, and show,
VVhat new disturbance doth thy minde surprize,
And from whence do thy sighs, and paleness rise?

Jupiter. 'Tis beyond the power of language to name the thing so grievous, or the distemper, or calamity so Tragically, with which the nature of the Gods is not burdened.

Minerva. O *Phæbus*! with what Prologue hee begins to speake!

Jupiter. O yee wicked earth-sprung race of Mortalls, and thou more wicked *Prometheus*, what evils doe I suffer?

Minerva. What ayle you, Sir? Pray tell this assembly of your friends.

Jupiter. O my loud thunder, what dost thou profit mee?

Minerva. Moderate your rage, Sir, unlesse you intend to put us into Buskins too, and to answer you in lofty paites taken from *Euripides*.

Juno. Do you thinke wee know not the cause of your distemper, Sir?

Jupiter. Thou canst not know, scold never so loud.

Juno. Alasse, Sir, the roote of your commotion is love. Nor is it my custome to scold; though I have beene frequently injured in this kind. You have found some *Danae*, or *Semele*, or *Europa* who hath kindled this distemper in you, which you will quench by turning your selfe into a Bull, or Satyre, or showre of Gold, in which you will descend into the bosome of your Mistresse. For your sighes, and teares, and change of colour, are but so many signes, and confessions of your flames.

Jupiter. Happy thou, who thinkest my disturbance springs from such a Toy as Love.

Juno. What else can afflict *Jupiter*?

Jupiter. The state of the Gods is in extreme danger, *Juno*, and, according to the Proverbe, it stands upon the edge of a rasour whether we shall hereafter be worshipt, and receive sacrifice, or be utterly neglected, and held in contempt.

Juno. Hath the earth produced new Cyants? or have the old broke their chaines, and freed themselves from prison, and tooke fresh armes against us?

Jupiter. The Gods are safe from their invasion.

Juno. What else worthy our feares, can befall us? If your distemper arise not from hence, I see not why you should of a *Jupiter* become a *Polus*, or *Aristodemus*.

Jupiter. Yesterday, *Juno*, *Timocles* the Stoick, and *Damis* the Epicurean (upon what occasion I know not) disputed of Providence, in a great Assembly of knowing and understanding men; which much troubles mee. *Damis* maintained there were no Gods, who either disposed, or tooke care of humane Affaires; but the religious *Timocles* argued for us, till a presse of people rushing in, broke off the dispute without a decision: onely they agreed to meet againe, and finish the disculsion. And this is the day on which the suspended hearers expect which will conquer, and speake most probable truth. Do you see our danger, and to what straights wee are reduced, when Heaven relies upon the proote of one single man? one of the two must happen; either we must be despised, and held onely empty names; or be honoured as before, if *Timocles* pre vaile.

Juno. Believe mee, these are no slight dangers, nor were you tempestuous in vaine, Husband.

Jupiter. You thought the cause of my distemper to be some *Danae*, or *Antiope*. What, then, shall wee doe? *Mercury*, *Juno*, and *Pallas*, contribute your advice.

Mercury. My counsell is to call a Parliament, and to referre the businesse to a publique consultation.

Juno. I concurre with *Mercury*.

Minerva.

Minerva. I hold it not fit you should trouble heaven, or show your selfe disquieted with the Accident, but privately project that *Timocles* may overcome, and *Damis* may depart exploded from the disputation.

Mercury. Such stratagems, *Jupiter*, will not bee concealed, the Philosophers disputing so publicquely: besides, you will bee thought a tyrant, not to impart so weighty an Affaire, wherein all are interested.

Jupiter. Make proclamation, then, and summon all the Gods.

Mercury. I obey you. Hoe, O yee Gods, come to the Parliament: delay not, but assemble your selves to consult of affaires of state.

Jupiter. Do you make such slight, simple, and faint proclamation, *Mercury*, for a Parliament of this consequence?

Mercury. What should I say, *Jupiter*?

Jupiter. What should you say? I would have you make proclamation in verse, and in bigge-voiced poetry, that the Assembly may bee the fuller.

Mercury. 'Tis fit for Epicke writers, and writers of *Rhapsodies*. I am not poetically given, and shall therefore spoyle the summons by over or under seete, and my verses will bee scorned as inspired by displeased Muses. Besides I see many laugh at *Apollo* for his halting oracles, though his obscurity secure him, and give not the hearers leisure to examine his numbers.

Jupiter. Joyne, therefore, as many of *Homers* verses together as he usually summons us in. You cannot but remember them.

Mercury. Not over readily. Yet I will try.

*Be then, no female absent, or male God,
No Goddesse of the Sea, or Nymph otb' Floud;
But all to Jupiters Great Councell come,
Who ere clayme Sacrifice, or Hecatomb.*

Come

*Come Namelesse too, and vulgar Deities,
Who feed on grosse clouds which from Altars rise*

Jupiter. Well done, *Mercury*; and like a perfect Herald. They are already assembled, assigne them their places, according to their dignities. Let the Golden sit first, next to them the Silver, then the Ivory, then the brasse, then the stone; and among these let those take place, who have been carved by *Phidias*, or *Alcarnenes*, or *Myron*, or *Euphranor*, or the like rare Statuaries. As for this ignoble, uncarved rout, let them sit crouded together as far off, and keep silence, and serve to fill up the Assembly.

Mercury. It shall be done; and they shall sit as you decree, *Jupiter*. But I understand not whether a Deity of Gold, though ill carved, and of vulgar, and mishapen sculpture, shall take place by the talent, and weight, of *Myrons*, or *Polycletus* brasse, of *Phidias*, and *Alcarnenes* stone Gods, or whether they shall sit by Imagery, and workmanship.

Jupiter. It ought to bee so *Mercury*; but custome prefers the Gods of Gold.

Mercury. I am instructed. You would have them seated by their wealth, not by their excellencies, and values. Come, therefore, sit first yee Gods of Gold. You see, *Jupiter*, the highest roomes are taken up only by *Barbarians*. All the *Græcian*, polite, fayre shapen, well wrought Deities, are but of stone, or brasse; or if there be any more precious, they are but of Ivory, slightly guilt, and colour'd over with Gold, wooden within, and lodging whole swarms, and commonwealths of flies. whereas Goddesses *Bendis*, and *Anubis*, and next to him *Attis*, and *Mithres*, are entirely of solid, massy, pretious Gold.

Neptune. With what Justice, *Mercury*, doe you place that ugly, Dogg faced *Ægyptian* before mee, who am *Neptune*?

Mercury. Because *Lysippus* hath formed you brasse,
Neptune,

Neptune, and poore; The *Corinthians* at that time having no Gold; But he is made of the wealthiest metall. You must, therefore, bee a patient Spectator, and not take indignation, if one with such a golden snout be prefer'd before you.

Venus. Place me, then, *Mercury*, in the foremost row; for I am golden.

Mercury. Surely, *Venus*, I am much mistaken, then, and my sight failes mee, if you be not Alabaster, hewne from the Quarry of *Pentelus*, which *Praxiteles* thought good to worke into a *Venus*, and then bestow'd you on the *Cnidians*.

Venus. I have authentick *Homer* for my authority, who up and downe his Poëms alwayes calls mee golden *Venus*.

Mercury. So hee stiles *Apollo* rich, and wealthy, yet you shall see him presently sit among the last, robb'd of his Rayes, and Coronet by theeves, and the strings of his harp sacrilegiously stolne. Be content, therefore, lest you be thrust downe among the servants of the Assembly.

Colossus. Who dare stand in competition with mee, being the Sunne, and of such magnitude? whom though the *Rhodians* have not cast very ingeniously, nor to admiration, yet they have made sixteen golden Gods by my rude patterne. In reason, therefore, I ought to be held the wealthiest. As for my workmanship, and making, 'tis recompenced by my greatnesse.

Mercury. What shall I doe; *Jupiter*? this is a difficult case. If I consider his metall, 'tis brasse; But if I consider how many talents of brasse he weighs, 'twill rise to above five hundred medimnes, and exceed a Knights estate.

Jupiter. What makes He here, thusto upbraid the others, with their smalnesse, and disturbe their sittings? Neverthelesse, though, most excellent *Rhodian*, thou be more honourable then the Gods of gold, yet how canst thou take place, except all the others rise, and make thee roome to sit,

whose each buttocke will take up the whole wooll-sacke. 'Twill be best, therefore, for thee to stand, and stoop down sometimes to our consultations.

Mercury. Here's another knot hard to be untied, *Bacchus*, and *Hercules*, both of Brasse, of the same worke, and made by *Lyfippus*, of the same equall descent, being both sonnes to *Jupiter*. Which therefore shall sit first? for you see they both strive for place.

Jupiter. Wee loole time, *Mercury*, and should long since have begun the consultation. Let them, for the present, sit promiscuously, as every one pleaseth. This shall be the businesse of another meeting, where an Act shall passe in what order they shall take place.

Mercury. But doe you marke in what tumult the Commons are, and how they cry out for their daily shares, and distributions? Where is our *Nectar*? What's become of our *Ambrosia*? Where are our *Hecatombs*? restore our Sacrifices.

Jupiter. Silence them, *Mercury*; That laying aside their trifles, they may know wherefore they are Assembled.

Mercury. All do not understand Greeke, *Jupiter*. Nor have languages enough to speake to *Scythians*, *Persians*, *Thracians* and *Gawles*. I thinke it best, therefore, to enioyne them silence by beckening with my hand.

Jupiter. Doe soe.

Mercury. Harke, they are all as mute as *Pythagoreans*. Begin your speech; All their eyes are fixt upon you, expecting what you will say.

Jupiter. I will not conceale my distemper from thee, *Mercury*, being my sonne: Thou knowest what a confident and sterne voyced speaker I am.

Mercury. I do, and have trembled at your speeches, especially when you threatned to draw up from the deep, the earth, sea, Gods, and all by letting downe your golden chaine.

Jupiter. Yet partly with the Apprehension of the instant

stant dangers, partly with the greatnesse of the Assembly (which Thou seest is numerous, and solemne) I am confounded, and dasht, and my tongue is fetter'd and tyed. Besides, what is yet worse; I have forgot the preface, which I made to my speech, that I might gaine the more favourable entrance into their Attentions.

Mercury. You marre all, *Jupiter*, They will presently suspect your silence, and expect to heare some great mischiefe from your delay.

Jupiter. Shall I then, speake *Homers* proœm to them?

Mercury. What is't?

Jupiter. Listen to mee yee Gods, and Goddesses.

Mercury. Eye you have cloyd us with such prefaces already: If you will take my counsell, perplex not your selfe with verse; but take one of *Demosthenes* Orations against *Philip*, and alter it to your purpose, 'tis the practice of many moderne Orators.

Jupiter. Thou sayest well. 'Tis a Compendious way of Rhetoricke, and lyes open and prepared for those who are unprovided: Thus then I begin. I suppose, O yee men and Gods, it will bee in stead of great fortunes to you, to heare me declare the Cause, why I have call'd you together. 'Twill, therefore, become you to lend mee cheerfull attention. The present occasion, doth almost vocally instruct us to make prevention of our present dangers; with which wee all seeme too coldly affected. I will, therefore, borrowing no longer preface from *Demosthenes*, clearly open to you the reasons, why in great perplexitie I have summoned this Parliament. Yesterday, you know, *Mnesitheus* the Pilot offer'd a Sacrifice for the preservation of his ship, almost wrackt neere the Promontory of *Caphareus*. And feasted as many of us in the *Piraum*, as he call'd to the Sacrifice. After the oblation, you all departed severall wayes, as your businesse led you. Onely I, towards evening return'd to the City to walke in the *Keramick*; considering with my selfe *Mnesitheus* thrift, who entertain'd sixteen

Gods with the sacrifice of one ancient, decayd, rheumatick Cock; and foure graines of musty, wither'd incense, which vanish in the kindling, and sent not up smoake enough to touch the tip of our noses, though he vowed whole Hecatombes, when his ship was ready to dash upon the rocks, and sinke. With these contemplations I was carried on to the painted gallery, where I saw a vast crowde of people, some standing within the Schoole, others without, others very earnest and loud, sitting upon benches. I guessing them, (as indeed they were) to be wrangling Philosophers, drew neere to heare what they said: And wrapping my selfe in a thick cloud, presently transformd my self into one of them; and stroaking my long beard perfectly resembled a Philosopher. Having made my passage with my elbow, I enter'd, unknowne who I was, where I found that Atheist *Damis*, the Epicurean, and the best of men *Timocles* the Stoick, hotly disputing. *Timocles* had quite lost his voyce with sweating and clamour. *Damis*, profusely laughing, ceast not to provoke him. Their vvhole disputation vvas concerning us, vvhom the wicked *Damis* affirmed to be void of providence, and not to regard the affaires of men, vvhich is to maintaine us not to be at all. And this he proved vvith great strength of Argument, and the applause of many. On the contrary, *Timocles*, vvell studied in our cause, encounter'd, abhorred, and repelled his proofes. Much extolling our providence, and shovving how wee rule, dispose, and give order to all things in the world. Nor did hee want some who praysed him. One'y hee was tired, and spoke feebly, which turn'd all the eyes of the multitude upon *Damis*. But I apprehending our danger, caused night to close upon them, and dissolve the meeting: whereupon they divided, upon agreement the next day to give an issue to the disquisition. At their departure I mingled my selfe vvith the presse, and heard them magnifie *Damis's* Arguments, and extoll them above measure. Some also there were vvho vvould not prejudge the
opposite

opposite side, but kept themselves in suspense, what *Timocles* would urge the next morning. These are the motives for which I call'd you together; which are not slight, O yee Gods, if you consider that all our honour, glory, and reverence, proceed from men. If they, then, be once perswaded, either that there are no Gods, or if there be, that they fall not under our providence, we shall no longer receive Sacrifices, gifts, or honour from the earth; But shall here sit neglected in heaven, famisht, and deprived of our Feasts, Holydaies, Games, Oblations, and night Solemnities. I hold it, therefore, fit that wee unanimously advise upon some remedy against those dangers; And how *Timocles* may prevaile, and appeare to be in the truth, and *Damis* may be exposed to the laughter of the Auditors. I am not confident that *Timocles* of himselfe can conquer, unlesse we lend him our assistance. Make legall proclamations therefore, *Mercury*, that vvhosoever will may stand up and speake.

Mercury. Hearken All, with silence. If any of the perfect Gods have ought to say, hee is permitted to speake. How's this? Not one stand up? Or are you struck dumb with the feare of what you have heard?

Momus. Bec all as speechlesse as the earth, and sea. If you will give mee liberty of utterance, *Jupiter*, I have many things to say.

Jupiter. Speake boldly, *Momus*, thy freedome doth promise good counsell.

Momus. Afford mee your Attentions, then, All yee Gods. I have long expected that our affaires should be driven to those straights, and that many such Sophisters should spring up who take the cause of their boldnesse from us. Nor ought wee in equity to be displealed with *Epicurus*, or his followers, and successors in that Sect, for their opinions of us. For what apprehension of us can they have, who see such a tumult, and disorder in things? good men despised, and afflicted with poverty, sicknesse, and thral-

dome; corrupt, and wicked men held in veneration, overflowing with wealth, and bearing rule over the Vertuous? Some to scape punishment with sacriledge, others to bee crucified, and rackt for innocence? when they see such an unequall disposition of things, they may dispute whether there bee such thinges as Gods. Especially when they heare such ambiguous oracles as these: *Halys past; Thou an empire shalt dissolve.* Not explaining whither his owne Empire, or the enemies Againe,

I thou Salam is shalt womens sonnes destroy;

Which held both for *Persians* and *Greekes*, who, I beleeve, were womens sonnes. Againe, when they read those Poems, where wee are sayd to be enamour'd, and wounded and made servants, and imprisoned, and to hold factions, and a thousand such passages which are practiced among us, who all the while pretend to happinesse and immortality, how can they choose but laugh, and contemne us? yet wee are angry because some men are not stupid, but bring these thinges into disputation, and take our providence from us: whereas vvee guilty of such irregularities ought to be glad that vvee are sacrificed to at all. And here, *Jupiter*, (since vvee are alone, and no man present in this Assembly, but *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and *Ganymed*, and *Æsculapius* vvho are novv denizon'd Gods) ansvver mee truly, vvwhether earthly affaires have at any time so enter'd into your care, as to examine vvhat men are vvicked, and vvhat vertuous? Had not *Theseus* travelling from *Træzen* to *Athens* casually slaine the malefactors by the vvay, for any hinderance from you, or your providence, *Sciron*, and *Pityocampes*, and *Cercyon*, and others, might have lived, and glutted themselves vvith the slaughter of passengers. And had not *Euristheus*, a iust and provident Prince, out of his love to mankind, enquired into their grievances, and redrest them by sending abroad *Hercules*, then his servant, an active, stout, and hardy man, *Hydra*, and the *Stymphalides*, the *Tbracian* horses, and contumelious drunken

Centaures

Centaures, had never enter'd into your consideration, *Jupiter*. To say truth, our vvhole employment is to sit, and observe vvho offers sacrifice, and perfumes our Altars. All other things are ruled by chance, and fall out by accident: We suffer, therefore, justly for the present, and are likely to suffer more hereafter, vvhen men looking up to us shall find that 'tis but losse to sacrifice to us, or to send us up oblations. Shortly, therefore, you vvill see the *Epicureans* laugh at us, such Philosophers as *Metrodorus*, and *Damis* prevaile, and our defenders overcome by them. 'Twill concerne us, therefore, to finish, and heale these grievances, both present, and precedent. As for *Momus* there is no feare that I shall be lesse honour'd, who was never yet a God of respect, vvhen you flourish'd, and enjoyed your Sacrifices,

Jupiter. Wee must privilegedge this fellows humour, O yee Gods, which is alwayes bitter, and Satyricall. 'Tis easie for every body, sayes the excellent *Demosthenes*, to find fault, complaine, and rayle; but to show a way how to settle the present distemper, is the work of a wise Counsellour: which I expect from you though he be silent.

Neptune. I, as you all know, live under water, and have my kingdome to my self, in the deep; vvhere, as vvell as I can, I protect passengers, transport shippes, and allay stormes: yet out of my regard to the publique cause, I hold it fit that *Damis*, before he enter into a second dispute, bee destroyed, either by a thunderbolt, or some other vvay, least hee overcome; (for you say, *Jupiter*, hee is eminently persvasive) vvhereby others may perceive, that vvee are able to punish those vvho urge impious Arguments against us.

Jupiter. Are you in jest, *Neptune*, or have you forgot, that such revenges are not in our power, but that the destinies decree vvho shall dye by lightning, vvho by the sword, vvho by a feaver, vvho by a consumption. Did I hold the scales, doe you thinke I would have suffer'd those

those sacrilegious thieves to have scapt from *Olympia* unthunderstruck, who cut off two of my lockes weighing sixe pound a piece. Or would you have connived at the fisherman of *Oreus*, who stole your *Trident* at *Geræstus*? Besides, 'twill argue our passion, melancholy, and feare of *Damis* Syllogismes; as if wee slew him out of our distrust that he would vanquish *Timocles*: which were to get the better, only in an undefended cause.

Neptune. I thought I had contrived a compendious way to victory.

Jupiter. Your contrivance, *Neptune*, is as grosse as a *Tunnyes*, to slay an adversary before his time, and to destroy him unconvinced, leaving the question controvertible, and undecided.

Neptune. Doe you project better, since my counsell is contemptible.

Apollo. Did the Law permit young, unbearded Gods, to give advice, perhaps I might say something usefull to the present businesse.

Momus. In deliberations of this weight, we are not to speake by age, but by the common Interest. For 'twere ridiculous if in extreame perills wee should stand upon niceties of Law. Besides, you *Apollo*, are a legitimate speaker, and have long since past your nonage, and beene enrolled of the twelve, and should have been of the board in *Saturnes* time. Let not your youth, therefore, bee your excuse, but speake your minde freely, nor bee abasht that you are a beardless speaker; your sonne *Æsculapius* having so long a one. Besides, 'twill now become you to give some prooffe of your wisdom, least you appeare to have sate all this while idle at *Helicon*, and to have Philosophized with the Muses.

Apollo. You are not to grant licences, *Momus*, but *Jupiter*. At whose command I may, perhappes, say something worthy the Muses, and my retirement at *Helicon*.

Jupiter. Speake my sonne, you have liberty.

Apollo.

Apollo. Doubtlesse *Timocles* is a vertuous man, a lover of the Gods, and exactly studied in the Stoick Learning; which makes him so stored with pupils, by whom hee receives a large renew; so perswasive is he to his scholars in private. But in publique he is so timorous and of such a silly, and harsh delivery, that he still raises the derision of the auditory by his disconnections, and tautologies, and Nonplusses. And thus he is when he most labours to bee eloquent; Though otherwise he be of a sharp judgment, and subtile apprehension, as they report, who are versed in the Stoick Arguments: which he through imbecility spoyle, and confoundes in the exposition, and urging, not clearly expressing his drift, but proposing his meaning enigmatically, and giving darke answers to the opposite questions. Hence his hearers laugh at as much as they doe not understand. For nothing more advances a disputation, then to urge clearly; and to the capacity of the Auditors.

Momus. You doe well, *Apollo*, to praise perspicuity, though you little practice it in your Oracles; where you are dark, and knotty, and securely cast forth many things so ambiguous to your hearers, that they need another *Apollo* to expound them. But give your advice, how may wee cure the Imperfection of *Timocles* speech?

Apollo. By joyning a Coadjutor to him, *Momus*, who shall take his Arguments, and presse them with a better grace.

Momus. Counsel worthy your beard, and a schoole-master; To place a Co-disputant in such an assembly of Philosophers, to interpret to the Auditors whatsoever *Timocles* shall urge, and *Damis* to dispute single. Besides, should he use a Co-adjutor, privately to whisper his arguments into his eare, and he speak rhetorically more then he understandes, it must needs raise the laughter of the schooles: some other course therefore, is to be thought upon. In the mean time, you, methinkes, who take upon

you to be a prophet, and have such an ample renew
comming in by your predictions, that sometimes they
have offer'd sowes of gold, should in this time of danger
tell us by your Art which of the disputers will prevaile.
For being a Prefager, you cannot but know things fu-
ture.

Apollo. How can I, *Momus*, having neither Tripod,
nor perfume, nor prefaging fountaine here, like that of
Castalia?

Momus. See how you Wave my demand, and to what
straights you are driven.

Jupiter. Answer him, Sonne, and give not the railer
occasion to detract or slander thee, as if thy skill lay in a
Trivet, and Spring, and Incense, without which thy Art
failes thee.

Apollo. I should better obey, Father, at *Delphos*, or *Co-
lophon*? amidst my Oracles, as my custome is: yet unfur-
nished as I am, I will endeavour to foretell you whole shall
be the victory. But perhaps you will take exceptions un-
lesse I speake in verse.

Momus. No matter so you speake things which need not
a Comment, or Interpreter. No sheep, or tortoyse is now
boyled in *Lydia*; you know about what affaire you are
consulted.

Jupiter. What gastly terrours precede Oracles? See, his
colour changes, his eyes rowle, his haire bristles, his gate
is frantick. All things testifie a divine possession, and are
full of mystery and horreur.

Apollo. Unto Propheticke Phœbus lend your eares,
About a strife rais'd by loud Sophisters;
Who arm'd with fables, dart disputes, and Noyse:
And fill the Streets with Syllogismes, and voyce.
But when the Vultur in his crooked claws
Shall graspe the locust, and shewre telling dawes,
Have clackt their last, the Mules shall then prevaile;
But th' Asse shall his fleet colts with hornes assaile.

Jupiter.

Jupiter. Why do you laugh so profusely, *Momus*? our present affaires are above sport. Cease, Mischiefe, or thou wilt be choakt with laughter.

Momus. How can I choose *Jupiter*, at such a cleare, and intelligible Oracle?

Jupiter. It seemes you can interpret, then, what hee sayd.

Momus. 'Tis so plaine, that wee need not a *Themistocles*. For the Oracle sayes expressely that the utterer is a cheater, and that wee are pack Asses, and Mules for beleeving him, and have not so much wit as Grasshoppers.

Hercules. Pardon mee Father, *Jove*, if I, an assumed God, speake my opinion; When they are met for disputation; If *Timocles* have the better We will let the arguments goe on; But if it happen otherwise, I, if you please, will shake the Schoole, and cast it on *Damis*, that he shall never more impiously reproach us.

Momus. O *Hercules*, *Hercules*, how wildly, and *Bæotian* like hast thou spoken, to destroy so many innocents with one offendour, and demolish a schoole, with *Marathon*, *Miltiades*, and *Cynagirus*? After whose ruine, how shall the *Rhetoricians* make their speeches, being deprived of their greatest argument, and helpe? Besides, in your lifetime, perhaps you might have performed such an exploit. But since you were made a God you have learnt, I beleeve, that such accidents are reserved onely for the Fates, and exempted from our power.

Hercules. When I slew the Lyon, and Hydra, then was I but instrument to the Destinies?

Jupiter. 'Tis so.

Hercules. If one should now affront mee, or robbe my Temple, or demolish my Statue, might I not crush him; though the sisters had not anciently decreed so?

Jupiter. By no meanes.

Hercules. With your leave, then, *Jupiter*, be it spoken. (for I, as the Poet sayes, am a blunt fellow, and call a

(spade a spade) If our case be so, I will take farewell of my honours, Imoke of incense, and blood of sacrifices here, and go down to hell, armed with my naked bow, where the shades will dread mee for the savages I have slayne.

Jupiter. So, here's a home witnesse, as they say. You have just taught *Damis* what to say. But what brasen faire-shapte, well carved, hasty messenger comes yonder, with an antique bend about his head? 'Tis thy brother, *Mercury*, The *Rhetorician* who stands in the paynted gallery, see how fullyed he is with being so often cast: what brings thee hither post, my sonne? Any newes from the Earth?

Hermagoras. Great newes, *Jupiter*, and well deserving of my dispatch.

Jupiter. Speak it, if it be any thing wee knew not before.

Hermagoras. As I was just now under the brasiers hands, who loder'd my breast to my back, and carved a ridiculous corselet about my body, and with like art stamp't his Copper marke upon mee, I saw a tumultuous crowd of people thronging about. Two bawling ill lookt, contentious Sophisters, *Damis*, and ——

Jupiter. No more, *Hermagoras*, of your tragickall newes: I know whom you mean. But tell mee how long have they been at skirmish?

Hermagoras. They do but yet hurle darts at a distance, and cast reproaches at one another.

Jupiter. All wee can now doe, yee Gods, is to bow downe our eares, and listen to them. Let the Porter Houres therefore, remove the bolts, dispell the clouds, and set open the doores of Heaven. Good *Hercules*! what a multitude of hearers are met together? I doe not like *Timocles*, hee trembles, and is so daunted, that hee will betray our cause, and confesseth himselfe manifestly unable to encounter *Damis*. Let us, therefore, the best we can assist him with

our prayers, and wishes, silently, and to our selves, least *Damis* heare us.

Timocles. Darest thou maintaine, thou sacrilegious *Damis*, that there are no Gods, nor any providence over men?

Damis. No. But first answer mee, why thou art perswaded there are.

Timocles. Nay first, answer mee, Thou lewd fellow.

Damis. Not till thou answer mee.

Jupiter. Thus farre our man hath the better, and hath given the lowder onset. To him *Timocles*, raile at him; For therein lyes thy strength; Though at Argumentation hee be able to stop thy mouth, and make thee as silent as a fish.

Timocles. By *Minerva* I will not give the first answer.

Damis. Well, *Timocles*, your oath shall prevaile. Propose your question, but without ill language, I pray.

Timocles. Tell mee then, Thou Miscreant, dost thou hold that the Gods have no providence?

Damis. I do.

Timocles. That's very fine indeed; do all things fall out, then, without providence?

Damis. Yes.

Timocles. And is the care of the Universe not order'd by the Gods?

Damis. Noe.

Timocles. Are things, then, carried by Accident and blind chance?

Damis. They are.

Timocles. Can you, good people, heare these things with patience and not stone this blasphemer?

Damis. Why doe you provoke the people against mee, *Timocles*? or what are you, that you should be thus tempestuous for the Gods? when they hearing mee formerly (if yet they can heare) were not all displeased, nor made mee a wretched example.

Timocles. They doe heare thee, Nay they doe heare thee, *Damis*, and will punish thee hereafter.

Damis. When will they have leisure to punish mee, who, you say, are taken up with such serious employments, as the disposition and ordering of the numberlesse affaires of the world? so that they have not yet had time to revenge themselves on thee for thy perjuries, and other offences? Excuse mee if thy own provocations draw bad language from mee, who cannot see what greater prooffe of their providence the Gods can shew, then to destroy such a sinner as thou art. But 'tis plain they are travelled from home over the sea to the devout *Æthiopians*. For they use frequently to goe thither for entertainment, and sometimes without invitation.

Timocles. What shall I say to so much impudence, *Damis*?

Damis. Marrye, that which I have long desired to heare, how you became perswaded that the Gods have a providence.

Timocles. I tooke my first perswasion from the order of things; observing the Sunne alwayes to move in the same Circle, as also the Moone, then the revolution of times, the springing of the Plants, the generation of beasts, and these so regularly disposed, as to be able to feed, move, apprehend, walke, build, contrive defences. All which seeme to mee as so many demonstrations of providence.

Damis. You run away with the question, *Timocles*, nor have you yet proved whether providence move those wheeles or noe. That such things are done, I grant, but whether ruled by the hand of providence I hold not necessary to be beleaved. 'Tis true there is an orderly rising, and course of things, but you call this order necessity. Then you grow Cholericke if you be not obey'd in your opinion, when you make an enumeration of things, and thinke your praises of them are so many demonstrations that all their revolutions and changes are the effects of providence. Hitherto, therefore, your answer hath bin frivolous, give a better.

Timocles.

Timocles. Methinkes they need not a higher prooffe; yet I will produce others: Answer mee, then, Dost thou take *Homer* to bee the best Poet?

Damis. Yes.

Timocles. I build my faith, then, on his authority: he plainly mentioneth a providence of the Gods.

Damis. Most admired Sir, Wee all grant that *Homer* was an excellent Poet, but not that he or any other Poet is of authority sufficient in this case. For truth, I beleeve, was nor their ayme, but the delight of their hearers. And, therefore, they sung in verse, and mixt fables with their numbers, having only pleasure for their end. But I would faine know by what place of *Homer* you were most perswaded. By that where speaking of *Jupiter*, he sayes, his daughter, and brother, and wife, took counsell to bind him, and had not *Thetis* out of compassion call'd in *Briareus* to his ayd, our great *Jupiter* had bin fettered, and hurried to priton? Out of his gratitude for which rescue, at *Thetis* suite, he deceived *Agamemnon*, and sent him a false dream, that many of the *Gracians* might be destroyed. Where observe that he was not able by a bolt of thunder to consume *Agamemnon*, unlesse he had shown himself a deceiver too. Or perhaps, you are most swayed by the description, how *Diomedes* assisted by *Pallas* wounded *Venus*, and *Mars* himselfe. And how, a little after, the Gods held a conflict, and warre among themselves, males with females, where *Pallas* overcomes *Mars*, weakened, I suppose, by the wound hee received from *Diomed*: And gainst *Latona* usefull *Hermes* stands. Or perchance your periwasion is built on that passage of *Diana*, where shee complaines, and takes disdayne, that shee was not invited by *Oeneus* to his feast; and in revenge sent a vast Bore of an invincible strength to waite his country. Are these the authorities of *Homer*, on which you build your beleeve?

Jupiter. Harke what a humme the applauding multitude give *Damis*, whilst our man stands like one forsaken, dismaid,

dismaid, and trembling, and ready to cast away his shield, and prying after a passage to make an escape.

Timocles. What thinkest thou of the authority of *Euripides*, who brings in the Gods upon the stage, protecting vertuous, and valiant men, and subverting the wicked, and irreligious, such as thou?

Damis. If, *Timocles*, Thou most learned of Philosophers, you have drawne your perswasion from tragedies, one of those two must necessarily follow; either you must take *Pöle*, or *Aristodemus*, or *Satyr* for the Gods, or for the Actours of the Gods; when you see them clad in buskins, long robes, spangled clokes, rich manles, gloves, ventrals, glittering corslets, and other properties, with which they set off their tragedies, which were most absurd: since *Euripides* of himselfe, and unconstrain'd, freely delivers his opinion in his playes, where you may heare him clearly say,

*Seest thou the Ayre diffus'd in boundlesse spaces,
Encircling earth, and sea with moist imbraces,
Thinke this is Jupiter, thinke this is God.*

Againe:

*What Jupiter is Jupiter I know not,
But what goes in tradition. -----
and the like.*

Timocles. Are all people and nations deceived then, who hold there are Gods, and celebrate their Festivalls?

Damis. I thanke you, *Timocles*, for quoting the Nations. From whom any man may learne what small certainties may be had of the Gods, of whom there are so many doubts, and diversities of opinion. For the *Scythians* sacrifice to a Whinyard, the *Thracians* to *Zamolxis* a fugitive; who fled from *Samos* thither; the *Phrygians* to the *Moone*; the *Aethiopians* to the day; the *Cyllenians* to *Phales*; the *Affyrians* to a Dove; the *Persians* to Fire; and the

the *Egyptians* to water; which is their Deity. More peculiarly the *Memphites* have an Oxe for their God; the *Pelusians* an Onion; some a Storke, or Crockodile; others a Dogge, or Catt, or Ape. Againe, in streetes, To some the right side is the Deity, to the opposite dwellers the left, to others halfe the head. Some adore an earthen cup, others a dish. Are not these Gods to be laught at, most holy *Tomocles*?

Momus. Did I not tell you, yee Gods, that all this would be divulged, and be brought into discussion?

Jupiter. Thou didst, *Momus*, and didst deservedly chide us. It shall be, therefore, my businesse, if we scape this brunt, to contrive a reformation.

Timocles. Tell mee yet, thou enemy to the Gods, from whence proceed the Oracles, and predictions of things to come? not from them and their prelcience?

Damis. Speake no more of Oracles, good Sir, but let mee aske you upon what Oracle you most rely? upon that which *Apollo* gave to *Cræsus*? you know 'twas two edged, and faced like those double pictures of *Mercury*, which are both sides alike, which way soever you turne them. Nor revealed it whether *Cræsus* passing *Halis* should ruine his owne, or *Cyrus* Empire. Yet that ambiguous Oracle cost the wretched *Sardian* not a few talents.

Momus. This fellow is false upon the very objection, yee Gods, vvhich I most feared. Where is our divine fidler now? Why do you not defend your selfe *Apollo*?

Jupiter. Thou massacrest us, *Momus*, with thy unseasonable reprehensions.

Timocles. Thou ver't best, then, thou Atheist, quite overthrow the religion, and altars of the Gods by thy impious discourses.

Damis. I vvould not have altars pull'd dovne, *Timocles*; since vvithout any great inconvenience they may still send forth sweet smells, and perfumes. Yet I vvould be

glad to see *Diana's* Altar at *Taurica* utterly demolisht, if she delight in such Sacrifices on them.

Jupiter. What an uncontrollable mischief is fallen upon us? This fellow spares no God, but inveighs, and lets fly at all, vvwhether guilty, or not.

Momus. You vvill find fevv of us innocent, *Jupiter*; And therefore you shall have him presently strike at the highest.

Timocles. O thou God-opposing *Damis*, dost thou not sometimes heare *Jupiter* thunder?

Damis. I heare thunder, *Timocles*; but whether *Jupiter* be the thunderer, you know better then I, vvho came lately from him. They vvho come from *Creet* say otherwise; where his sepulcher is to be seene with a pillar erected, shewing him long since dead, not thundring.

Momus. I long since foresaw he would make that objection. Why doe you loose colour, *Jupiter*, and gnash your teeth for fear. You are to take courage, and contemne such fellowes.

Jupiter. Contemne, say you, *Momus*? doe you not see what a ringe of Auditors he hath? And what perswasions of us they take in from *Damis*, who leades them captivated by the eares?

Momus. But you, *Jupiter*, when you please, letting downe your golden chaine, can draw them all up vvith the earth, and sea.

Timocles. Tell mee, Infidell, were't thou ever at sea?

Damis. Often, *Timocles*.

Timocles. Were you not driven by the winde, falling on your tackling, and swelling your sailes, or by Rowers? and did not a pilot, standing at the helme, preserve the ship?

Damis. I grant it.

Timocles. A shippe, then, ungovern'd could not sayle. And canst thou imagine the whole universe should move without a governour, or pilot?

Damis. Your illustration, *Timocles*, is discreet, and solid.

lid. But, then, the pilot of a ship alwayes contrives things necessary; and before hand precribes their imployment to the saylers, and provides that the vessells carry nothing uselesse, or unfit, but be fraught with profitable burden. But your other pilot, who, you say, rules the greater shippe, and his co-governours order nothing regularly, as becomes them. But sometimes, as it falls out, the mast is fastned to the sterne; and the tackling to the fore-decke. Sometimes the Anchors are of gold, and the trimme of lead; the bottome under water is carved, and paynted, the deck and rayles are deform'd and rude. Againe, you may observe some of the saylers, sluggish and artlesse, and impotent at their businesse, rewarded with double or treble shares. Others able to steere, and to order the sayles, and skill'd in navigation, set to empty the sinkes. The like observation you may make of the passengers. Many times a slave sits uppermost, next the governour, and is lookt upon with reverence, or perhappes, some Catamite, Parricide, or Church robber, is advanced to the highest place of the shippe, and many vertuous men are thrust into an obscure, retired hole, and trampled by them: Consider, how *Socrates*, *Aristides*, and *Phocion*, sayled; how unsufficiently victualled, and unable to stretch their feet upon the bare boardes beyond the sinke. On the contrary, in what streames of pleasure did *Callias*, and *Midas*, and *Sardanapalus* swimme, and look downe upon their inferiours? This is the Government, *Timocles*, of your shippe, under which have happen'd a thousand wrackes. If there were a pilot who observed, or order'd things, first, he would not be ignorant, what passengers are vertuous, what wicked. Next, hee would assigne imployments answerable to every mans desert; and place the best men in the best place, neer himself, and the worst men in the worst below. Then, he would take into his counsel, and fellowship, the most excellent. The industrious Sayler should rule the sterne, or governe the sides, or com-

mand in chiete; The slothfull and carelesse should five times a day be beaten about the head with a rope. The instance, therefore, which, admired Sir, you have given of a shippe is through the badnesse of the pilot in danger to suffer wrack.

Momus. This succeeds according to the streame of *Damis*, who now with full sailes is carried on to victory.

Jupiter. 'Tis true, *Momus*; *Timocles* hath urged not one argument of weight, but all common and vulgar, and easie to be confuted.

Timocles. Since you thinke the example of the ship of small force, hear now a sacred anchor, as they say, a prooffe by no engine to be broken.

Jupiter. What more will he urge?

Timocles. I will now presse thee with a Syllogisme; see if thou be able to overthrow it. If there be Altars, there are Gods, but there be Altars, therefore there are Gods; Answer mee to this.

Damis. I will, as soone as I have laught my fill.

Timocles. Methinkes your laughter is very endlesse, prythee tell mee why thou thinkest my argument ridiculous.

Damis. Because you discern not by what a slender thred your anchor, though sacred, hangs. For by inferring that there are Gods because there are Altars, you thinke you have woven an invincible Cable. Since, therefore, you professe your selfe unable to spring a prooffe helper, for this time let us depart.

Timocles. Thou confessest thy selfe vanquisht, then, by breaking off first?

Damis. I doe, *Timocles.* For you, like malefactors led to punishment, fly to Altars. By your sacred Anchor, therefore, I sweare to sacrifice upon your Altars against you, that we may no more dispute of them.

Timocles. Thou may'st flout mee, thou tombe-breaker, villayn, abominable slave, whipt rogue, scumme of men,

men; whose uncertaine father we know not, but know thy mother was a whore; who slewest thy brother, lyest with mens wives, corruptest young boyes; Thou luxurious, impudent fellow. Fly nottill I beat thee; for I will mawle thee, Pagan as thou art, with this Brick-bat.

Jupiter. *Damis* goes away fleering, O yee Gods, the other followes rayling, and impatient of his jeeres, and ready to breake his head, with a potsheard; what shall wee doe?

Mercury. Methinkes the Comick poet sayes well; *mischiefes contemned loose their force.* What great danger can it be, then, if a few men goe home thus perswaded? there are more who hold the contrary both *Gracians*, of other nations, and the *Barbarians* in generall.

Jupiter. Yet I cannot but repeat, *Mercury*, that gallant saying of *Darius*, spoken of *Zopyrus*. *I had rather have such a one as Damis of my side, then conquer a thousand Babelons.*



The Cynicke.

The speakers Lycinus, and a Cynicke.

Lycinus. **H**OW comes it, Friend, that you have a long beard, and hair, but have no gowne, but goe ragged, and unshod, making a vagrant, inhumane, savage life your choice, and against all example abusing your body wander up and down, and lodge upon the bare ground, sullyng your coate, which is not of the finest webbe, nor over soft, or florid.

Cynicke. Yet I feele no want: whatsoever is of easie procurement, and posselt with least trouble sufficeth mee.

But pray tell mee, doe you thinke luxury a vice?

Lycinus. Yes.

Cynicke. And frugality a vertue?

Lycinus. Yes.

Cynicke. Why, then, seeing mee live thriftier then others, and others live more wastefully, do you accuse mee, and not them?

Lycinus. Because you seeme not to mee to live thriftier then others, but more distressed, or rather more perfectly needy, and poore; not at all differing from beggars, who begge their dayly sustinance.

Cynicke. Shall we, then, (since wee are enter'd into this discourse) define what want, and enough is?

Lycinus. If you please.

Cynicke. Is that sufficient for every man which satisfies his want, or do you require more?

Lycinus. Bee it so.

Cynicke. And is that poverty, when necessaries are supplied in a shorter proportion then is fit?

Lycinus. Tis.

Cynicke. I then lack nothing, whose necessaries are sufficiently satisfied.

Lycinus. How meane you?

Cynicke. Consider the end of all our provisions against poverty. Is not a house for shelter?

Lycinus. Yes.

Cynicke. For what use are cloathes? are they not for coverings?

Lycinus. Yes.

Cynicke. And why, for Gods sake, do wee need coverings? Is't not for welfare of the thing cover'd?

Lycinus. I thinke so.

Cynicke. What thinke you, then? are my feet worse then other mens?

Lycinus. I know not.

Cynicke. Thus, then, you may know, what is the businesse of feet?

Lycinus.

Lycinus. To go.

Cynicke. Do my feet, then, thinke you, carry mee worse then other mens?

Lycinus. Perhaps not.

Cynicke. But if they were better, or worse, could they not perform their office?

Lycinus. Proceed.

Cynicke. I show not worse affected in my feet, then, then other men?

Lycinus. You do not.

Cynicke. Is my body worse then other mens? If it be worse, then 'tis feebler; for the vertue of the body is strength; Is it feebler then?

Lycinus. Not in appearance.

Cynicke. Neither my feet, then, nor the rest of my body need a covering. If they did, they would be ill affected. For want is altogether ill, and where 'tis, makes things worse. But my body shoves not the worse fed, because I eat what ever comes to hand.

Lycinus. 'Tis clear.

Cynicke. Nor would it be vigorous, if 'twere ill nourisht. For bad dyet rots, and corrupts the body.

Lycinus. 'Tis right.

Cynicke. Tell mee, then, my case being thus, why you blame, and disparage my course of life, and call it miserable?

Lycinus. Because when nature, (whom you adore) and the Gods have set an earth before us, and enabled it to bring forth such plenty of good things, as that without envy there might be sufficient not only to supply wants, but for pleasure too, yet you, deprived of all, or most of these, enjoy no more then the beasts. You drinke water like a beast, and eat what you find like a dogge. Then your lodging is no better then that of dogges; for you lye upon the grasse like them. Then you wear a garment too totter'd for a begger. If, then, this contentment proceed
from

from your wisdom, God hath done ill to make fat sheep, delightful vines, and the other wonderfull varieties of nature, as oyle, honey, and the like, that we might have food of all sorts. As, also, pleasant drinke, mony, soft beds, fair houses, and all things provided for our use. The works of art, also, are the works of the Gods. To live, then, deprived of all these, is to be miserable, though you were deprived by another, like prisoners. But his case is much more miserable, who deprives himself of all these good things, for 'tis an evident madnesse.

Cynicke. 'Tis something you say. But, then tell mee, if a rich man should cheerfully, courteously, & friendly make a feast, and entertaine guests of all sorts, some weake, and some strong, & should set before them dishes of all variety, and one of the invited should engrosse, and devoure all the meates both neere him, and remote, which were drest for the sickly, being himself sound, and having but one belly satisfyable with a little, should yet out-stay the rest, would you take this for a wel-carriaged man?

Lycinus. By no meanes.

Cynicke. Or a temperate?

Lycinus. Neither.

Cynicke. What if another at the same table should neglect the variety, and choosing one dish neer him, sufficient to dine him, should civilly eat of it, and no other, without desire of the rest; would you not thinke this man more vertuous, and temperate then the other?

Lycinus. Doubtlesse.

Cynicke. Do you know what I am about to say?

Lycinus. What?

Cynicke. God is like that liberall inviter; And hath set before us entertainments of all sorts, and agreeable to all palates; some things for the healthy, some things for the sicke, some things for the strong, others for the weake. Not that all should enjoy all, but every one those things which are proper for him, as his need requires. But you are

are like him, who through his insatiate appetite, and intemperance snatches all, when you ayme at universall fruiti-
ons, and send your desires into all parts, nor content with
the things next you, nor thinking the earth or sea sufficient
for you, fetch pleasures from the farthest coasts, and pre-
ferre things forraigne before native, and costly before
cheap; and things of difficult procurement before things
of easy. In a word, desireing rather the evils of businesse,
and trafficke, then the calmes of life. For all these pretious,
and happy provisions, in which you rejoyce, are convey-
ed to you through many anguishes, and disquietts. Con-
sider, I pray, your so much desired Gold, and Silver; Con-
sider your magnificent houses; Consider your studied
garments, Consider all things belonging to these, with
how much negotiation, toyle, danger, blood, slaughter, and
ruine of men, are they purchased? who not only suffer
shipwracke in sayling for them, besides other calamities
which they undergoe in their search, and pursuite, but
imbarke themselves in frequent warres, and lay mutuall
trappes, and ambushes, friendes against friendes, chil-
dren against parents, and wives against husbandes. Thus
for Gold, I suppose, *Eriphile* betray'd her husband. And
when all is done, embroidery makes not garments
warmer. Nor doe houses shelter because they are guilt.
Nor doth the mettall of the bowle enrich the wine; nor
doe beddes of Gold, or Ivory yeild the sweetest sleepes.
But you shall many times see rich men want sleep in a
bed of Ivory, and under an embroyder'd coverlet. Besides
all your negotiations about meates nourish not better, but
corrupt the body, and engender diseases. I omitt to speake
how many difficultyes men undergoe, and suffer, for
the satisfaction of their lusts: which were easily cured,
were luxury banisht; For which men thinke the com-
mon folly, and corruption, not sufficient, unlesse they
pervert the naturall use of thinges; as when they convert
their beddes into coaches.

Lycinus. Who do so?

Cynicke. You; who imploy men like your beastes, to carry you in your sedans, like litters on their shoulders; whilest you siting delicately aloft, doe reyne your Porters, like mules, and bid them turne what way you list. And they who doe thus most, are held most happy. Then, doe not they who use not fishes for food, but to extract rich colours from them, as purple dyers, unnaturally misimploy Gods creatures?

Lycinus. No; If they can dye, as well nourish.

Cynicke. But they were not ordained for that end. As one may force a cuppe to the imployment of a kettle, but it was not made for that imployment. Your mileries are so many, that I cannot stand to recount them all. And yet dare you blame mee for not being a partaker? I live like the well-behaved man, I speake of, content with the things next mee, and of easiest provision. Not at all allured, by your varities, and daynties. Yet though I need few things, and use as few, my life to you seemes brutish. By the same reason the Gods are in worse condition then beastes; for they lack nothing. But that you may know how much better 'tis to need few things then many consider that children lacke more things, then grown youthes, and women more then men; and the diseased more then the healthy. Briefly, the worse estate wants more then the better. Thus the Gods want nothing, and therefore they neereft approach them who want least. Can you imagine *Hercules* (the most valiant of men, and deservedly reckond among the Gods) was miserable when hee travell'd up and downe naked, clothed only with a skinne, and lackt none of those things? certainly hee could not be miserable, who deliver'd others from calamity; nor poor, who ruled over land and sea. For where ever hee made his assault, hee vanquish't; nor did hee ever meet with his equall, or superiour, till hee left the conversation of men. Can you thinke, then
that

that such a one, who thus traverst the world, did want a rugge, or shooes? you cannot. But he was temperate, and stout, desired to live frugally; and to avoid pleasure. Was not his scholar *Theseus*, also, King of the *Athenians*, *Neptunes* sonne, and the bravest man of his time? yet he contemned shooes, and went barefoote, and cherisht a long beard, and hayre. Nor was it his only, but the practice of all the ancients, who were your betters; and would have brookt the present luxury no more then a Lyon will suffer himselfe to be shorne. Tender nesse, and sleek nesse of flesh they thought only became women. They, as they were, still chose to appeare men; and held hair as much their ornament, as a mane a horses, or a beard a Lyons. To whom, as God hath given somethinges for ornament, and beauty, soe he hath given beardes to men. The ancients, therefore, shall be my example and imitation. Nor doe I envy the men of these times for their felicity, full tables, and rich apparell; or becaule they polish, and smooth all parts of their body, not content with those secret parts as nature sent them. For my part, I wish my feet differ'd not from horses hooves, as they report of *Chiron*. Or that I wanted a coverlet no more then Lyons, or high fare no more then dogges. Or that any earth, or floor may suffice mee for a lodging; That I may thinke the world my house; That my diett may be that which is easiest purchast; That neither I nor any friend of mine may covet Silver, or Gold: the thirst whereof is the root of all evils, factions, warres, treasons, and slaughters; All which have the desire of more for their fountaine, and springe. Bee, therefore, the itch of abundance farre from mee; And when I have not sufficient, yet may I bee content. This is our doctrine, utterly different from the common received opinions of the most. Nor are you to marvelle, that wee differ from others in our manners, and course, who differ so much from us in their elections, and choices. Meane time I wonder at you, how

you can thinke there is a certaine habit, and behaviour, proper for a fidler, trumpeter, and player, and do not perceive that there is a garbe, and dresse proper also for a vertuous man; but thinke he is to habitt himselfe like the most, though the most be vitious. If, then, good men are to be peculiar in their clothes, what attire is seemlier then that which is most disgracefull to the luxurious, and which they most eschew? 'Tis my bravery, therefore, to wear a slovenly, nasty, patcht coate, neglected hayre, and to go barefoote. whereas you in your bravery resemble *Cinadō's*, from whom you are not to be distinguish't, either in the colour, or delicacy of your garments, or the number of your suites, clokes, or shoos, or the curlings, and powdrings of your hayre. For the most courtly among you smell just like them. And what can hee doe like a man, who is perfumed like a *Patbicke*? Then, you are as impatient of labour as they, as easily melted with pleasures; you eate, sleep, and goe like them; or rather ye refuse to goe and are carryed, like burdens, some of you by men; others by beasts. My own feet carry mee where I list: who am patient of cold, and heat, and repine not at the seasons which the Gods send; or because they make mee miserable. But you, through too much felicity, are content with nothing, but alwayes complaine. You loath the things you have, and desire the things you have not. In winter you wish summer, in summer winter; In heat cold, and in cold heat; like displeased sick folkes who are alwayes whining; Onely they have their sicknesse for a cause, you your manners. Would you, then, have us change our course, and rectifie our life by yours, who so frequently erre in your counsels, and are so indiscreet in your actions, and do nothing with judgment, or discourse, but by custome and appetite? Certainly you differ nothing from men carried by a Torrent; For they are hurried where ever the floud pleaseth, and you where your Lusts. Soe that you are in his case, who (as they say.) ascended the
back

back of a wild horse; The horse ran away with him, and hee being in full speed could not alight. And when one met him, and askt whither he rode so fast, hee said, whithersoever this horse pleaseth. Soe, should one aske you whither you are carryed, your answer will be, if you speake truth, wheresoever your affections please. Particularly, sometimes where your pleasure pleaseth; sometimes where your ambition; sometimes where your vainglory; sometimes where your covetousnesse of gaine; sometimes also your rage, sometimes your feare: still some passion or other transports you. You, then, are mounted on the back, not of one but of many wild horses by turnes; which hurry you tipon steeps, and precipices; yet till you fall you perceive not your danger. Whereas, my patcht coat, which you deride, and my hayre, and rude accoutrements, have the power to create mee a quiet life; to do what I list, and to converse with whom I list. None of the ignorant, or unlearned will approach mee for my habiks sake. Then effeminate men decline mee as farre off, onely the best wits, modestest men, and lovers of vertue resort to mee, in whose company I take delight. Their gates, who are call'd Great men, I regard not, but looke upon their guilt chaplets, and purple, as arguments of their pride, and laugh at the wearers. But that you may know how agreeable my habit is, not onely to good men, but to the Gods themselves, (and then laugh if you can) consider their Statues; whom do they most resemble, you or mee? goe over all the Temples also, both of the *Greekes*, and *Barbarians*, and consider whether their Gods have long hayre, and beards, like mee, or are like you, carved, and drawne, trimd, and shaven. You shall see most of them clothlesse, and naked like mee. How dare you, then, speake of my accoutrements, as reproachfull, when they become the Gods?



Jupiter Confuted, or, a Discourse of
Destiny.

The Speakers, Cyniscus, and Jupiter.

Cyniscus. **F**OR my part, *Jupiter*, I will never trouble you with petty petitions for Riches, Gold, or Empire, which most men pray for, but are not easie for you to grant: which makes you deafe to their prayers. My desire is, that you would satisfie mee an ordinary request.

Jupiter. What is't, *Cyniscus*? Thou shalt not be denied, since thou sayest thy petitions are modest.

Cyniscus. 'Tis, that you would answer mee to a slight question.

Jupiter. 'Tis a small request, and very grantable; Aske, therefore, what thou wilt.

Cyniscus. I pray marke, then, *Jupiter*. 'Tis like you have read *Homer's*, and *Hesiod's* Poems. Tell mee, is all true which they have spoken of Fate, and the Destinies, when they say, that the thred which they spinne at every man's nativity is unavoidable?

Jupiter. 'Tis all very true: Nothing is free from their decrees. And whatsoever is done is first roll'd upon their spindle: where, from the beginning, all things have their infallible events assigned them, which cannot but come to passe.

Cyniscus. When, *Homer*, then in another part of his Poem sayes,

*He entred Plutoe's Court though fates forbad:
and the like, we are to take him in jest?*

Jupiter.

Jupiter. Yes . For no such thing could be achieved against the Lawes of the destinies, or beyond their Line. All things sung by Poets inspired by the Muses are true. But where the inspiration forsakes them, and they are left to themselves, what ever they write is fabulous, and repugnant to their former raptures . Yet are they to be pardon'd, if they erre, after their dispossession of the God who spoke by them .

Cyniscus. Well be it so . Let mee aske you one question more . Are there not three Destinies , *Clotbo* , *Lachesis* , and *Atropos* ?

Jupiter. There are .

Cyniscus. What are the so much celebrated Fate, and Fortune then ? Have they a power equall to the Destinies, or above them ? for I heare every body say nothing is more forcible then Chance and Fate.

Jupiter. 'Tis not lawfull for thee to know all things, *Cyniscus* . But why didst thou aske mee concerning the Destinies ?

Cyniscus. First resolve mee , *Jupiter* , whetheryou be under their Empire, and empaled within their line ?

Jupiter. Most necessarily , *Cyniscus* . Why dost thou smile ?

Cyniscus. That passage of *Homer* is come to my mind, where, in a Parliament of the Gods , hee brings you in, uttering this threatning speech ; That with your golden chaine you would draw up all things to you. For there you say, That you would let downe a chaine from Heaven, with which, should all the Gods with all their force strive to pull you downe, they were not able, but if you listd you could easily draw all them up with the earth, and sea. When I read this, I apprehended you of an admirable strength, and trembled at the Verses . But now I see both you, and your chaine, and great threats, by your confession, hang upon a slender Thred . Methinkes, therefore, *Clotbo* might with more reason pronounce your bragge , who seeth you hang

hang aloft at her distaffe, like fishes at an Angle.

Jupiter. I understand not the drift of your questions.

Cyniscus. By the destinyes, and Fate, then, I desire you will heare mee speake free truthes, without impatience, or choller. If the case stand so, that the destinyes rule all, and that nothing which they have once decree'd can bee alter'd, why doe wee men sacrifice to you Gods, and offer up Heccatombes with our prayers that you would dropp benefits on us? I see no fruite of our devotions, if by our petitions we cannot divert evils, nor receive good from you.

Jupiter. I now know from whence you have borrowed your subtile inquiries; from those accursed Sophisters who say, we exercise no providence over men; and by such impious questions as these dissuade men from their sacrifices, and prayers, as from vanities: maintaining that wee take no care of your actions, nor indeed can doe any thing in earthly affaires. But they shall not long triumph in their discourtes.

Cyniscus. I sweare by *Clotho's* spindle, *Jupiter*, no perswasion taken from them hath bin the ground of my questions: But the progresse of our conference hath, I know not how, driven me to thinke sacrifices are needlesse. Let mee, therefore, without your disturbance, crave your resolution to one brief question more; and consider of your answer.

Jupiter. If thou bee at leisure to trifle, propose it.

Cyniscus. Doe all things happen, say you, by destinye?

Jupiter. I affirme it.

Cyniscus. And is't not in your power to change, and un-spinne their decrees?

Jupiter. By no meanes.

Cyniscus. May I, with your leave, from hence make inferences, and clear, or not clear, report what you say?

Jupiter.

Jupiter 'Tis clear, that wee are not sacrificed to out of any necessity, but for hope of returnes: so that men adore use either, to buy benefits of us, or out of a vertuous love to religion.

Cyniscus. And this you thinke sufficient, and affirme, that profit is not the cause of oblations, but the piety of some men, who honour what is best: But if a Sophister were present, he would aske, why you stile the Gods best, since they are but fellow servants with men, and subjects to the same mistresses, and Destinies. You will not say their condition is better, because they are immortal. For 'tis so much the worse. Since death, if nothing else shifts men into liberty. But your thraldome is endlesse, and your servitude is eternall, and drawne out into an everlasting thredde.

Jupiter. But this endlesse perpetuity, *Cyniscus*, is our happinesse, who live in a full fruition of all good things.

Cyniscus. You are not all happy alike, *Jupiter*, but your felicities are distinguisht by their perturbations: you perchance are happy, being King of the Gods, and able, by the demission of a coard, to draw up earth, and sea. But *Vulcan*, meane time, is a lame, sullyed, mechanickall Smith: *Prometheus*, also, was once crucified. I speake not now of your father, who lyes shackled in Hell. They report of your loves, and wounds, and prentiships to men: Your brother hired by *Laomedon*; and *Apollo* by *Admetus*: Employments in my judgement not very happy. So that some of you seeme happy, and of prosperous estate, others not. I forbear to mention how you are robbed, like us, and suffer sacriledge, and the wealthyest of you in an instant beggars. Besides, many of you who are gold, and silver, and were decreed to it, are cast, and melted.

Jupiter. You may speake reproachfully of us, *Cyniscus*, and may hereafter repent it.

Cyniscus. Spare your threats, *Jupiter*; you know I can suffer nothing to which I am not predestinated by the

Fates. They who robbed your Temples are not yet punish'd, but have most of them elapt you; being, I suppose, decreed not to be caught.

Jupiter. Did I not say thou wert one of those, who by their discourses overthrow providence?

Cyniscus. You are over causelessly suspicious, *Jupiter*; and take what ever I say for their doctrine. From whom can I learne these truths, but from you? I would gladly, therefore, aske you, what you meane by your providence. Is it one of the Destinies, or some Goddesse superiour to them as their Queene?

Jupiter. I told thee before, 'twas not fit for thee to know such things. And thou at first didst promise to aske but one Question; yet proceedest to trouble mee with frivolous doubts. I see the aime of thy discourse is to demonstrate that our providence is not busied in humane affaires.

Cyniscus. 'Tis not my aime. But you said a little before, there were Destinies, who govern'd all things. Unlesse you repent, and recant your words, and intend to erect your providence by the expulsion of Fate.

Jupiter. No such matter, Sir. Fate does all things by us.

Cyniscus. I understand you: you confesse your selves, then, the servants and ministers of the Fates; They decree, and order things, and you are their instruments, and Toolles.

Jupiter. How meane you?

Cyniscus. Just as a Hatchet assists a carpenter in his trade, and an Augwer cooperates; yet no man will say they are Artificers. Nor is a ship the worke of the Axe, or Augwer, but of the Ship-wright. So Fate is the Carpenter of all things, you are but the Wimbles, and Axes of the Destinies. In reason, therefore, men should sacrifice to Fate, and thence implore benefits; and not make their addresles to you, or strive to render you propitious by veneration, and honours. Nay, in strictnesse, they ought

not

not to adore fate. For, I suppose, 'tis not in the power of the Destinies to change or alter any decree they have once made. Nor will *Atropos* permit any to wrest her distaffe another way, or unwinde what *Clotho* hath spunne.

Jupiter. So then, you maintaine, *Cyniscus*, that the sisters themselves are not to be adored by men, and cast all things into a confusion. Yet wee, if for nothing else, yet for our Oracles, and pre-interpretations of these Decrees, which the fates have made, deserve to be worshipt.

Cyniscus. The foreknowledge of future events, *Jupiter*, is utterly fruitlesse, if by observation they be impossible to be avoyded: unlesse you hold that one foretold he shall be slayne by the poynt of a spear, may defeat his death by shutting himself up, which is impossible. For his destiny will draw him forth to hunt, and expose him to a dart. So *Adrastus* spear being aymed at a bore, shall misse, and slay *Crasus* sonne, as if directed to him by the powerfull ordinance of the fates. That forewarning, also, given to *Laius* was ridiculous, which bidde him not beget a sonne against the allowance of the Gods; if he did, his child should slay him. For I hold such precautions no armour against necessary events. For after the oracle he begot a sonne who did slay him. I see no reason, therefore, why you should require to be payd for your predictions. I forbear to speake of the crosse, double-sensed oracles, which you have utter'd to many; Not clearly expressing whether *Crasus*, passing *Halys*, should ruine his owne, or *Cyrus* Empire. For the oracle carries both constructions.

Jupiter. *Apollo*, *Cyniscus*, had a just cause of quarrell against *Crasus*, for mingling the flesh of a Tortoyse with that of a sheepe in sacrifice to him.

Cyniscus. But it became not a God to quarrell. I therefore, rather think the *Lydian* was decreed to be deceived by the

oracle; and Fate long before had ~~so~~ spunne his thred, that he was not clearly to understand the prophecy. So that your predictions are but a part of Destiny.

Jupiter. Thou leavest us nothing to do then, but makest us Gods in vaine, neither busied in the ordering of humane affaires, nor worthy of sacrifices, like so many *Awgers*, and *Axes*. Then thou takest a priviledge to contemne us, becaule, being armed with thunder, I suffer thee thus to blaspheme us.

Cyniscus. Discharge your bolt, *Jupiter*; If I be predestined to be strucke with thunder, I will not accuse you for the blow, but *Clotho*, who wounded mee with your hand: nor will I charge your thunder with my stroke. But pray let mee enquire of you, and destiny, and do you answer for both to a question, which your threats have suggested to mee: why do you spare so many sacrilegious, theevish, blasphemous, oppressing, perjured men, and so often strike an innocent oake, or stone, or sayle of a shippe with lightning? Nay, many times, an innocent, religious travailer. Why are you silent, *Jupiter*? Is it not lawfull for mee to know this neither?

Jupiter. 'Tis not *Cyniscus*; yet thou art still curious, and comest prepared, (I know not how set on) to perplex mee with scruples.

Cyniscus. Nor is it permitted to enquire of you, and Providence, and Fate, why the excellent *Phocian*, and before him, *Aristides*, dyed in such extreame want, and necessity; and *Callias*, and *Alcibiades*, luxurious young men, flow'd with riches. *Midias*, also, the insolent, and *Charops* of *Aeginar* a *Pathike*, who slew his mother with famine. Againe, why *Socrates* was delivered up to the eleven Judges, and not *Melitus*. Lastly, why effeminate *Sardanaphalus* was a King; and why so many honest, and vertuous *Persians* were crucified by him, because they distasted his Actions. I cannot now stand to go over all particulars, or recount how wicked men prosper, and a-
bound

bound with wealth ; and how good men are carried, and tost with poverty , and afflicted with diseases , and a thousand mischiefs.

Jupiter. You know not, *Cyniscus*, what punishments are reserved after this life for the wicked , or what felicityes for the Good.

Cyniscus. You meane Hell ; *Titius's* , and *Tantalus's*. Things , whose clear knowledge I expect to have in the next world . Let mee be happye all the time I live here, and let sixteen vultures feed upon my liver after I am dead. But let mee not pine with thirst here , like *Tantalus* ; and drinke with *Hero's* , in the Islands of the blessed when I am placed in the *Elizian* medowes hereafter.

Jupiter. Dost thou not beleieve , then , that there are such punishments , and rewards , and a court of justice , where every mans life shall be examined ?

Cyniscus. I heare one *Minos* , a *Cretan* , is judge below in such causes : pray tell mee , is there any such officer there ? The report goes he is your sonne .

Jupiter. What would'st thou know of him , *Cyniscus* ?

Cyniscus. Whom doth he punish ?

Jupiter. Malefactors , such as murtherers , and Church robbers.

Cyniscus. Whom doth he admitt among the *Heroes* ?

Jupiter. Good men , and religious , who have lived a life of vertue .

Cyniscus. Why so , *Jupiter* ?

Jupiter. Because the one deserves honour , the other torments.

Cyniscus. But if one commit an offence against his will , is he in justice to be punished too ?

Jupiter. By no means .

Cyniscus. Nor if one do good against his will , is hee to bee thought worthy of honour ?

Jupiter. 'Tis true.

Cyniscus. It belongs not, then, to *Minos* either to reward any man, or punish him.

Jupiter. How not any man?

Cyniscus. Because wee men do nothing voluntarily, but as wee are moved by an inevitable necessity; supposing that to be true which you granted before, That Fate is the cause of all things. If, therefore, one man kill another, fate is the muttherer. If any man commit sacrilege, he was enforced by his destiny. If, therefore, *Minos* would order his sentences aright, he should punish fate for *Sisyphus*; and destiny for *Tantalus*. Since they could not offend who were meerly obedient, and passive.

Jupiter. I hold it not fit to answer thee to such questions. For thou art a bold fellow, and a Sophister. And so for the present I leave thee.

Cyniscus. I meant to aske you, where the destinyes dwell, and how, being but three, they can exactly order such numberlesse affaires. For to mee their life, amidst such various imployments, seemes laborious, and unfortunate; and they themselves, borne under no very propitious destiny. I, therefore, were I put to my election, would not change my life for theirs; but would rather choose to live yet poorer, then sit spinning at their distaffe, and observe the numerous businesses with which they are surrounded. But if you cannot well reply to these Inquiries, *Jupiter*, I will content my self with your other answers; and the revelations which your conference hath made of fate, and providence, shall suffice. Perchance I am not decreed to hear the rest.

The



The Parasite.

The Speakers, Tychiades, and a Parasite.

Tychiades **W**hat's the reason, *Simo*, since all other men, both free, and servants, are skill'd in some art, by which they are usefull to themselves and others, you, (for ought I see) betake your self to no imployment, which may benefit either your self, or others?

Parasite. How meane you, *Tychiades*, I understand you not, speake clearlier.

Tychiades. Are you skill'd in any profession, as musicke?

Parasite. By *Iupiter*, not I.

Tychiades. What then, Physicke?

Parasite. Neither.

Tychiades. Nor Geometry?

Parasite. Not at all.

Tychiades. What then, Rhetoricke? you are as great a stranger to Philosophy as vice is.

Parasite. A greater, if greater may be. Thinke not therefore, you upbraide one ignorant of his owne ill education. I confesse my self a sluggard, and am much worse then you take mee.

Tychiades. Perhaps you have learned none of these sciences by reason of their subtilty, and hardnesse. But what mechanicall art have you bin taught; Masonry, or Shoemaking? methinks you are not of that quality, as to be utterly without a trade.

Parasite. You say true, *Tychiades*. But I have learned no such occupation.

Tychiades

Tychiades. What other occupation, then?

Parasite. What? In my opinion a very generous one, which when you hear, I believe you will praise. I expresse it in practice, but not in language to you.

Tychiades. What is it?

Parasite. I have not exactly studied the descriptions of it. But that I am of a profession you may easily perceive, and trouble mee no farther, what 'tis you shall know some other time.

Tychiades. I am impatient of delay.

Parasite. 'Twill seem a paradoxt to you.

Tychiades. I long so much the more to know it.

Parasite. Hereafter, *Tychiades*.

Tychiades. Tell mee now, if you be not ashamed.

Parasite. 'Tis Parasitry.

Tychiades. Is any man so madde, *Simo*, to call this an art?

Parasite. I do. If, therefore, you thinke mee madde, because I have learned no other art, let my madnesse bee my excuse for this, and chide mee no farther. For they say, though madnesse be otherwise troublesome to the distemperd, yet 'tis the advocate of their errours, and takes their faults upon it selfe as the Author and cause.

Tychiades. But is Parasitry, say you, *Simo*, an Art then?

Parasite. A very science; And I am the first inventor.

Tychiades. So then you are a Parasite?

Parasite. You are pleased to abuse mee, *Tychiades*.

Tychiades. You blush not to call your self so.

Parasite. No. I should blush if I did not.

Tychiades. When wee would, then, tell those who know not who you are, wee shall say you are a Parasite?

Parasite. I had much rather you should call mee so, then *Phidias* the statuary. Nor do I joy lesse in my Art, then he in his *Jupiter*.

Tychiades.

Tychiades. One thing will (in my apprehension) follow hereupon most ridiculous.

Parasite. What is't?

Tychiades. If in our superscriptions (as the manner is) wee direct our letters to *Simo* the Parasite.

Parasite. You shall more oblige mee, then if you endorsed them to *Dion* the Philosopher.

Tychiades. How will you relish the compellation? 'Tis below my care. But one absurd thing more is to be consider'd.

Parasite. What is't?

Tychiades. If wee should reckon this among other sciences. As if one should aske, What Art 'tis, and we should answer as wee doe of Grammer, or Physicke, 'tis Parasitry.

Parasite. I will maintain this, *Tychiades*, to be more an Art, then any other, if you will heare mee speake as I thinke; Though, as I sayd before, I have not studyed my preparations.

Tychiades. Truth shall passe for premeditation.

Parasite. First, then, if please you, let us in generall define what art is; so shall wee in particular know whether this bee rightly one or no.

Tychiades. What is Art, then, doe you know?

Parasite. Very well.

Tychiades. If you know, define it.

Parasite. Art (as I remember it described by a certain wise man) is a System of precepts, got by practice, conducing to some end profitable to life.

Tychiades. You remember his definition right.

Parasite. If Parasitry, then, partake of all the parts of the definition, what is it but an Art?

Tychiades. If it doe, 'tis a very Art.

Parasite. Well, then. With application of Parasitry, to all the kindes of Art, let us examine whether it consent with that definition; or whether, like faulty pots struck

it sound crazed. This, then, like all other Arts, ought to contain a System of precepts. The first is to find out, and choose one who is fit to feed a Parasite; and so to feed him as not to cast him off. For shall we say that a Goldsmith by his art knowes how to distinguish what coynes are adulterate, and what not; and that a Parasite without art can distinguish what men are adulterate, and who are currant; especially since men, like coynes, cannot be known but by the touch? 'tis a thing which the wise *Euripides* complains of, saying,

*How wee may ill men know,
No markes of body show.*

So that more art is required in a Parasite, to discern and know by a kind of divination things to abstruse, and unevident. Is it not, thinke you, a great piece of precept, and institution, to know how to speak winning language, and by insinuation of behaviour to steal into the familiarity, and affection of his patron?

Tychiades. 'Tis.

Parasite. Then, doe you thinke 'tis not a worke of great discourse, and wisdom to depart from feasts with double shares, and prefer'd before those who have not the Art?

Tychiades. 'Tis.

Parasite. Then, can any man unskill'd know the virtues, and faultes of diet, and the curiosity of victuals? especially after that Oracle deliver'd by the most excellent *Plato*; *He that will make a feast, and is not a good Cooke, bath small judgment in entertainments*. Next, that Parasitry consists not in precept only, but in practice too, you may easily from hence learne. The precepts of other Arts lye dayes, and nights, and monthes, and yeares sometimes unpracticed; yet they, whose arts they are, loose not their habits. But if the rules of a Parasite be not kept in daily exercise, not only the art but the Artificer too is lost

lost. Lastly, whether it have an end profitable to life, were madnesse to doubt; since I find nothing more conducive to life than to eat and drinke, without which 'twere not possible to live.

Tychiades. 'Tis very true.

Parasite. Parasitry, then is not such a thing as beauty, or, strength; which seem not to bee an Art, but some such like power.

Tychiades. You say true.

Parasite. 'Tis not then voyd of Art. If it were, it would not profit the owner. If you should commit your self in a shipp to the sea, in a Tempest, and knew not how to steere, could you bee safe?

Tychiades. No, certainly.

Parasite. What's the reason? is't not because you lack skill to preserve your selfe.

Tychiades. Yes.

Parasite. So, then, a Parasite, if he lack skill, cannot preserve himself by his parasitry.

Tychiades. 'Tis true.

Parasite. By Art, then, he is preserved; by want of Art, not?

Tychiades. I grant it.

Parasite. Parasitry then is an Art?

Tychiades. It seems so.

Parasite. I have often known expert Riders, and Charioteers cast from their box, bruised, and very much maimed; but none can tell of a wrackt Parasite. If, therefore, Parasitry be not artlesse, nor a bare faculty, but a System of precepts got by practice wee must acknowledg it to be an Art.

Tychiades. As farre as I conceive 'tis. But, then, you are to assigne some genuine definition of Parasitry.

Parasite. You say well. Methinkes the best definition of it is this. Parasitry is an Art of meates, and drinkes, and of the things to be done and sayd for them, whose end is pleasure.

Tychiades. In my opinion you have most excellently defined your Art. But, then, you are to consider whether a debate will not arise between you, and some Philosophers, about your end.

Parasite. 'Tis enough that Felicity, and Parasitry have the same end, as they manifestly have. For the wise *Homer*, admiring a Parasites, as the only happy, and to be envied life, sayes,

*No greater happinesse can be desired,
Then when all people are with mirth inspired,
When tables swell with chear, and Bowles are crown'd,
With rich wines which go in Carowfes round.*

A little after, as if hee had not sufficiently exprest his admiration, he delivers his opinion more fully, saying excellently,

This seems to mee the top and height of Blisse.

Intimating thereby that he thought there was no happiness comparable to that of a Parasite. Nor is this sayd there by a vulgar person, but by the wisest in the Poem. For had *Ulysses* meant to preferre the Stoicke end, he had opportunity, when he fetcht *Phelocletes* from *Lemnos*, and when hee sackt *Troy*, and when hee stayd the *Greeks* from flight, and when he entred *Troy* having whipt himself, and going ragged, and torne like a Stoick. But he then mentioned no such end as best. Nor did he, when he lived an *Epicurean* with *Calipso*, where he spent his time in a voluptuous Idlenesse, and enjoy'd the loose embraces of *Atlas* daughter, preferre this as the happiest life, but the life of *Parasites*: who in those times were called *Feasters*. For what sayes hee? The verses deserve to be again quoted, nor can they be heard as they ought without repetition,

*Let all the the Feasters sit in feast-like row,
And let the board with chear, and Viands flow.*

Epicurus, then, impudently enough tooke his end from
Parasitry

Parasitry, and made it the same with his Felicity: which is a playne theft. For that pleasure belongs to us, not to *Epicurus*, you may thus learn. First, I hold pleasure to be a composed tranquillity of the body. Next, an even calmnesse, and want of tempest in the minde. Both which are attayned by a Parasite, neither by an *Epicurean*: who holding disputes of the figure of the Earth, of infinite worlds, of the bignesse of the Sunne, of distances, of the first principles, of the Gods, whether they be, or be not, and of the end it self, is in a perpetuall warre, and disagreement with others; and perplexed, not only with humane, but with mundane subtilities also. Whereas a Parasite, content with the state of things, as they are, and beleiving they cannot be better, with all security, and quietnesse, unvexed with such scruples, eates, and sleeps soundly, stretcht out both hands, and feet, like *Ulysses* sayling homewards. The *Epicurean*, then, hath no title to pleasure, not only for the forementioned reasons, but for those which follow. For what wise man soever he be, either he hath something to eat, or he hath not. If he have not, his life will be so farre from pleasant, that he cannot live at all. If he have, either 'tis his own, or anothers. If he have his diet from another, he is a Parasite, and not the man he boasts himself. If he have it from himself, he lives not pleasantly.

Tychiades. How not pleasantly?

Parasite. If he provide his own meales, *Tychiades*, many things must necessarily accompany such a life. For you are to consider, that he who intends to live a life of pleasure, must satisfy all his desires as they rise. What say you?

Tychiades. I thinke so.

Parasite. A matter, perhaps, to one of great possessions not over difficult; but to one of small, or none at all, impossible, so that a poor man cannot be wise, nor achieve his end, I mean pleasure. Nay this is an end, not to be at-

tained by a rich man, be he never so indulgent to his desires. Whats the reason? Because he who lives at his own charge, is lyable to many disquiets. Sometimes he is to beat his Cooke for the ill dressing of his meat. If he beat him not, he is to eat his meat ill-drest, and so misse his pleasure. Somtimes he is to quarrell with his Steward for the ill ordering of his household Accountes. Is not this true?

Tychiades. In all appearance to mee.

Parasite. The case, then, standing thus with the *Epicurean*, 'tis not possible, he should enjoy his end. Whereas the Parasite hath no Cooke to quarrell with, nor Farm, nor Steward, nor money to vex him. Yet hath allthings, and is the only man who eates and drinkes, disturbed with none of the incumbrances which trouble others. That Parasitry, then, is an Art hath bin sufficiently demonstrated by these, and former arguments. It now remains that I prove it to be the best Art; not simply, but first, that it excells all Arts in generall; next, in particular. In generall it excells them thus. The study of all other Arts carryes with it labour, feares, and stripes; Things which never any but hated. Only the Art, which I professe, is learnt without toyle. For who ever went weeping from a feast, as wee see many School-boyes? or who ever went to a Feast with a sad looke, like those who go to schoole? A Parasite willingly frequents entertainments, and most coveteously pursues his Art. They who learne other sciences, hate their own studies, and some turne Apostates. Then you are to consider, that in other Arts, parents reward those children, who excell, with the same honours as they dayly reward us Parasites. The boy, say they, writes a faire hand, give him his dinner. Hee writes ill, let him fast. Then the consequence of other Arts is not to beare pleasant fruites till they be thoroughly learned; A thing of much industry, and wearinesse, whereas Parasitry of all other professions reapes the harvest

vest of its Art in the Learning; And at once begins to be, and to be in its perfection. Again, not some, but all other Arts were merely invented for maintenance. Only a Parasites maintenance flowes to him at first. Doe you not see the husbandman plough his field, not for the meer tillage sake? And the Architect build a house, not that he may merely build? But a Parasite drives at nothing else; That very thing which is his worke being the end for which his worke is due. Besides, none, I suppose, are ignorant, that they who are busied in other professions, live wretchedly, and keep only one, or at least two dayes in a month holy, as they are yeerly, or monthly appointed by their City; which they dedicate to refreshments. But the whole thirty dayes of the month are festivall to the Parasite, as so many holydayes of the Gods. Again, they, who meane to excell in other professions, use a spare and slender diet, like sicke patients; since full tables are disadvantages to proficiency. Then all other Arts, are of no use to the professors without instruments, and tooles. No man can winde a Cornet without a Cornet; or sing to the Harp without a Harp; or show his horsemanshippe without a horse. But my Art is so perfect, and so cheap to the Artificer, that without other helps 'tis sufficient. And whereas wee pay for our learning of other Arts, for this wee are payd. Again, other Arts have their Teachers: But Parasitry cannot be taught. But as *Socrates* sayes of Poetry, *It comes by Destiny, and Fate.* Then, consider, that other Arts loose their Imployment, when weetravaile, or sayle, but this serves all places.

Tychiades. 'Tis very true.

Parasite. Then, *Tychiades*, all other Arts seem to borrow from this, but this from none.

Tychiades. But tell mee, is it not, thinke you, injustice to take anothers goods?

Parasite. Who doubts it?

Tychiades. How, then, can anothers meat render you Parasites innocent?

Parasite.

Parasite. I cannot answer you. But the groundes of other Arts are meane, and bale; But the ground of mine is generous, and noble. For you shall find the much celebrated name of friendshippe to be the foundation of Parasitry?

Tychiades. How do you meane?

• *Parasite*. That no man invites an enemy, or stranger, or one of ordinary acquaintance to his table. But he must first be an intimate friend, that partakes of his meales, and board, and of the mysteryes of this Art. I have often heard some say, what friend can hee be, who did never eat, or drinke with us? As if they held him only a faithfull friend with whom they had conversed in dyet. Now that this is the Queen of Arts, you may thus easily inform your self. Others labour, and sweat, and sit, and stand to their buisinesse, like so many slaves of their profession. A Parasite, having his Art in subjection, sits at table like a Prince; whose happinesse 'twere needlesse to recount; since, according to the wise *Homer*, bee neither plants, nor ploughes, but without sowing, or tillage, reapes all things. Then, 'tis permitted to an Oratour, or Geometrician, or Brasier to exercise his Art, though he be a Knave, or Fool. But no man can be a Parasite who is either.

Tychiades. Trust mee, you have made Parasitry such a treasure, that I could almost change my course, and turn Parasite.

Parasite. How it excells, then, all other professions in generall, I have sufficiently shovne. Let us now see how it excells them in particular. To compare it with Mechanicall Arts were foolish; and a Diminution of its worthinesse. I am to show, therefore, how it excells the greatest and best sciences. 'Tis confest by all, that Rhetorick, and Philosophy are for their knowledge, and worth, most prefer'd. If, therefore, I show that parasitry excells them, 'twill be clear that it excells all other sciences as much as *Nausicaa* excell'd her handmaids.

In

In generall, then, it farre surpasses both Rhetorick, and Philosophy. First for its certainty, and Independance. For Parasitry subsists of it self, they not. For all do not take Rhetorick to be one and the same thing; but some hold it to be an Art; some none, but an abuse of Art. Some maintain it to be one thing, some another. The like opinions passe of Philosophy. That of *Epicurus* is diverse from that of the Gate; and that of the Stoick from that of the *Academy*: Briefly, Philosophy is various, according to the variety of Philosophers, who were never yet reconciled in opinions, or appeared to be of one sect. From whence I playnly inferre, That originally that is not an Art which is not able to subsist. For why is Arithmetick every where one and the same? and why do twice two make four, both with us, and *Persians*, without any variation either among *Greeks*, or *Barbarians*? But we see great differences of Philosophy, without any agreement either in their principles or ends.

Tychiades. You say true: even they who affirm there is but one Philosophy, have made it diverse.

Parasite. In other professions he that with pardon passeth over some repugnances, as indifferent, and some variable principles, is not altogether to be blamed. But who will allow of Philosophy as necessary, which is as various and disagreeing to it self, as mis-tuned instruments. Philosophy then, cannot be one, because I see 'tis numberless: nor can it be many, because 'tis one. The like may be said of Rhetorick, of which diverse speake diversely, and hold a war of opinions; which is a clear proof, that if it were built on any sure principle, 'twould fall under comprehension. For to dispute which opinion were truest, and not acknowledg Rhetorick to be one, were to destroy its subsistence. 'Tis otherwise with Parasitry, which is one among *Greeks*, and *Barbarians*, and every where the same, and like it self. Nor can it be said that some are one way Parasites, some another. Nor are there sects among

us, as there are Stoicks and *Epicureans* of opposite doctrines among Philosophers; but all are everywhere of one profession, and united in the agreement of our business, and end. So that in my judgment, by that which hath been said, there is no true wisdom but Parasitry.

Tychiades. 'Tis a plain demonstration. But how will you prove that philology in other things is inferior to Parasitry.

Parasite. First, 'tis manifest, that never any Parasite studied Philosophy; but many Philosophers have studied Parasitry, and still do.

Tychiades. Can you name any?

Parasite. You know them well enough, *Tychiades*, but dissemble your knowledge, lest you should more contribute to their infamy, than reputation.

Tychiades. By *Jupiter*, not I, *Simo*; and therefore, I long much to hear some examples.

Parasite. Now I perceive you ignorant in their writings, who have recorded their lives, where you may fully know whom I mean.

Tychiades. By *Hercules*, I extremely desire to hear who they are.

Parasite. I'll tell you, then; and will select no vulgar instances but some of the highest mark, and whom you would least suspect. *Eschines* the *Socratick*, who wrote the long facetious Dialogues, came into *Sicily* with a purpose to be known by them to *Dionysius*: To whom having read his *Miltiades*, much to his reputation, he made his future abode in the Island, and became Parasite to the Tyrant; renouncing the disputations of *Socrates*. What thinke you of *Aristippus*, the *Cyrenean*? Was he not one of the approved Philosophers?

Tychiades. Yes.

Parasite. He too, about that time, lived at *Syracuse*, Parasite to *Dionysius*; and was of all his other flatterers of greatest

greatest esteem with him; as being more naturally then others framed for the profession. So that *Dyonisius* dayly sent his purveyours to him to be instructed, being one so able to manage, and order the Employment. Your most generous *Plato* came into *Sicily* with the like purpose, and was for a while Parasite to the Tyrant; but for want of a Genious to the art was cashier'd, and returned to *Athens*; where with much industry enabling himself, he sayled the second time into *Sicily*, where after some few dayes entertainments he was for his unskilfulnesse rejected. And the misfortune which befell *Plato* in *Sicily*, is like that which befell *Nicias*.

Tychiades. Who, *Simo*, reports this?

Parasite. Many. Among others *Aristoxenus* the Musitian; a man worthy of believe, who was also parasite to *Ncleus*. You cannot but know that *Euripides*, during his life, was parasite to *Archelaus*, and *Anaxarchus* to *Alexander*. *Aristotle*, also, begun a Tract of parasitry, as he hath of other Sciences. That Philosophers, then, have studied parasitry, I have sufficiently proved. But no man can give instance of a parasite who studied Philosophy. If, therefore, it be felicity not to feele hunger, thirst, or cold, none are happy but parasites. For you may see many Philosophers halfe starved, and frozen, but not one parasite. Otherwise, he were not a parasite, but a fellow as wretched, and beggarly as a Philosopher.

Tychiades. 'Tis evident. But will you demonstrate that parasitry excells Philosophy, and Rhetorick in other things.

Parasite. The life of men (if I be not deceived) consists in the seasons of peace, and warre. Both which plainly discover what arts, and their professours are. First, then, (if you please) let us consider the times of warre, and see who are likely to be of most use to themselves, and the publique?

Tychiades. You commit men ordinarily disjoyned:

nor can I choose but laugh when I thinke how a philosopher will shew, brought into comparifon with a parasite.

Parasite. To abate your wonder, and let you see that tis no matter of sport, I will draw you a cale. Newes is brought that the enemy is unexpectedly enter'd a country; which without suddain resistance, cannot be preserved from depopulation. The Generall calls all of fit age to a muster, and lets the rest depart. Among these are muster'd Philosophers, Rhetoricians, and parasites. Wee all strip our selves. For they who are to be armed are first to be seen naked. Consider us, then in particular, and take a view of our bodies, and you will see some of them lean, pale, and shrunk with poverty, like so many maimed Souldiers. And were it not ridiculous to say such men were able to endure a battle, or pitch field, or an assault, or Dust, or wounds, who need dyet, and refreshment? But take a survey of a Parasite, doth hee not carry the appearance of a strong body, and lusty colour, neither swarthy, nor pale, neither inclining to a woman, or a slave? Then, he is stout of courage, and terrible of aspect; the inleparable marks of our quality 'Twere against policy to lend one of a timorous, effeminate look to the warres. One of us, then, either alive, or dead, would be an ornament to his armes. But why make I comparisons, having such clear examples? since to speak freely, few Rhetoricians, or Philosophers have in times of war ventured beyond their walls. If any have, I dare say, they forsook their ranks, and fled back again.

Tychiades Your promises are high, and not vulgar.

Parasite. Thus, then, I proceed. *Isocrates* the Rhetorician never went to warre, nor indeed ever pleaded in a Judiciall Court; dishearten'd, I beleeve, by his fears, and the unfittnesse of his elocution, and voice. Did not *Demades*, and *Eschines*, and *Philocrates*, frighted with his proclamation of warre betray both their City, and themselves to

to *Phillip*, and ever after lived his agents at *Athens*, where every *Athenian* that followed their example in war was of their friendship? then, though *Hyperides*, and *Demosthenes*, and *Lycurgus*, were in shew valiant, and spake blustering Orations, and invectives against *Phillip*, what famous exploit did they perform in that expedition against him? *Hyperides*, and *Lycurgus* went not forth, nor durst peep out of their Gates; but like self-besiegers kept within the walls, and order'd the decrees, and counsellors. Their great champion *Demosthenes*, indeed, who in his Orations had wont to say that *Phillippe* was the ruine of the *Macedonians*, and that they were not fit to be bought for slaves, adventured to march as farre as *Bæotia*. But before the Armies joyned, and came to battle, he threw away his shield, and fled. You cannot but have heard this from others, being a story so well known, not only to the *Athenians*, but to the *Thracians*, and *Sythians*, from whence the Coward was descended.

Tychiades. All this I know. But these were Oratours, whose profession was to make Speeches, not to fight. what say you of Philosophers? You cannot accuse them of cowardice too, like the others.

Parasite. They, *Tychiades*, though they dayly dispute of fortitude, and even weare out the name of valour, are more cowardly then Oratours. For, first, consider that no man can tell of a Philosopher slain in warre. Or of any that bore Armes, or, if they did, that did not runne away. *Antisthenes*, and *Diogenes*, and *Crates*, and *Zeno*, and *Plato*, and *Eschines*, and *Aristotle*, and the whole rout of them never saw a Camp. Only their sage *Socrates*, adventuring forth to a skirmish in the Citty, fled from *Parne* to the wrastring place of *Taureus*. Holding it much the better peece of wit, there sprucely to converse with young boyes, and inveigle them with sophismes, then to enter battle with a stout *Spartan*.

Tychiades. I have heard as much from others, who

had no purpose to traduce or slander them; which makes mee thinke you belie them not in favour of your own profession. Proceed, therefore, to your description of a parasite in war; and shew what ancient Commanders have been parasites.

Parasite. No man is so unskill'd in *Homer*, or so unletter'd, as not to know that his bravest *Hero's* were parasites. *Nestor*, from whose tongue language flow'd like Honey, was the Kings parasite. Nor do we read that *Agamemnon* praised, or admired *Achilles* (though of a divine presence, and strength of Body) or *Diomedes*, or *Ajax*, like *Nestor*. Nor doth he wish he had ten *Ajax's*, or ten *Achilles's*. But he had long before sackt *Troy*, had he had ten such Souldiers as this aged parasite was. Which, also, confirms *Idomeneus*, though descended of *Jupiter*, to have been *Agamemnons* parasite.

Tychiades. This I know too. Yet I am not satisfied how these two worthies were *Agamemnons* parasites.

Parasite. Remember the verses in which he bespeaks *Idomeneus*.

Tychiades. Which are they?

Parasite. Thy bowle stands alwaies crown'd, like mine,
Ready to drown thy thirst with sprightly wine.

Where he sayes, his bowle stood alwaies crown'd, not as if *Idomeneus* Cuppe stood alwaies fill'd for him, fighting, or sleeping; but because he alwaies had the honour to dyet with the King. Whereas the other Commanders had but their daies of invitation. So *Ajax*, after his valiant duel with *Hector* was (sayes *Homer*) brought to the Divine *Agamemnon*, and by him honoured with a late supper. Whereas *Idomeneus*, and *Nestor*, (as he affirms) were of the Kings dayly table. Only *Nestor* seemes to me the more expert, and artificiall parasite, who begun not to practice his art towards *Agamemnon*, but long before towards *Caneus*, and *Exadius*, and left not off till *Agamemnons* death.

Tychiades.

Tychiades. Truly, he was an Heroick Parasite. If you know any more such, produce them.

Parasite. What was *Patroclus*, but *Achilles* Parasite? A young Lord not inferiour to any other *Greek*, either for soul or body? Nay, as far as I can conjecture by his deeds, he was not inferiour to *Achilles* himself. For when *Heſtor* broke open their Gates, enter'd their workes, and fought in sight of their navy, he repell'd him, quencht *Protesilaus* shippe then burning, and having aboard it no Cowards, but the two sonnes of *Telamon*, *Ajax* expert at his spear, and *Teucer* at his bow. He slew also, many of the *Barbarians*, among which *Sarpedon*, the son of *Jupiter* fell by the hand of *Achilles* Parasite: And when he was himself slayn, he dyed not like others, or as *Heſtor* did, by the single hand of *Achilles*, and *Achilles* by the single shaft of *Paris*, but a God, and two men went to his slaughter. And at his expiration, no speeches came from him, like those of *Heſtor*, who fell down, and besought *Achilles* that his dead body might be restored to his friendes, but such as became a Parasite.

Tychiades. What were they.

Parasite. Come twenty more such, with Darts cloud the Air;
And be the conquest of my hand and spear.

Tychiades. Enough. Now shew that *Patroclus* was not *Achilles* Friend, but Parasite.

Parasite. I will produce *Patroclus*, *Tychiades*, saying as much of himself.

Tychiades. You speake wonders.

Parasite. Listen to his own vvords.

Let not, *Achilles*, my bones lye from thine,
As one house fed us, let one Tombe combine.

And again a little after,

Pelius thy Sire,

Fed me at's board, and call'd me still thy Squire;

That is, Parasite. For had he meant to call him Friend, he would never have call'd him Squire; for *Patroclus* was nobly

nobly descended. Those, therefore, whom he calls Squires, were neither servants nor friends, but manifest Parasites. So he stiles *Meriones Idomeneus*, Squire; Which I suppose was the common name for Parasites. Where observe, that *Homer* vouchsafes not to equall *Idomeneus*, though *Jupiters* son, to *Mars*; but *Meriones*, his Parasite. Was not *Aristogiton* the popular, and poor, as *Thucydides* stiles him, Parasite to *Harmodius*? Nay was he not his favourite? For parasites are their favourites who feed them. This parasite, when a Tyranny was growing over the City of *Athens*, restored it to Liberty; and now (after his effeminacies) stands in a statue of Brasse, erected to him in the market place. Such famous examples have there been of parasites. By this time, then, you may imagine what kind of Souldier a parasite is in war. He never enters his files, but breakes his Fast first, like *Ulysses*. And though he be to fight never so early in the morning, he will not fight empty. And the time which other Souldiers spend fearfully in putting on their Armes, one his Helmet, another his Breastplate, tremblingly suspicious of the misfortunes of warre, he cheerfully spends in eating, and marching with the formost is presently ready for encounter: whilst his patron, who feeds him, closely followes at his back; whom, as *Ajax* did *Teucer*, he covers with his shield, and warding off the enemies darts, beares himself naked to protect him; more careful to preserve him, then himself. Then, no Parasite falls in warre vvith the shame of the Generall, or Souldiers. Of so goodly a carkasse is he, and so like himself, sitting at a banquet; by vvhom, a dead Philosopher layd shevvsvvitherd, nasty, a long bearded carkasse, slayn before the battle, a man of no strength: vvho vvould not despise that City vvhich had such miserable Guards? vvho seeing such vvanne long hayred fellowes lying, vvould not thinke the State, for vvant of better Souldiers, had let loose their prisons, and malefactors to the vvarre? Parasites, then,

then, in martiall expeditions excell Oratours, and Philosophers. In times of peace Parasitry, in my judgment, as much exceeds Philosophy, as peace exceeds war. First, then, (if please you) let us consider the places of peace.

Tychiades. I understand not your drift; but let us consider them.

Parasite. I may call Courts of Judicature, wrastring places, races, huntings, and banquets, places of peace.

Tychiades. You may.

Parasite. A parasite frequents not Courts of Judicature; places, in my opinion, fit only for Sycophants, where nothing is done by moderation, or rule. But he followes, and is the only man who adornes places of exercise, race, and entertainment. What Philosopher, or Oratour, stript for wrastring, can show a body to be compared with a parasite? or which of them seen in a race Would not be a reproach to the place? Not one of them in a desert can withstand a wild boar: whose assaults a parasite expects, and easily encounters, being used to contemn such beasts at entertainments. So that neither Stagge, nor bristled Boar affrights him; but if he whet his teeth at him, he whets his teeth at him again. He pursues a hare more then hounds do: At a feast who can enter the list with a parasite, for mirth and eating? who more cheers the Guests? He who sings and breakes jests, or he who sits demure, in a patcht gown, with a downcast looke, as if he were invited to a funerall, not a feast? Methinkes a Philosopher at a feast is just like a dogge in a stew. But, to omitt such expressions, let us now passe on, and consider, and compare a parasites life. First, you may observe him to be a perfect contemner of Glory, and negligent of the things of opinion. But you shall scarce finde an Oratour, or Philosopher not given to fame, and disdain; And, which is yet worse, to mony. whereas a parasite is no more taken with Silver, then another man

with the pibles on the shoare; Nor doth Gold, in his account, differ at all from fire. But pleaders, and (what is yet more unworthy) they who professe wisdom, are so wretchedly affected with gayne, that some of the most famed Philosophers, (for I forbear to speake of Oratours) sell justice for reward; others take pay for teaching their Scholers Sophistry. Another is not ashamed to receive a pension from the King for his attendance; Another, though of decrepit age, travells and hires himself out like an *Indian*, or *Scythian* Captive; nor hold they gain to be a word of reproach. Nor are these their only faults, you may perceive them lyable to the most unruly passions too; as discontents, rages, envyings, and lusts of all sorts. Affections unknown to a parasite. Whose patience suffers him not to be angry; nor hath he an enemy to be angry with. If at any time he be provokt, his Choller is not troublesome, or mischievous, but rather stirres mirth, and delights the company. Of all men he is least troubled with sadness. For 'tis the benefit, and priviledge of his profession, to grieve at nothing. Besides, he hath neither wealth, nor house, nor servant, nor wife, nor children, whose losse may afflict him. Then, he neither covers reputation, nor riches, nor beauty.

Tychiades. But methinks, *Simo*, want of maintenance should grieve him.

Parasite. You are deceived, *Tychiades*, if you take him for a true parasite who at any time wants maintenance. As he is not valiant, who wants courage, nor he wise, who lacks wisdom; so 'tis with a Parasite. Of whom I novv speak, as he is a parasite in deed, not in title, and name. If, then, a valiant man be not valiant, if he have not valour; nor a vvise man, vvise, if he have not vv wisdom, so a parasite is not a parasite, unlesse he have the Art of a Parasite. He then, that cannot suck maintenance from any other man, falls not under my discourse, of a parasite.

Tychiades. Will you never allow him, then, to vvant maintenance?

Parasite

Parasite. No. Which makes him not grieve for that, or any thing else. Whereas all Philosophers, and great Oratours are surrounded vvith feares. So that you may see most of them vvalk vvith staves; vvhich they vvould not do, if they feared not other men weapond. Then, they firmly bolt their doores, to prevent any night attempt. Whilest the parasite slightly shuts the doore of his cottage, meerly to keep out the wind. A night attempt no more frights him, then if there were no such matter. If he be to passe though a desert he travells without a sword; so secure and fearlesse is he. But I have often seen Philosophers, upon no appearance of danger, make ready their bow, nor dare they go to a bathe, or invitation without a staffe. Then, no man can charge a parasite with adultery, force, rapine, or any other crime. For then he were not a parasite, but would much wrong himself: so that if he should be caught in adultery, he should with the offence purchase the name too. For as a malefactor leaves off to be a good man, and becomes a wicked, so an offending parasite leaves off to be what he was, and assumes the compellation of his offence. But we not only see many such offences committed by the Philosophers of our times, but have large monuments of their crimes recorded in their writings. *Socrates, Æschines, Hyperides, Demosthenes*, and most Oratours and Philosophers have had their Apologies. But never Parasite needed a defence, because no man can give an instance of an invective writ against him.

Tychiades. I confesse a Parasites life is much better then an Oratours, or Philosophers, but his death is worse.

Parasite. 'Tis much happier. For wee know that all, or most Philosophers have had unfortunate ends. Some found guilty, and sentenced for heynous offences, by poyson; others have wholly perisht by fire, others by the strangury, others have dyed banisht. But none can tell of a Parasite who dyed so, or who had not the happinesse

to dye eating, and drinking. Or if any have felt a violent death, 'twas a flight, not an execution.

Tychiades. You have sufficiently compared a Parasite with Philosophers. It now remains that you show of what use he is to his nourisher, and patron. For methinks rich men maintain you out of benevolence, and charity, not without your infamies who are so maintained,

Parasite. I thought you not so simple, *Tychiades*, as not to know, that a rich man, though he possesses Gyges wealth, dining alone is poor, and appearing in publique without his parasite is a beggar. And as a Souldier without his armes, or apparell without its scarlet, or a horse without his trappings is pricelesse; so a rich man without his parasite is held base, and contemptible; so that the parasite is a credit to the rich man, but not the rich man to the parasite. Nor is it (what ever you thinke) any disgrace for the worse to be parasite to the better. It behooves, then, every rich man to keep his parasite, both for the honour, and the safety which he receives from his attendance. For no man will easily offer to quarrell with him so guarded. Next, no man that keeps a parasite can well be poysoned. For who will make such an attempt upon him who hath such a taster? A rich man, then not only receives fame, but preservation from his parasite: who out of affection to his patron undergoes all his dangers, and chooseth not only to eat, but to dye with him.

Tychiades. Trust mee, *Simo*, you have not been defective, nor came you, (as you pretended) unprepared to the deciphering of your Art, of which you seem to be so practised a master. For the future, therefore, if you can deliver the name from disgrace, I will learn to be a parasite.

Parasite. To this my answer shall be (since you thinke I have otherwise said enough) a question; to which answer as well as you can. What did the Ancients call

οἷτος?

Tychiades. Food.

Parasite.

Parasite. And doth not, *παρσις* signifie to be fed?
Tychiades. Yes.

Parasite. 'Tis plain, then, that to be a parasite (which is derived from *παρ* another's, and *σις* meate) is nothing but to be one fed by another.

Tychiades. Therein *Simo*, lyes the infamy, and scandall.

Parasite. Pray answer me once more: which of the two would you choofe. To be the saylor, or passenger?

Tychiades. The passenger.

Parasite. The Racer, or the Better?

Tychiades. The Better.

Parasite. The Horse, or the Rider?

Tychiades. The Rider.

Parasite. The Arrow, or the Archer?

Tychiades. The Archer.

Parasite. And would you not rather choofe to be fed, then to be the feeder?

Tychiades. I confesse my self convinced. Henceforth like school-boyes I vvill come to you mornings, and afternoons, to learne your Art. Which, being your first scholer, I hope you vvill teach me vvithout reservation or envy: For they say mothers love their first child best.



*The Lover of Lyes; or
the incredulous.*

The Speakers, Tychiades and Philocles.

Tychiades **C**AN you tell me the reason, *Philocles*, why most men desire to lye, and delight not only to speake fictions themselves, but give busie attention to others who do?

Philocles. There be many reasons, *Tychiades*, which compell some men to speake untruthes, because they see 'tis profitable.

Tychiades. This is nothing to the purpose. My question concern'd not them who lye for profit: for such deserve pardon; and some praise, who have thereby defeated their enemies, and used it as a preservative against dangers; like *Vlysses*, who by such slights secured his own life, and the return of his companions. But I now speake of those, who preferre the very lye before truth, and take pleasure to busie themselves in fables, without any necessary judgment. I would fain know what motives such men have to do so.

Philocles. Have you met with any born with such a naturall love to lying?

Tychiades. There are many such.

Philocles. What other motive can they have not to speak truth, but their madnesse? Else certainly, they would never preferre the worst thing before the best.

Tychiades. This is nothing; since I can show you many of great discretion, and wisdom in other things, who yet are Captives to this delusion, and love of lyes. Nor am I a little troubled to see men of excellent judgment in
other

other things, take delight to deceive themselves, and others. You cannot but know those ancients better then I, *Herodotus*, *Ctesias the Cnidian*, and the Poets before them, *Homer* especially; All men of great name, whose writings are stored with fictions. So that they not only deceived their hearers then, but have conveyed their lyes to us also in a preserved succession of excellent Poetry, and verses. I cannot, therefore, but blush for them, as often as they speak of a Schisme in heaven, of *Prometheus* chains, the *Gyants* Insurrection, and the whole Tragedy of Hell. How *Jupiter*, also, for love became a Bull, or Swan; and how a woman was transform'd into a Fowl, or Bear. Besides their *Pegasus's*, *Chimera's*, *Gorgon's*, *Cyclop's*, and the like strange prodigious fables, fit only to recreate the mindes of children, who yet fear Goblins, and Fayries. But these are things tolerable in Poets. How ridiculous is it that whole Cittyes, and Nations should unanimously agree in a publique lye? Thus the *Cretans* are not ashamed to shew *Jupiters* Tombe. The *Athenians* say that *Erichthonius* grew from the earth; and that the first people of *Attica* sprung from thence, like Coleworts. Yet these speak much modestlyer then the *Thebans*, who derive themselves from a serpents teeth sown. Yet he who takes not such ridiculous fictions for true, but upon discreet examination thinks it proper only for a *Corabus*, or *Margites*, to beleve that *Triptolemus* was caryed through the Air by winged Dragons; Or that *Pan* came assistant to the Greeks from *Arcadia* into *Marathon*; Or that *Orithyia* was ravisht by *Boreas*; is held irreligious, and foolish, for dissenting from such clear and evident truths. So powerfull is a received lye.

Philocles. Yet both Poets, *Tychiades*, and Cittyes are thus excusable, that the one mingle fictions with their writings, the better to take their readers. The *Athenians*, *Thebans* and other countryes, make their beginnings more majestick, from such fabulous Originalls. Besides, should

all

all fiction be banisht Greece, how many reporters would dye of famine? Since none there are patient to hear truth spoken gratis. In my judgment, therefore, they who delight in lyes, for no other reason but because they are lyes, are most deservedly to be laught at.

Tychiades. You say true. I now came from the learned *Eucrates*, where I heard many things fabulous, and incredible; or rather leaving them in the midst of their discourses, impatient of narrations so much beyond beliefe, like so many Hobgoblins they scared mee away with their prodigies, and wonders.

Philocles. *Eucrates*, *Tychiades*, is a man of credit, nor can I beleevethat one off so deep a beard, of the age of threescore, and of such continued study in Philotophy, should endure to heare another faign in his presence, much lesse that he should offer to faign himself.

Tychiades. You know not, my friend, what lyes he told, how constantly he affirmed them, and mingled Oathes with his fictions, and produced his children for witnesses. So that I looking upon him, thought variously; sometimes that he was mad, and beside himself; sometimes that being a cheater he had long scape't my discovery; and had carryed about a contemptible Ape in a Lyons shape: so absurd were his discourses.

Philocles. In the name of *Vesta*, what were they, *Tychiades*? I long to know what cosenage he could disguise with so long a beard.

Tychiades. I usually, at other times, when I had leisure, *Tychiades*, visited him. But to day having occasion to speake with *Leontichus*, (who as you know, is my intimate friend) and being told by his boy that he was early in the morning gone to visit *Eucrates*, who lay sicke, as wel to meet *Leontichus*, as to see him, (of whose sickness I was till then ignorant) I went thither. Where I found not *Leontichus*, (who, as they said, was newly departed) but a crowd of others; Among whom was *Cleodemus*
the

the Peripatetick, *Dinomachus* the Stoick, and *Ion*; you know him; he that is so admired for *Plato's* discourses, as if he only understood exactly his meaning, and were able to be his interpreter to others. You see what men I name to you, All Sages, famed for vertue, heads of their severall sectes; All venerable, and carrying an awfull terrour in their lookes. There was present, also, *Antigonus* the Physician, sent for, I suppose, out of necessity of the disease. Though *Eucrates* seemed to be much upon the recovery, and his sicknesse not dangerous. For the humour was againe fallen into his feet. As soon as *Eucrates* saw me, remitting his voice he feebly bad me sit down by him on the bed: whom, as I entred, I heard lowd, and shrill. I very carefull not to touch his feet, and using the accustomed complement, that I knew not of his sicknesse, but upon the first intimation came post, sate neer him. The discourse of the company was concerning his disease; of which they had in part already spoken; and were then going on, each severally to prescribe a severall medicine, and cure. Take up from the ground, said *Cleodemus*, with your left hand the tooth of a weefill, so kill'd as I said before, bind it in a Lyons skinne, newly flead, then wrap it about your legges, and your pain will presently cease. 'Tis not in a Lyons skinne, as I have heard, said *Dinomachus*, but in a Virgin Hindes skinne unbuckt; And so the receipt is more probable. For a Deer is swift, and most strong of feet. A Lyon, indeed, is strong, and his fatte, and right paw, and the stiffe haire of his beard are of great vertue, if one know how to apply them every one with his proper charm. But they promise small cure of the gowte. I, also, once thought, said *Cleodemus*, that a Stagges skinne was to be used for his fleetnesse, but since a certain wise *Lybian* hath me taught otherwise, and told me that Lyons are swifter then Buckes; For they, said he, catch these in hunting. The rest praised his reason, as well delivered by the *Lybian*. Then, said I, do you thinke such

diseases, as this, are cured by charmes: or that an inward malady is eased by an outward spell? Whereat they smiled, and seemed much to condemne my sillynesse as not knowing a thing so received, and not gainsaid, or disproved by any understanding man. *Antigonus* the Physician seemed pleased with my question; who, it seemes, was formerly neglected in his offers to cure *Eucrates* by the prescriptions of his Art; which enjoyn'd him to abstain from wine, to eat hearbes, and to studye more remissely. *Cleodemus*, in the mean time, smiling replied saying, do you thinke it incredible, *Tychiades*, that such spells should be of power to cure diseases? I do, said I. Nor am I of so grosse a sense, to beleieve that such outward receiptes, which have no affinity with the springs, and causes of the infirmity within, should worke by charm, as you pretend, or by Imposture; or upon their bare application should instill cures. A thing not to be effected, though one should bind sixteen whole weefills in the *Nemean* Lyons skinne. I have often seen a Lyon halt, and go lame with pain in his whole skinne. You are a very punye, said *Dinomachus*, and have not learnt to know what power such spells have over diseases. Nor seem to me to understand the expulsion of periodicall feavers, the charming of serpents, and asswaging of botches, and other things performed by every old woman. All which being frequently done, why should you thinke cures of this nature impossible? You pile too much, *Dinomachus*, said I, and according to the proverb; drive out one naile with another. Nor doth it appear, that the things you speak of, are by such power effected. If, therefore, you prove not to me first by reason, that 'tis naturally possible that a feaver, or blayn should be frighted with a divine name, or barbarous spell, and thereupon forsake the place swoln, you have but hitherto utter'd old wives tales. Thus saying, said *Dinomachus*, you seem not to beleieve there are Gods; since you thinke it beyond the

the power of their names to worke cures. Say not so, Good Sir, quoth I, for there may without impediment be Gods, and yet your prescriptions may bee deceitfull, and false. Iadore the Gods, and behold their cures, and recoveryes of sick people by regular medicines, and Physick. *Æsculapius*, and his followers heal'd the diseased by wholesome prescriptions, not by the application, of Lyons and Weefills. Let him enjoy his opinion, said *Ion*. I will report to you a miraculous passage. When I was a Boy, about the age of fourteen years, one came and told my father, that *Midas*, his Vinedresser, a stout industrious servant, about the time of full market lay stung of a Serpent, which presently gangrene'd his legge. For as he was bending a vine, and winding it about a pole, the Snake crept to him, and biting him by the great toe, presently slipt away, and retired into a hole. Whereupon he cryed out, and was ready to expire with payne. In the close of the relation we saw *Midas* himself, brought by his fellow servants in a chaire, swoln all over, discoloured, in appearance rankled, and icarce able to breath. My father being much grieved, a certain friend of his, there present, said, Take courage, Sir, I will presently fetch a *Chaldean*, who shall cure him. Not to be tedious, the *Babylonian* came, restored *Midas*, and drew the venom from his body by a charm, and by the application of a stone, cut from the pillar of a decest Virgin, to his feet: and, which is yet more, *Midas* rising from the chaire, in which he was brought, went back into the field; so powerfull was the charm, and the stone taken from the tomb. Among his many other miracles, which he wrought, he went one morning early into a field, where having pronounced seven certain sacred names, taken out of an ancient book, and purged the place with brimstone, and taper, and walkt it thrice round: hee assembled to him al the Serpents of the country. So that drawn by force of the charm came many Snakes, Aspes, Vipers, Efts, Darters, Lizards, and Toades:

only one ancient Dragon was left behinde; who for age, I believe, and not being able to crawle, disobey'd the spell. Whereupon, All are not here, said the Magician; and presently selecting one of the youngest Serpents, sent him Embassadour to the Dragon. Who not long after came also. When they were all assembled, the *Babylonian* puffed upon them, and presently to our astonishment they were all burnt with his breath. Then said I, pray tell me *Ion*, did the young Serpent Embassadour lead the old, or did he support himself by a staffe? You are merry, said *Cleodemus*. I was once as great an Infidell in these things as you are now, and saw no reason to beleieve them; yet when I beheld the *Barbarian* stranger fly, (who as they report came from the North) I was convinced into a belief against my inclination. For what should I do, when I saw him carryed in the Aire, walking upon the water, and in a slow, and leisurely motion passe through the fire? But did you, said I, see a Northern man fly, or walke upon the water? Most certainly, replied he, shodde with pumpes, after the manner of his country. I forbear to speak of his smaller performances, his infusion of love, expulsion of devills, raising of the dead long buried, publique presentment of *Hecate*, and drawing downe the moon from heaven. I will only report to you what I saw him do for *Glaucias*, the son of *Anaxicles*. *Glaucias* no sooner began to inherit his dead fathers estate but he fell in love with *Chrysis*, *Demanetus* daughter. I was Tutor to his studies. Who, had not love diverted him, had by this time learnt all the Peripateticke Sciences; since being but eighteen yeares old he had already gone over the *Analytickes*, and past through *Aristotles* Physickes to the end. Thus perplext with love, he revealed himself to me: Who being his Tutor, as it became me, brought this Northern Magician to him, hired for four Crownes in hand (which were to buy things for the sacrifice) and sixteen more when *Glaucias* enjoy'd *Chrysis*. He observing the moones increase, (the proper time for
such

such enchantments) and having digged a hole in the house yard, about midnight, first call'd up to us *Anaxicles*, *Glaucias* father, dead seven monthes before. The old man stor- med, and raged at his sonnes love, but in conclusion gave license to his affection: Next, he raised up *Hecate*, who brought *Cerberus* with her. Then he call'd down the Moon, a various spectacle, by reason of her diverse appea- rances, and changes. For first she resembled in counte- nance a woman; then she was transform'd into a beauti- full Cow; then into a little dogge. After this fashioning a little *Cupid* of Clay, Go, said he, and fetch *Chrysis* hither. The Clay presently flew away, and shortly after she came, and knockt at the door, and at her first entrance embraced *Glaucias*, show'd her self distractedly enamour'd, and ac- companied him till we heard the Cockes crow. Then the Moon flew to heaven, *Hecate* sunke into the earth, the Apparitions vanish; and wee about day breake let *Chry- sis* depart. Had you seen this, *Tychiades*, you would not long distrust the force of charmes. You say well, said I, I would, indeed, beleeve this, had I seen it. But am otherwise to be pardon'd, if at such visions I be not as quick-sighted as you. As for the *Chrysis*, you speake of, I know her to be an easy amorous woman. Nor do I perceive any need why you should employ an earthen Embassadour to her, or trouble a Magician from the North, or the Moon, for the affection of one whom for twenty drachmes you may draw as far as the North pole; being a woman so readily prepared to meet your Incantations: Though she be thus unlike your apparitions. For they (as you report) at the sound of Brasse, or Iron vanish: But she no sooner hears Silver, but she runs to the sound. Besides, I cannot but wonder at the Magician, that being able to inforce love towards himself in the women of greatest wealth, and thereby draw whole talents from them, he should for the inconsiderable price of four Crownes procure affection for *Glaucias*. 'Tis folly in you, said *Ion*, to beleeve nothing.

I would faine ask you, what you think of them who have deliver'd Dæmoniackes from their possessions; and have evidently charm'd forth their Devills. I need not tell you how many the Syrian, who came from *Palestine*, a man skill'd in such Arts, hath restored after they have faln down *Lunatick*, stared with their eyes, and foamed at mouth, and hath sent them away, cured, and releast them, for great summes, of their distempers. For standing by them as they lye, he askes the evill spirit from whence he entred into the Body. The possesst person, mean time, is speechlesse, and the Devill replying, in Greek, or some barbarous language, tells from whence he is and how he entred the man; whereupon he by adjuration, and threats, if he offer to disobey, casts him out. I saw a Devill cast out black, and of the colour of soote. No marvaile *Ion*, said I, that you saw such visions; *Plato* the father of your sect hath taught you to see *ideas*, a spectacle too refined, and subtile, for our dull sense. Many others as well as you, *Ion*, said *Eucrates*, have met with Devills, some by night, others by day, I have, not once, but a thousand times seen such *Spectrums*; and was at first frighted with them, but custome hath at length made them not strange, or unfamiliar. Especially since an *Arabian* gave me a ring, made of the Iron taken from a crosse, and taught me an ambiguous, diverse sentled charme, unlesse you refuse to give credit to me, also, *Tychiades*. How can I choose, said I, but beleeve *Eucrates*, the son of *Dino*; especially being so wise a man, and having the freedom to speak what you please with authority in your owne house? Hear some passages of a statue of mine, then, said *Eucrates*; which nightly appears to all my family, both men, and maides; who can witness so much to you, as well as I. Of which of your Statues, said I? Did you not observe at your entrance, said he, a fair Statue standing in my hall, the work of *Demetrius*, the Statuarie. Do you mean the Quoit, said I, who stands wryed in a Gesture ready to deliver, with his quoit hand

hand reverſt, and one knee bent, as if he meant to vary poſture, and riſe with his throw? Not him, ſaid hee; the Quoiter you ſpeak of is one of *Myrons* peeces. Nor do I mean the fair Statue next to him, filleted about the head with a bend; which is a peece of *Polyeletus's*. You are alſo to paſſe over thoſe which ſtand on the right hand as you enter, among whom are the Tyrant-ſlayers, carved by *Critias Neſiota*. Did you not marke the ſtatue by the conveyance of water, with the bigge belly, bald, half naked, part of the haires of his beard pluckt of, of huge ſinewes, and every way reſembling a man? I mean *Pelichus*, he who is ſo like a *Corinthian* Captain. I ſaw ſuch a one, ſaid I, on the right hand of *Saturn*; having a wither'd wreath, and fillet on his head, and guilt Plates on his Breſt. I, ſaid *Eucrates*, cauſed them to be guilt, after he had in three dayes cured me of a desperate feaver. Was the famous *Pelichus*, then, a Phyſitian ſaid I? He is now, and take heed how you ſcoffe at him, ſaid *Eucrates*; leaſt he ſhortly take revenge of you. I know the power of the Statue you laugh at, do you thinke he cannot as well inſlict a feaver, as expell one? Be ſo powerfull a Statue, propitious, and mercifull to me, ſaid I: pray, what elſe have your family ſeen him do? As ſoon as it begins to be night, ſaid he, deſcending from his Peſtall, he walkes round the houſe; all my ſervants have often met him ſinging: he hurts none that give him way, but paſſeth by them without diſturbance; he waſheth himſelf much, and playes all night, as we gueſſe by the noyſe of the water. Conſider, ſaid I, whether your Statue be *Pelichus*, or *Talus* the *Cretan*, who lived with *Minos*, whoſe braſen Statue was Centinell, and guardian of the Country. Were he not made of Copper, but wood, I ſhould probably thinke he were not the workmanſhippe of *Demetrius*, but one of *Dadalus* motions. For you ſay, he frequently walkes from his Baſis. Beware, *Tychiades*, ſaid he, you be not hereafter ſorry for your ſloutes. I could tell you what he ſuffer'd who ſtole
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the farthings, which we every new moon offer to him. The punishment of such a sacriledg must needs be direfull, said *Ion*. Pray what was it, *Eucrates*? I desire to hear, how incredulous soever *Tychiades* be. Many farthings, said hee, lay at his feet, and some other Silver coynes were fastened with wax to his knees, besides diverse Silver Plates, offer'd to him by the devotion, and gratitude of those whom he had recovered from feavers. A servant of mine, a *Lybian*, one of my Grooms, perceiving the Statue one night absent, adventured to steal his oblations. Observe how *Pelichus*, finding himself, at his return, robbed, revenged himself, and bewrayed the thief. Who all night walkt up and down the Hall in a Circle, unable, like one faln into a Labyrinth, to get out; till next morning he was apprehended with his stealths about him, and proportionably whipt. Nor did he live long after, but dyed miserably beaten every night, as he said, and confirm'd it with the markes seen in his body next day. Now, if please you, *Tychiades*, said *Eucrates*, laugh at *Pelichus*, and me, for a Doter of *Mino's* time. Certainly *Eucrates*, said I, as long as *Brasse* is *Brasse*, and your statue but the creature of *Demetrius*, the *Alopecian*, who carved not Gods, but men, I shall not fear the Image of your *Pelichus*, nor much care for the threats of the originall were he alive. Here *Antigonus*, the Physitian, seconding him said, I, *Eucrates*, have also a brazen *Hippocrates*, about a cubit long, which, as soon as the Candles are put out, walkes circularly through all the house, making a noyse, overturning boxes, compounding medicines, and flinging open doors: especially if we omit to pay him his yearly sacrifice. Doth *Hippocrates* the Physitian, then, require to be sacrificed to, said I, and take it ill if he be not feasted with oblations at his set times? Methinkes 'twere honour enough to power wine to him, or crown him with Garlands. Hear another passage, said *Eucrates*, which I with many other witnesses saw about five years past. One harvest time,

time, having dispatcht my reapers about noon into the field, I solitarily retired my self into a wood, to weigh, and consider of some things. Where, at my first entrance, I heard the howling of dogges, which I imagined to be my sonne *Mnaſon*, going then abroad, as his manner is, with his companions to sport themselves, and hunt. But 'twas otherwise. For presently after followed an Earthquake, and a hideous bellowing like thunder. After this I saw a woman comming towards me of horrible aspect, and neer half a furlong tall, having in her left hand a Torch, in her right a Sword, at least twenty cubits long. She had downward feet like a Serpent, upwards in the horror of her countenance, and visage, she resembled a Gorgon, having Snakes for hair, which partly twind about her neck, others hung loose on her shoulders. See, my good friends, said *Eucrates*, how I yet tremble to tell the story; and withall show'd us the hairs on his armes stiffe, and erected with fear. *Ion*, all the while and *Dinomachus*, and *Cleodemus*, ancient men, gave him serious attention as if drawn by the nose; and exprest a silent adoration of the incredible *Colossus*-half-furlong-woman, and gyant-like Hobgoblin. But I consider'd with my self, that such men as they, who read wisedome to young scholers, and were generally admired, differd only from children in their gray haire, and long beards, and were in all things else more easy to be deceived then they. Here *Dinomachus* put in, and said; pray tell me, *Eucrates*, of what size, and bignesse were her hounds? Bigger then *Indian* Elephants, replied he, and alike black, their skinne as rough, squalide, and fowle. I. when I saw them, stood still, and withall turnd the seale of the ring which the *Arabian* gave mee to the inside of my finger. Whereupon *Hecate* striking the the ground with her serpentine feet, made a great Cleft, which reacht to hell, into which she sunk by degrees. I assuming courage, and taking hold of a neighbouring tree, least astonisht with the darknesse I should

chance to fall in headlong, lookt in, and saw all the things of Hell; The burning lake of *Phlegeton*, *Cerberus*, and Ghosts; some of which I knew, especially my father, whom I saw in the very garments wee buried him. Pray, *Eucrates*, said *Ion*, what did the soules departed do? What should they do, answer'd he, but converse in companies, and societies with their friends, and *Allyes*, in the Daffodill mead? Henceforth, then, said *Ion*, let the followers of *Epicurus* urge arguments against *Plato*, and his discourses of the soul. But did you not see *Socrates*, and *Plato*, among the dead? *Socrates*, replied he, I saw, but not more clearly then to guesse at him by his baldness and strutting belly. *Plato* I knew not, nor is't fit I speak more then truth to my friendes. After I had taken an exact and universall survey of things, the vault closed, and some of my servants, of which my man *Pyrrbias* here was one, came thither to seek me before 'twas quite shut. Speake, *Pyrrbias*, do I say true? Most true, by *Jupiter*, Sir, said the fellow; for I my self heard the barking of the dogges through the cave, and saw the flashes of the Torch. Here I smiled to hear the howling, and flames put in by the witnesse. You have seen nothing strange, said *Cleodemus*, or what hath not been seen by others. For I, in my sicknesse, not long since, saw the like apparition. At which time *Antigonus*, here, visited me, and gave me seven dayes Physick for a feaver, more hot, and violent then fire. One day all left the room, shut the door, and stay'd without, by your prescription, *Antigonus*; if perchance solitarinesse might entice me into a slumber. But I, lying awake, saw a goodly youth approach me, clothed in white: who after he had rayfed me, lead me through such another cleft down to hell; as I presently perceived, when I beheld *Tantalus*, *Tityus*, and *Sisyphus*. What need I report to you the rest? Briefly, I was brought to a Tribunal, where vvere present *Æacus*, *Charon*, the Destinies, and Furies. Where, also, one sate as King, vvho seemed to be *Pluto*, by his reading
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of a Catalogue of their names who were to dye, and had already out-lived their limited time. The young man brought me, and presented me to him. But *Pluto* much displeased, said to him, his thred is not yet quite spunne, let him, therefore, depart again. And fetch *Demylus* the Brasier, who hath exceeded his distaffe. Whereupon I joyfully return'd, releast of my feaver, and told all my neighbours, that *Demylus* was shortly to dye. Who then, also, lay sick, as 'twas reported. And shortly after wee heard the Cryes of them that lamented his death. What miracle is this? Said *Antigonus*. I knew one, who after he had been buried twenty dayes, rose again. For I gave him Physick before his death, and after his resurrection. Methinkes, said I, in twenty dayes his body should putrifie, or perish with famine. Unlesse you administred to an *Epimenides*. As we thus discourst, came in *Eucrates* sonnes from exercise. One a grown youth, the other about the age of fifteen. Who having saluted us sate down upon the bed by their father, and a chair was brought for me. Here *Eucrates* taking fresh hint from the presence of his sonnes, said, so may I have Comfort of these two, (and laid his hands on them) as that which I shall now tell you, *Tychiades*, is true. 'Tis well known how dearly I loved my vvife, the mother of these, of happy memory: vvhich I exprest both in my carriage to her vvwhile she lived, & after her death. For I burnt vvith her her vvhole vvardrobe, & the garments she most delighted in vvhen she lived. The seventh day after her funerall, I lay in this bed, as I do novv, having abated my sorrovv. And silently reading to my self *Plato's* little tract of the soul, *Demenete* entred, and sate dovv by me, as *Eucratides* (pointing to his younger son) doth now. The boy childishly trembled, and vvaxt pale at the narration. I, proceeded *Eucrates*, as soon as I beheld her, imbraced her and sobbingly shed teares. She permitted me not to vveep, but blamed me, that after all my other expressions of affection to her,

I had not burnt one of her guilt pantofles; which, she said, was fallen down behind a chest: which, we not finding, cast only the other into the funerall pile. As we thus talkt, an unhappy dogge, which I loved, lying upon the bed, barkt, at which sound she vanisht. Afterwards wee found the slipper under the Chest, and burnt it. Can you still doubt, *Tychiades*, of truthes so manifest, and every day apparent? By *Fove*, said I, they deserve to be clapt with a guilt Sandall, like children, who do not beleewe you, or impudently question the truth. Here *Arignotus*, the *Pythagorean*, entred, a man of long hair, and venerable aspect. You know he is famous for his wisdom, and Sirnamed the Sacred. I was something relieved with his sight, and, according to the proverb, thought I had now got an Axe against lyes. For certainly, said I to my self, this wise man will stoppe their mouthes from reporting any more such prodigies. In a word, I thought fortune had unexpectedly sent some God to my succour. He sitting down in a place which *Cleodemus* resigned to him, first, enquired of *Eucrates* his disease, and being informed how he did, askt us what we discoursd of: for as I entred, said he, methought I heard you busied in an excellent subject. We were perswading this man of Adamant, said *Eucrates*, pointing at me, to beleewe there were Devills. And that the shades, and soules of men departed, did wander up and down the earth, and appear to whom they pleased. I could not choose but blush, and fix my looke to the ground, out of reverence to *Arignotus*. Perchance, *Eucrates*, said he, *Tychiades* holds that their Soules only do walk who dyed violently, namely such as were strangled, beheaded, crucified, or the like; and that those who dye naturally walke not. If this be his opinion, he is not to be blamed. No such matter, replied *Dinomachus*, he neither holdes that there are such things, or that they were ever seen. How say you, Sir; said *Arignotus*, looking frowningly upon me, do you deny such apparitions as are visible to all?

all? You must pardon my Infidelity, said I, who never saw any. If I had, I should beleve, as You do. If ever you go to *Corintb*, said he, ask for the house of *Eubatides*; and when 'tis shown you, by the *Cranem*, enter, and tell *Tibius* the Porter, you desire to see the place from whence *Arignotus* the *Pythagorean* conjured away the Devill, and rendred the house habitable. May wee request the whole story? Replied *Eucrates*. The house, said he, being haunted, was of a long time undwelt in. If any did adventure to inhabite it, they were scared, and persecuted away by a horrid, and dismall Apparition; So that it began to fall to ruine, and the roofe to droppe; nor had any man the courage to enter into it. When I heard hereof, carrying with me certain *Egyptian* bookes (of which I have store upon such Arguments) I went to the house about the first sleep, much dissuaded, and almost violently restrayned by mine Host, after he knew vvither I meant to go; verily supposing I vvent to my destruction. Notvvithstanding, I taking a Taper vvith me entred the house alone, and placing the linke in the great hall, and my self on the floor, read silently to my self. In comes the Devill, thinking he vvas to deal vvith some vulgar fellovv, and hoping to fright me like others. A rough, lhaggy fiend, and blacker then darknesse it self. At his first appearance he tryed, by making an orbicular assault, to vanquish me, and sometimes turn'd himself into a Dogge, then into a Bull, lastly into a Lyon. But I having a direfull Spell in readinesse, vvich I pronounced in the *Egyptick* tongue, charm'd him back into a darke corner of the house. And having vvell observed the place vvhere he sunk, I left speaking. In the morning, after every bodyes dispair, vvho thought to find me slayn, like others, I, against the expectation, came forth and vvent to *Eubatides*; And told him the glad nevves, that he might safely inhabit his house, vvich vvas novv purged and freed from Divells. Withall taking him, and many others (vvho followved out of curiosity, along vvith me to the

place where I saw the fiend vanish, I commanded it to be digged with pickaxes, and spades. We had not digged above a yard deep, but we found a dead man, consumed, and nothing left to represent him but the Skeleton. Which we took up and buried. And from that time the house ceased to be molested with visions. When *Arignotus* had finished his narration, being a man of prodigious wisdom, and generally revered, there were not any of the company who did not condemn me of stupidity for being incredulous. Nevertheless, I, neither daunted with his beard, nor their opinion of him, said, can such a man as you, *Arignotus*, from whom alone I hoped to hear the truth, be fraught also with fumes and Phantasmes? You have verified the proverb, *I have found coales for treasure*. If, said, *Arignotus*, you neither believe me, nor *Dinomachus*, nor *Cleodemus*, nor *Eucrates*, whom can you produce more Authentick to disprove us? A man much admired, said I, *Democritus* the *Abderite*. Who was so easily persuaded of such fictions, that shutting himself up in a monument without the City, he there lived, wrote, and composed nights, and dayes. And when certain boyes, desirous to scare, and fright him, arrayed themselves like Ghosts in blacke Garments, and wearing counterfeit vizards on their heads, surrounded him, and frequently skipt about him, he neither feared their disguises, nor at all regarded them, but wrote on, and bid them cease to play the fooles. So firmly did he believe, that Soules were nothing after their departure from the body. Certainly, replied *Eucrates*, *Democritus* was the veryer fool to thinke so. I will, therefore, report one story more, in which I my self was an Actor, and took it not up upon relation. Perchance when you hear it, *Tychiades*, the truth of the narration, will convince you. When I lived in *Ægypt*, yet a boy, sent thither by my father, to learn their Arts, I had a desire to saile to *Coptus*, and from thence to hear the famous *Memnon* sound at the rising of the sun.

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Whom I heard, not as others ordinarily do, yeeld an insignificant sound; But *Memnon* himself utter'd Oracles to me, and open'd his mouth in seven verses. Which, but that I should digresse, I would repeat to you. As we were at Sea, there sayled in company with us a certain holy Priest of *Memphis*, admired for his wisdome, and skill'd in all the learning of the *Aegyptians*. He was said to have lived three and twenty years in a cave under ground, and there to have learnt Magick of *Isis*. You mean my Tutor *Panocrates*, replied *Arignotus*, he is a religious man, shaven, goes in linnen, is very learned, speakes Greek purely, is tall of stature, hath a bow nose, full lippes, and small legges. The very same answer'd *Eucrates*. At first I knew not who he was. But when I saw him, after our arrivall in the port, among many other miracles which he wrought, ride upon Crocodiles, approach such cruell beasts, and they to reverence him, and wagge their tayles, I guesled him to be some sacred person. And by degrees insinuated my self into his acquaintance, and friendship. So that at length he revealed all his secrets, and mysteryes to me: To be short, he perswaded me to leave all my servants at *Memphis*, and to accompany him alone; who promised we should not want attendants. And from that time thus we lived. When we came into an Inne, he taking the bolt of the door, or a broom, or bar, and clothing it, spoke a charm to it, and enabled it to go, and in all things to resemble a man. The thing going forth, would draw water, provide, and dresse our supper, and diligently wait, and attend upon us. After his businesse was done, he pronounced another charm, and turn'd the broom into a broom again, and the pestle into a pestle. This was an Art which, though I labour'd much, I could not learn of him. For this was a mystery which he denyed me, though in all things else he were open. One day, hiding my self in a darke corner, I overheard his charm, which was but three syllables. He having appointed the
bolt

bolts businesse, went into the market. The next day, he having some other imployment in the market, I taking the pestle, and apparelling it, in like manner pronounced the syllables, and bid it fetch me some water. When it had brought me a bason full, 'tis enough, said I, fetch no more, but be a pestle, again. But it was so far from obeying me, that it ceast not to fetch water till it had overflown the room. I, much troubled at the accident, and fearing least if *Panocrates* should return (as he did) he would be much displeased, took an Axe, and cut the pestle in two. Then both partes taking severall buckets fetcht water. And in stead of one, I had two servants. In the mean time *Panocrates* came in, and perceiving what had happen'd, transform'd them into wood again, as they were before I utter'd the spell. Shortly after he secretly left me, and vanishing went I know not wither. And can you now, said *Dinomachus*, make a man of a bolt? I have but one half of the Art replied he, nor am I able to return him into his former shape. If, therefore, I once make him a water bearer; we shall be driven from the house by a deluge. Will you old men, said I, never leave to speake monstrous fictions? If for no other reason, yet for these young boyes sakes, forbear your improbable, and terrible narrations till some other time, least they be insensibly fil'd with uncouth affrightments, & fables. Accustome them not to hear things which will make impressions, and trouble them all their life; make them start at every sound, and fill them with diverse superstitions. You do well, said *Eucrates*, to put me in minde of superstition. Pray what think you of Oracles, *Tychiades*, & Predictions, & Prophecies, utter'd by people inspired, and heard from Curtaines, or delivered in verte by a Virgin, which foretells things to come? Cannot these things fall under your belief neither? I forbear to tell you that I have a sacred ring whose seale beares the image of *Apollo*, and that the God himself frequently talkes with me; least you should thinke I faine this of my self, out of arrogance.

arrogance, I will only tell you what I saw and heard from *Amphilochus* at *Mallus*, who entertained me with a long discourse, and consulted the Oracle concerning my affaires. Next I will report to you what I saw at *Pergamus*, & heard at *Patara*. When I sail'd homeward from *Ægypt*, being inform'd that there was an open, infallible Oracle at *Mallus*, which verbatim gave clear answers to every mans inquiries, written in a note, and deliver'd to his Priest, I thought I should do well, as I sayl'd by, to try the Oracle, and consult the God concerning my future fortunes. I by this entrance perceiving that *Eucrates* was likely to lengthen his story, and that he had begun no very compendious discourse of Oracles, and not holding it fit to contradict them longer, leaving him sailing from *Ægypt* to *Mallus* (for I saw them discontented with my presence, as an opposer of their fictions) I will take my leave, said I, and go seek *Leontichus*. For I have urgent occasion to meet with him. You, who thinke humane passages not sufficient, have the liberty to call the Gods into your fabulous discourses. And having so said, I departed. They, glad of their freedom, in likelihood entertained, and feasted themselves with impostures. I, cloy'd with what I heard, am come to you, *Philocles*, just like those who having drunk new wine, and swoln their belly, have need to vomit: I would give any money for a potion of oblivion to make me forget, and to wash away the mischievous remembrance of what I heard. Who still, methinkes, see monsters, Devils and *Hecates*.

Philocles. I, also, suffer'd in your relations, *Tychiades*. For they say, that they not only grow distracted, and fear the water, who are bitten by mad dogges, but if the man bitten bite another, 'tis equall to the bite of a dogge, and begets the like distemper. so you having been bitten by *Eucrates* fictions, have bitten me also, and filled my fancy with Devills.

Tychiades. However let us take courage, since we

have an excellent Antidote to cure us, truth, and right reason. Which if we make our rule, we shall be troubled with no such empty, and vain falsehoods.

A defence of dancing.

The Speakers. Lycinus, and Crato.

Lycinus. Since, *Crato*, by the bitterness of your invective, I guesse you have long studied to disparage both dances, and the Art of dancing, and us who delight in such shewes, as if we misbusied our selves in a vain, womanish exercise, know the greatness of your error, and how much you have deceived your self, to blame one of the most excellent recreations of life. Though you are to be pardon'd, if having originally been bred to a sov're life, and taught to hold nothing commendable, which is not severe, your want of experience have cast you upon such Detractions.

Crato. For you, most delicate *Lycinus*, being such a man as you are, well bred, and indifferently instructed in Philosophy, to forsake the best studies, and the conversation of the Ancients, to sit listning to fiddlers, and to see an effeminate fellow loosely clad, charm you with bawdy songes, and act the loves of such ancient strumpets as the lustfull *Phadra*, *Parthenope*, and *Rhodope*, and all this perform'd with Knick-Knacks, obscene gestures, and sounds of the feet, are, doubtlesse, most ridiculous pastimes, and little beleeving one of your free education. Wherefore hearing how you imployed your time in such spectacles, I not only blusht for you, but was much grieved, that having studied *Plato*, *Chrysippus*, and *Aristotle*, you should sit and suffer, like them whose eares are rickled with a feather. There being otherwise numberlesse entertainments,

As

As vertuous Sights, rare Musicians, and artificiall Singers to the Harp, in grave Tragedyes, and merry Comedyes, which deserve to be filed exercises. You had need, therefore, gentle Sir, frame a large Apology to the learned, if you mean not to be utterly expell'd, and banisht from the flock of the vertuous. Your best course, therefore, in my opinion, will be to cure all by a deniall, and not at all to confesse your self guilty of such a crime. And for the future take heed least, unknown to us, of the man you were, you be transformed into some *Lyde*, or *Bacche*. And so not only raise an imputation on your self, but on us also, if like *Ulysses*, wee draw you not from the enchanted cup, and reduce you to your former studyes, before you be insensibly ensnared by the *Syrens* of the Theater. For they laid Siege only to the ear, and might be sayl'd by by the help of wax: but you seem wholly captived by your eyes.

Lycinus. Trust me, *Crato*, you have let loose your fierce dogge upon me. But your example of the *Lote-eaters*, and instance of the *Syrens*, carry no resemblance to my case: since they, who tasted the *Lote*, and heard the *Syrens*, perisht; as the reward of their Luxury, and Attention. Whereas I, besides the wonderfull pleasure I have conceived, have hence raised excellent advantage. For I am neither fallen into the oblivion of my household affaires, or into an ignorance of the things concerning my self, but to speake without dissimulation, have returned from the Theater much wiser, and sharper sighted in the businesse of life. More fully, therefore, might you have alleadged out of *Homer*, that he who saw the charming spectacle sayled away delighted, and the more amply instructed.

Crato. Good *Hercules*! What a lost man are you, *Lycinus*, Who in stead of being ashamed, can boast of your follies? So desperate is your case, that you afford us not any hope of a cure, thus to praise exercises so

lowly, and delectable.

Lycinus. Pray tell me, *Crato*, have you frequently seen dancing, and the passages of the Theater, which you thus accuse? O unaccustomed to such spectacles, do you hold them thus delectable, and unworthy? If you have been a Spectator, you are as faulty as I: if you have not, take heed your reprehension show not unreasonable, and overbold, thus to blame what you know not.

Crato. I would fairly have become, indeed, my long beard, and white head to sit among a crowd of women, and frantick Spectators, and there to clappe, and hurle absurd praises, to a wretched fellow, who weepes without cause.

Lycinus. You are to be excused, *Crato*. Yet if you will for once obey my perswasion, and for meer triall sake afford your presence, and submit your eyes, I am certain you will not afterwards refrain to take up the first, & most commodious place in the Theater, from whence you may both exactly see, and hear all.

Crato. May cleanlinesse forsake me, when I do so; And may my limbes be for ever rough, and my chinne unsmooth, as I pitty you perfectly gone in a distraction.

Lycinus. Sparing your blasphemies, then, wil't please you to hear me say something of dancing, and of the commodities which attend it? How it not only delights, but profits the beholders? how greatly it teacheth, and instructs, & fashions the mind of the Spectators, entertaining them with excellent presentments, & exercising them with the best lectures, and at once expressing a common amiableness of the soule, and body? Now that all this is performed with Musick, and number, is not the disparagement but praise of dancing.

Crato. I have not much leisure to heare a mad man speake in praise of his distemper: yet if you will needs vent your toyes, I am prepared to yeeld you friendly attention,

tion, and to lend my eares, and shall be able without wax to endure your triflings. Here, then, I become silent, speake your pleasure, as if no man heard you.

Lycinus. 'Twas the thing I should have craved of you, *Crato.* For you shall shortly perceive whether what I shall say appear to you trifling. First, then, you plainly seem to mee not to know, that dancing is no new invention, or of yesterdaies, or the other dayes growth, or born among our fore-fathers, or their Ancestours. But they who most truly derive dancing, say it sprung with the first beginning of the universe, and had a birth equally as ancient as love. Since the regular motion of the starrs, and the combination of the fixt with the planets, their musicall consort, and well order'd harmony, are but so many examples of the originall of dancing. Which increasing by degrees, and alwaies gaining new accessses for the best, hath at length arrived to its perfection, and is become a various, harmonious, and musicall vertue. The Goddesse *Cybele*, as they report, first delighted with the Art, enjoyned the *Coribantes* in *Phrygia*, and the *Curetes* in *Creet*, to use dancing. From whose practice of it she received no small benefit. For they, dancing round him, saved her sonne *Jupiter*, who cannot but ascribe his preservation to them, by whose measures he escapt his fathers teeth. The manner of their dancing was in Armour, with Swords clast against Bucklers; at once expressing a divinely inspired, & warlike measure. In time, the noblest *Cretans* studiously adding themselves to this exercise, became most excellent dancers, as well private men, as Princes, and such as bore sway. *Homer*, therefore, intending not to disparage but to commend *Meriones*, called him *Dancer*: Who was so famous and generally renowned for this quality, that he was thereby not only known to the *Greekes*, but to the *Trojans* his enemies too. Who observed, I suppose, a kind of beauty in his fights, and musicall Gesture, which he

tooke in from dancing. The verses speake thus of him;

*Soon had my Spear peirc't thee, Meriones,
Although a Dancer—*

Though he were not, in truth, vanquish't, but by his Skill in dancing, I suppose, easily avoided the darts hurl'd at him. Though I might make instance in diverse other *Hero's* who busied themselves in this quality, & made their exercise an Art; Yet I will content my self with *Neoptolemus*, *Achilles* sonne: Who so excell'd in this Science, that he added thereto the noblest kind, from him called the *Pyrrhichian Dance*. *Achilles*, also, himself, hearing thus much of his sonne, was more joy'd, I beleive, then with his excellent shape, or strength of bodye. Nay the City of *Troy* remain'd unconquer'd, till by his skill in dancing 'twas ruined, and laid leuell with the ground. The *Lacedemonians*, also, who were alwaies held the stoutest *Grecians*, having learnt from *Castor*, and *Pollux* to *Caryatize* (which is a kind of Dance, taught at first by the *Caryans*, a people of *Laconia*), performed all their Achievements afterwards in musick; and made war by the sound of the pipe, and the orderly treadings and measures of the foot, so that the fife still gave the signall to the battle, which made them so universally victorious, musick and numbers still directing their Marches. You may observe their young men no lesse addicted to dancing, then to bear Armes. For having at Armes end a while strugled, and mutually given, and received blowes, after a short respite, their encounters end in a dance. Where a minstrell set in the midst, playes, and keepes time with his foot; whilest they regularly following one another, and ordering their motions by his tunes, cast themselves into figures of all sorts; sometimes war-like; sometimes amorous; most suitable to *Bacchus*, and *Venus*. Nay the Song which they sing in dancing weares

wear the name of *Venus*, and *Cupid*; As if they joyned with them in their sporting and dancing. And another song they have (for they sing too) which comprehendes how to dance; and runs thus.

*Farre, Boyes, be hence unskillfull feet:
Let every step in numbers meet.*

That is, dance better. The like custome have they who danc't the Bracelet. A kind of dance common to young men, and virgins. In which one so succeeded another, as to resemble a Bracelet. For a young man led, and exprest all the youthfull motions which he was to practice afterwards in the war; A Virgin blushing followed, and so exprest the motions of a woman, that from both sprung a Bracelet, compounded of modesty, and valour. Like to these is the dance call'd the Bare feet. As for the dance, which *Homer*, in his shield, makes for *Ariadne*, and that other dance contrived by *Dadalus* for her, I passe over as well known to you. As, also, the two leaders of the dance, which the Poet there calls dancers on their heads; besides what he there sayes;

The Youthes in Dancing rowl'd

As if dancing were the greatest ornament, *Vulcan* had inserted into the shield. Nor is it strange that the *Corcyrans* should so much delight in dancing, being a people so delicate, and so abounding with all plenty. That, therefore, which *Homer* makes *Ulysses* most admire amongst them was the nimbleness of their feet. In *Thes-jaly* the exercise of dancing hath so prevailed, that they stile their Princes, and Generalls the Leaders of the dance. As appears by the Inscription of their Statues, which they erect to the best deservers. The Citty, sayes one, prefer'd him as the fore-dancer. The people, sayes, another, dedicate these Statues to *Ilition* for dancing the battle well. I spare to tell you, that you shall scarce find any ancient, religious

religious solemnity without dancing. A custom, doubtlesse, instituted by *Orpheus*, *Museus*, and other excellent Dancers of that time: who, as a thing most becoming, decreed; that none should be initiated to such rites but with measure, and dancing. And to prove this true, they, who were initiated, were bound not to reveale their rites to those that were not. From whence they who divulge mysteriyes, as all know, are proverbially said to undance them. At *Delos* no sacrifices were offer'd without dancing, and musick. Where a Quire of boyes, entring with a flute and harp, danced, and they, who among them were judged the most skillfull, followed. From whence the tunes which were composed for such Quires were call'd dance-tunes, and were set for the Violl. But why insist I upon the *Gracians*; since the *Indians*, every morning when they rise, pray to the Sunne, not as we do, who hold the kissing of our hand to be a compleat devotion, but turning themselves towards the East, salute the Sunne with a Dance; silently ordering their postures, and motions, in imitation of his. And this among the *Indians* is prayer, devotion, and sacrifice, with which twice a day, mornings, and evenings, they keep the Sun propitious. Then, the *Æthiopians* alwaies go to war dancing. Nor will a Moore offer to pluck an arrow from his head (which serves them in stead of quivers stuck round with shafts like so many rayes) till he have first danced, and by such agitation threatned, and terrified his enemy. Nor were it amisse, having past through *India* and *Æthiopia*, to draw our discourse down to their neighbouring *Ægypt*. Where the ancient fiction which goes of *Proteus*, methinkes, signifyes him to be only a certain Dancer, and Mimick; who could transform, and change himself into all shapes; sometimes acting the fluidnesse of water, sometimes the sharpnesse of fire, occasioned by the quicknesse of its aspiring motion; sometimes the fiercenesse of a Lyon, and fury of a

Libbard

Libbard, and waving of an Oake; and what ever heli-
sted. From whence the fable, wresting his naturall parts
something paradoxically, fain'd him to be really changed
into the things he acted. The like abilities are found in
the Dancers of our time: whom you may in an instant
see suddainly metamorphosed, and turn'd into a *Proteus*.
we may, also, conjecture that *Empusa*, who turn'd her
self into a thousand shapes, was such another woman,
derived to us in a fiction. After these examples 'twere
Injustice to forget the dance practiced by the *Salii* (the
name of a certain Priesthood taken from dancing) in ho-
nour of *Mars*, the most war-like God; in which they
mingled gravity with religion. Nor is the *Bithynian* fa-
ble altogether unsuitable to the *Italian* custome, which re-
portes that *Priapus*, a military God, one of the *Titans*,
I believe, or *Idaan* Dactyls, learnt this exercise with his
Armes. For *Mars* receiving him from *Juno* yet a boy,
boysterous, and beyond measure manly, taught him not
to bear *Armes* before he had made him a perfect Dancer.
For which the reward assigned by *Juno*, was, that he
should ever after have the tithe of his spoyles taken in
war. I presume you expect not I should tell you of the
Bacchanalls, or feasts of *Bacchus*; whose celebration
was nothing but dancing. Now of the noblest sort of
Dances, there are three kindes, the Cordacke or Comi-
call, Sicinnidde or Satyritall, & Harmonious or Tragicall,
which were invented by the Satyres, the followers of
Bacchus, from whom they take their names. And *Bac-*
chus himself using this Art subdued the *Tuscans*, *Indians*,
and *Lydians*, and danced down war like Nations with
Javelines wrapt in Ivey. Wherefore take heed, admired
Sir, least you prove impious thus to accuse so Divine, and
Mysterious an exercise, practiced by such illustrious
Gods, and performed in their honour and which carryes
with it so much pleasure joyn'd with so much usefull
discipline. I cannot but wonder, that being so great a

lover of *Homer*, and *Hesiod*, as you are (for I once more betake my self to the Poets) you dare controule them, who above all things praise dancing. For *Homer* having muster'd together the things most delightfull, and desirable, sleep, love, singing, and dancing, stiles this last onely praise worthy; ascribing, indeed, sweetnesse to singing, both which are found in dancing; namely Harmony of voice, and commendable meature, which you thus study to carpe at. Again in another place of his poem he sayes;

*To some Fove gives of war-like actions choice,
Dancing to some, to some a charming voice.*

For, certainly, a good voice, joyn'd with dancing, is very charming, and the most excellent gift of the Gods. Again *Homer*, having divided all things into war, and peace, opposeth this as the more commendable to the passages of warre. And as for *Hesiod*, who went not by hear-say, but early in the morning saw the Muses dance, in the beginning of his Poem sets this as their greatest praise, that in soft measures they danced round about a flowry fountain, and encircled their fathers Altar. Yet you, Gentle Sir, almost making war with the Gods, calumniate dancing. Though *Socrates*, of all men the wisest, (if we may beleve *Apollo*, who stiled him so) not only praised dancing, but vouchsafed to learn it, ascribing much to the Elegancy, and Grace, and Muscalle Treadings, and amiable behaviour of such a mover. Nor blusht he, though old, to reckon dancing among his serious imployments. In which, you may guesse, he spent no small studye, who refused not to learn Arts yet meaner, nor disdayned to frequent the scooles of the Minstrells, and to attend the Lectures of *Aspasia*, a known Whore. Yet he beheld this Art onely in its first rising, before 'twas grown up to such height of perfection. Did he see those who in our time have
advanc'd

advanc'd it to this great pitch, I assure my self, forsaking all other studyes he would wholly apply his minde to this spectacle, and would teach his Schollers nothing else. In praising Comedy, and Tragedy, you seem to me to forget that in either a peculiar kind of dancing is observed; the grave in Tragedy, in Comedy the Cordack, and sometimes also the Sicinnidd. But because at first you prefer'd Tragedy, and Comedy, and vagrant fiddlers, and singing to the harpe, before dancing; calling them truly exercises, and therefore commendable: let us, I pray, compare them severally with Dancing. Where, if please you, we will passe over the Pipe, and Harpe, as parts and instruments of Dancing, and consider Tragedy as it is, first, according to its propertyes, and dresse. What a deformed, and frightfull sight is it to see a man raised to a prodigious length, stalking upon exalted buskins, his face disguised with a grimme vizard, widely gaping, as if he meant to devoure the Spectatours? I forbear to speake of his stuf Brests, and tore-Bellyes, which make an adventitious, and artificiall corpulency, least his unnaturall length should carry disproportion to his slenderesse. As, also, his clamour from within, when he breakes open, and unlockes himself, and when he howles lambicks, and most ridiculously sings his own sufferings, and renders himself by his very tone odious. For as for the rest, they are inventions of ancient Poets. Yet as long as he personates only some *Andromache*, & *Hecuba*, his singing is tolerable. But for a *Hercules* to enter dolefully singing, and to forget himself, and neither to regard his Lyons skinne, nor clubbe, must needs, to any judging man, appear a Solæcisme. And whereas you dislike that in dancing men should act women, is a reprehension which holds for Tragedyes, and Comedyes too; in which are more womens parts, then mens. Besides, as part of the delight, Comedy challengeth to it self the most ridiculous parts; as Parasites, Fiddlers, and Cookes. But the propertyes

of a Dancer are so comely, and decent, that I need not describe them, being visible to all but the blind. The person gracefully adorn'd, and agreeable to his part; not gaping like the others, but decently closed, under which many sing their own Tunes: For anciently the Dancers sung too, till 'twas found, that Motion, and shortnesse of Breath troubled the Voice; whereupon 'twas better contrived, that they should be sung to. The Argument of both are alike. Nor do Dances differ from Tragedies, but that These have more variety, and are more variously studied, and admit more severall Changes. The reason why there are no Dancing-matches I take to be, because the Judges held it to be a thing too reverend, and solemn to be brought into Decision. Though there be a famous City in *Italy*, descended of the *Negroponts*, where Honorary Prizes are assigned to this Exercise. And here I desire to be excused for my omissions of many things not toucht, and that you will not impute them to my ignorance, or want of Learning. For 'tis not unknown to me, that many have heretofore written of Dancing, and have spent most of their industry, and Style, in decyphering the severall kinds of Dances; their Names, Distinctions, and who were their Inventors: wherein they thought they made shew of various learning. But I, holding such ostentations superfluous, and unseasonable, and unsuitable to my person, shall passe them over in silence. Withall, I shall desire you to remember, and think, that I intend not to derive the Pedigree of Dances of all sorts, nor make it the aime of my discourse to reckon up the names of all Dances, but of those few of the Nobler sort, before mentioned. For the present then, the Summe of my defence is to praise the manner of dancing now in fashion; and to shew what pleasure, and profit it comprehends, and from what an ancient beginning it hath aspired to its present Elegancy, or Veneration rather. For those Dancings of the first Ages were, as it were, the roots, and foundati-

ons of Dancing, whose Flower, and grown Fruit now ripened into a perfection, is the Argument of my Defence: omitting to speak of Capring, or Crane-dancings, or the like, as impertinent to this discourse. Nor have I, out of oversight, past by the *Phrygian* manner of Dancing, which was a drunken, and feastly kind of Revelling, performed in Wine, by a Rowt of Clowns, who danced like Women to a Pipe, using violent and boisterous Leapings, yet in use among Country people: but because it hath no agreement with the dancing I now treat of. Though *Plato* in his Laws commends some of these kinds, but rejects others; distinguishing them by their pleasure, and profit, and banishing the more uncomely, prefers, and admires the rest. And thus much be spoken of Dancing it self. For to extend my discourse, to all that might be said, were troublesome. I will now unfold to you how a Dancer ought to be qualified, how practised, what to learn, and by what waies to attain his Art, that you may perceive this not to be one of the facile, and easily learn'd Arts, but to be attained in perfection by the help of all the other Sciences; not Musick only, but Arithmetick, and Geometry, and especially your Philosophy, both naturall, and morall. As for Logick, it hath been held vain and uselesse to it: but Rhetorick it requires, and partakes, as far as 'tis demonstrative of manners, and affections, which are the subjects of Oratours too. Nor is it a stranger to Painting, and Sculpture; but imitates their Graces so exactly, as not to come short of *Phidias*, or *Apelles* himself. But above all it aims to have the two Muses, *Mnemosyne*, and her daughter *Polyhymnia* propitious, and exactly to remember all things: for, as *Calchas* in *Homer*, it behoves a Dancer to know

Things present, past, and future.—

and not to be ignorant of any thing, but to have a memory open, and at command. In a word, 'tis an imitating

and demonstrating Science; an Interpreter of conceiptes, and clearer of Ambiguities. And what *Thucydides* laid in praise of *Pericles*, is the thing most praise worthy in a Dancer; which is, to know what is fit, and to expresse it. By expression I here mean a clearnesse of behaviour. So that the whole businesse of a Dancer consists in the knowledge of ancient history, the ready remembrance of it, and expressing of it with decency. Taking, therefore, his beginning from the *Chaos*, and birth of the world, he must carry his knowledge as farre as the age of the *Ægyptian Cleopatra*: within which space of times we circumscribe the various learning of a Dancer. Especially, let him learn by the way the division of Heaven, the originall of *Venus*, the *Titans* war, *Jupiters* birth, *Cybel's* plot, and substitution of a stone, *Saturnes* Imprisonment, the lottery of the three Brothers, as also the Gyants invasion, the stealth of fire, the formation of man, *Prometheus* punishment, the power of love, of each sort; Then the floating of *Delos*, the travelling of *Lætona*, *Pythons* Slaughter, *Tityu's* Treason, and the middle of the Earth found out by the flight of Eagles. Adde to this *Dencalion* and the Universall wrack of that Age, and the lone Arke which received and preserved all mankind, & how Men were repayr'd from stones. Next the dismembring of *Iachus*, *Funo's* cheate, *Semele's* conflagration and *Bacchus* double birth; & whatsoever is reported of *Minerva*, *Vulcan*, and *Erichthonius*; The strife about *Attica*, and first sentence in *Areopagus*; In a word, the whole *Attick* fable. Let him also exactly know the Errantry of *Ceres*, and finding of her daughter, and hospitality of *Celeus*, & husbandry of *Triptolemus*, & plantation of vines by *Icarus*, and the disaster of *Erigone*; and whatsoever goes in story of *Boreas*, and *Orithyia*, and *Theseus*, and *Ægeus*. Adde to this *Medea's* Entertainment, and Flight afterwards to the *Persians*, as also *Erechtus*, and *Pandion's* Daughters, and what they both suffer'd, and did in
Thrace.

Thrace. Then let him know *Acamas*, and *Phyllis*, and *Hellens* first Rape, and the expedition of the Twinnes against the City; *Hippolytus* mischance, and the return of the *Herculeans*; all which he may read in the *Attick* Records, which being *Athenian* passages, I have briefly, for examples sake, run over. Next, let him learn the story of *Megara*, *Nisus*, and *Scylla*, and the purple Hair, and *Minos* departure, and his ingratitude towards his Assister. To which let him adde the Atchievements wrought at *Cytheron*, and *Thebes*; the calamities of the people, *Cadmus* Banishment, and sign taken from the lying down of a Cow; the Serpents teeth sown, and springing up again; as also *Cadmus* transformation into a Serpent; the erection of Walls by Musick, the Builders madnesse, his wife *Niobes* insolent pride, and stupefaction through Griefe. As, also, the story of *Pentheus*, *Actæon*, *Oedipus*, and *Hercules*, together with his Labours, and slaughter of his Children. Nor is *Corinth* lesse fraught with stories of *Glauce*, and *Creon*; and beforethese *Bellerophon*, and *Stenebæa*; and the Combate between *Neptune* and the Sun; as also the Madnesse of *Athamas*, and æery flight of *Nepheles* children upon a Ramme; and the Receipt of *Ino*, and *Melicerta*. To which may be added the Reports which go of the *Pelopidae*, and *Mycenæ*, and more ancient then these of *Inachus* and *Io*, and her keeper *Argus*; of *Atræus* also, and *Thyestes*, and *Ærope*, and the Golden Fleece, and *Pelops* Wedding, and *Agamemnon's* slaughter, and *Clytemnestra's* punishment: and more ancient yet then these, the expedition of the Seven Generals, and the receipt of *Adrastus* fugitive Sons in Law, and the Oracle which was deliver'd of them; besides, the deniall of Buriall to the slain, and the destruction of *Antigone*, and *Menæceus* thereupon; the stories also which are recorded in *Nemæa* of *Hypsipyle*, and *Archemorus*, are monuments most necessarily to be known of a Dancer. Who before that is also to know what is said of *Danae's* Virginity, the birth of *Perseus*, and his

his enterprize against the *Gorgons*; to which he is to joyn the *Ethiopick* Reports which go of *Cassiopea*, and *Andromeda*, and *Cepheus*, whom the Superstition of Antiquity have placed among the Stars. Nor ought he to be ignorant in the ancient passages of *Aegyptus*, and *Danaus*, and the Treasons of that Wedding. Nor will *Lacedæmon* afford a few such examples, of *Hyacinthus*, and *Zephyrus* Rivall to *Apollo*; and the slaughter of the Boy by a Quoit, and the Flower which sprung from his bloud, and the mournfull Inscription written in it; as, also, the restoring of *Tyndarus* from the dead, and *Jupiter's* displeasure therefore against *Æsculapius*. Besides, the entertainment of *Paris*, and transportation of *Helen*, after the decision of the Apple. And to this *Spartan* History he is to annex the *Trojan*, no lesse copious, and full of parts; from whence, according as every one fell, may be drawn Arguments for the Stage. All which he is upon occasion to remember; especially what hapned after *Helens* Transportation, 'till the return of the *Grecian* Captains. *Anea's* wandrings, also, and *Dido's* Love. Nor will the reports which passe of *Orestes* be impertinent, and of his adventures in *Scythia*. And before that, the stories which go of *Achilles*, answerable to his *Trojan*; his disguise of a Girle in *Scyrus*; *Ulysses* distraction, and desertion of *Philoctetes*; In a word, all *Ulysses* Travels, the stories of *Circe*, and *Telegonus*, and *Æolus* Empire over the Winds, and other passages along to the revenge taken of the Suitors: And before that his circumvention of *Palamedes*, *Nauplius* Rage, *Ajax* Phrenzy, and the shipwrack of the other *Ajax* against Rocks. *Elis* also hath many pattenes for Dancers; as *Oenomaus*, *Myrtilus*, *Saturn*, *Jupiter*, and the chiefe Wrestlers in the *Olympick* Games. Nor is *Arcadia* lesse replenisht with stories, of *Daphne's* flight, *Callisto's* conversion into a Bear, the Centaures drunkenness, *Pan's* Parents, *Alpheus* Love, and *Hyphalus* Peregrination. And if we will send our discourse into *Creet*, dancing may from thence fetch nume-

rous examples, taken from *Europa*, *Pasiphae*, and both their Bulls; the Labyrinth, also, *Ariadne*, *Phædra*, *Minotaure*, *Dædalus*, *Icarus*, *Glaucus*, the Prophecy of *Polyides*; *Talo*, also, and the Brazen wall of the City. If you look into *Ætolia*, many Instances may from thence, also, be taken for dancing; from *Althæa*, *Meleager*, *Atalanta*, *Valus*, the Combate between the River and *Hercules*, the Birth of the *Sirens*, the Retribution of the *Echinades*, and habitation of *Alcmaon* after his Madnesse; *Nessus*, also, and *Deianeira's* Jealousie; to which is to be added the Funerall pile in *Oeta*. *Thrace*, also, hath many examples requisite to a dancer; as *Orpheus*, and his dismembring; his vocall Head swimming along with his Harp: *Hæmus*, also, and *Rhodore*, and the punishment of *Lycurgus*. But *Thesalia* is yet more copious in instances, of *Pelias*, *Jason*, *Alceſtis*, the Fleet of fifty Ships, the *Argo*, and its speaking Keel; the passages of *Lemnos*, also concerning *Æta*, *Medea's* dream, and dilaniation of *Absyrtus*, and what befell her in saying: To which are to be added *Protesilaus*, and *Laodameia*. If you will once more passe into *Asia*, you shall meet with as plentifull arguments, where *Samus* will presently accost you, and the calamity of *Polycrates*, and his daughters voyage into *Persia*; besides the more ancient passages of *Tantalus* Babling, and his Feasting of the Gods. The eating of *Pelops* flesh, supplied with an Ivory shoulder. In *Italy* you meet with *Eridanus*, and *Phaeton*, and his sisters bewailing themselves into Poplars, and weeping Amber. A Dancer is to know all the story of the *Hesperides*, and the Dragon-keeper of the Golden fruit; of *Geryon*, also, and his conveyance of the Oxen from *Erythia*. Nor is he to be ignorant of all the Fabulous Transmutations which have been made of things into Trees, or Beasts, or Fowls, or Women turn'd into Men; I mean *Cæneus*, and the Prophet *Tiresias*, and the like: and in *Phœnicia* *Myrrha*, and the divided sorrow of the *Aſſyrians*. Nor shall he only know these, but the more

modern passages, attempted by *Antipater*, and *Seleucus*, after the *Macedonian* Empire, for the love of *Stratonice*. He shall, also, know the most secret Mysteries of the *Egyptians*; That he may the more Symbollically act them; I mean *Epaphus*, and *Osiris*, and the transformation of the Gods into beasts; especially what ever is reported of their loves, and of *Jupiter* himself, and his various shift of disguises. He shall, also, be skill'd in all the passages of Hell; in their tortures, and their severall causes, and in the undivided friendship of *Theseus*, and *Perithous*, even in that infernall place. And to comprize all in a word, he shall be ignorant of nothing deliver'd either by *Homer*, or *Hesiod*, or the most excellent Poets, especially the Tragick. And thus have I recounted a few examples of many, or rather infinite, and rudely hudled them up in a Masse. The rest I leave to be sung by Poets, and to acted by Dancers, and to be pursued by you according to these patterns and instances. All which a Dancer must have in readinesse, and prepared to be brought forth, and represented upon occasion. Now because he is to be a Mimick, and to expresse by motions what is sung in verse, 'tis necessary, like Oratours, he should practice perspicuity, that every part which he acts, may carry its own light, and not require an Interpreter. And as the *Pythian* Oracle said, he that sees a Dance, must understand the Dancer though dumbe, and hear him though silent. As it befell *Demetrius*, the Cynick Philosopher; who, like you, spoke much in disparagement of Dancing; stiling a Dancer, the idle imployment of a pipe, and fiddle, and noyse; who added nothing to a Maske, but an absurd, vain, and senselesse motion; and that it was the part of a Jugler, not of a Dancer, to be drest in filke clothes, guilt vizards, and to move to a pipe, and lascivious tune, and wanton voice. A skillfull dancer, therefore, as the story goes, in *Nero's* time, and not un-

learn'd

learn'd, but well vers'd in history, and the Art of gesture, desired *Demetrius*, with the most becomming intreatyes he could, I suppose, to see him dance, and then to reprehend him. He promised also to act before him without either Pipe, or Tune, and did so: For having imposed silence to the Minstrels, and Fiddlers, and Consort, he by himself danced the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, the Sun betraying them, and *Vulcan* plotting and catching them in a wire Net. Then every God, who was severally spectator, then *Venus* blushing, and *Mars* beseeching; In a word, he acted the whole Fable so well, that *Demetrius*, much pleased with the spectacle, as the greatest praise could be bestow'd upon him, cryed out, and in a loud voice said, I hear, my Friend, what you act; Nor do I only see them, but methinks you speak with your Hands. And because my Discourse is fallen upon *Nero's* times, I will report to you a passage of a Stranger concerning the same Dancer, who gave the greatest praise of his dancing that could be. This Barbarian Prince, being come from *Pontus* to *Rome*, about some business with *Nero*, among other entertainments saw this Dancer personate so lively, that though he knew nothing of what was sung (being half a *Grecian*) yet he understood all. Being to return to his Country after this entertainment of *Nero's*, and bid ask what he would, and it should be granted, Give me the Dancer, said he, and you shall much please me. *Nero* asking him of what use he could be to him, My neighbour Barbarians, said he, are of a different language; nor is it easie for me to find Interpreters for them. This Fellow, therefore, as often as I have need, shall expound to me by Gestures; such praise gain'd his Imitations, and Dancing, being significant and clear. The chiefe businesse, and aime of Dancing, then, is, as I said, Personation; which is to be perform'd by the rules of Rhetoricians, especially of those who busie themselves in Declamations. In which, the thing most praiseworthy is

to resemble their subjects, and not to let the things said disagree from the Princes, or Tyrant-slayers, or Beggars, or Husbandmen spoken of, but to give every one his propriety, and distinction. I will report to you the saying of another Barbarian to this purpose: who seeing five Arguments provided, (for the Presentment consisted of so many parts) and seeing but one Dancer, askt who should act, and personate the rest; and being told that one would undergoe the whole performance, I was deceived in you, my Friend, said he, who have but one Body, and many Soules. Thus the Barbarian. Nor do the *Italians*, without reason built upon his performances, call a Dancer a *Pantomime*, or generall Actor. The Poets excellent exhortation therefore, which sayes,

*When thou in Cities Stay dost make,
The mind of a pourcontrell take,*

is very necessary for a Dancer, who must vary with his Argument, and transforme himself into every part he represents. Especially Dancing undertakes to act, and personate behaviours, and passions of all sorts; sometimes bringing a Lover on the Stage, sometimes a cholerick man, sometimes a man distracted, sometimes one lost in sorrow, and all this gracefully. And what is most strange, upon one and the same day, it presents at one time *Athamas* frantick, at another, *Ino* trembling; at another *Atreus*, presently after *Thyestes*, then *Ægysthus*, or *Ærope*, and all this by one man. In other shewes, and fights, severall things are severally represented; as the Pipe, or Harp, or melody of the voice, or action of a Tragedy, or merry performance of a Comedy. But a Dancer doth expresse all these; in whose presentations you may behold variously compounded, and mixt, the Wayte, and Flute, creakings of the Feet, shrillnesse of the Cymball, tunable voice of an Actor, and consort of a Quire. Besides, in other performances, one part of the man is only imploy'd: where

where some parts concern only the Soul, others the Body. But in Dancing both are mixt, where what is done exhibits the mind with the exercise, and activity of the Body. But the thing most regardfull is the discretion, and *decorum* there observed. *Lesbonax*, therefore, the *Mitylenian*, an honest and vertuous man, used to call Dancers, Handy-wisemen; and went frequently to see them, as if he return'd better from the Theater: whose Tutor *Timo-crates*, seeing once by chance, not of set purpose, a Dancer performe his parts, cryed out, What rare fights have I lost through a Philosophicall modesty? Now if it be true, what *Plato* delivers of the Soul; A Dancer most excellently represents the 3 parts of it: The Irascible, when he acts an angry man; the Concupiscible, when he presents a Lover; and the Rationall, when he puts a bridle to every affection. For Reason is mingled, and scatter'd with all parts of Dancing, as Feeling is with the other Senses. Now what doth this wildome of the mind, made visible by the gracefulness of Dancing, but verifie *Aristotle's* saying, who praising Beauty, calls it the third part of *Vertue*. And as for the silence sometimes used by dancers, I have heard some in a youthfull *Hyperbole* praise it as a piece of the *Pythagorean* discipline. And whereas other Studies carry with them either pleasure only, or profit, dancing only hath both, and renders profit the more profitable coming drest in pleasure. For how much a more delightfull Spectacle is this, then to see Young men cuff, and flow with Bloud, and wrestle in the dust, when they might much safelier, and comelier, and with more pleasure be seen in a dance. The decent motions, therefore, of dancing, gracefull postures, turnings, treadings, and caprings, are both delightfull to the spectators, and healthfull to the Actors. For I must think that the best and most proportionable exercise, which both supple the body, and renders it flexible, and pliant, and bending to all postures, and strengthens it too. How can dancing

then, choose, but be the most accomplisht exercise, which thus whets the soul, exerciseth the body, delights the beholders, and instructs them in much antiquity, and equally by Flutes, and Cymballs, and the gracefullnesse of the limbes, diffuseth its charmes to the eyes, and eares? If, therefore, you affect the harmony of the voice where can you meet a fuller, or more melodious consort? If you delight in ayres of the Cornet, or Flute, Dancing will abundantly supply you. I spare to tell you, that by such spectacles, and by frequenting the Theater, you will be better'd in your manners, by learning to hate fowle deedes presented, and to bewaile those who are innocently unfortunate; And seeing the whole behaviour of the Spectators disciplined. But that which I most extoll in Dancers is their Art, both to show strength, and softnesse; Nor is it to me lesse then a Paradox, for the same person, in the same performance, to expresse the boystrousnesse of *Hercules*, and the delicacy of *Venus*. But I will now proceed to show how a good Dancer must be qualified both in his minde and body. Though I have already reckon'd most of the endowments of his soul, who must have a fast memory, piercing wit, sharpe understanding, able to distinguish times well; he must also be a Critick of Poems, and songes, able to discern Ditties well composed, and to reject the ill. A draught of his body, I will give you by *Polycletus* rules. Which must not be over tall, nor too low, or dwarfish, but of a moderate size; neither over fleshy, which is prodigious, nor over lean, like a Sceleton, or a Anatomy. To this purpose, I will report to you some showtes of dislike utter'd by a people, who are no dull observers. The Cityzens of *Antioch* are most ingenious, and much addicted to dancing; and so given to marke what is said, or done, that no passage escapes them. Seeing, upon a time, a little, short Dancer enter, and act *Hector*, they cryed out with one voyce

voice, This is *Astyanax*, but where's *Hector*? Another time a fellow of an overgrown length preparing to dance *Capaneus*, and to scale the walls of *Thebes*, they told him he might mount the wall without a ladder. Another time, a very big, and corpulent dancer, endeavouring to vault high, We had need, said they, to underprop the Stage. To a very lean Dancer, they cryed out, God strengthen you; as if he had been in a Consumption. I have alleadged these Examples, not to stir your laughter, but that you may know, that whole nations have so applyed their studies to dancing, as to be able to distinguish the right performance from the absurd. A Dancer, then, must be of an active, pliant, and compacted body; able upon occasion to make quick Turnes, and, if need be, to stop strongly. And that Dancing is no stranger to the warlike gestures of the hands, but partakes the vertues in combating of *Mercury*, *Pollux*, and *Hercules*, you may perceive by severall presentments. *Herodotus* holds, that the Representations which are taken in by the Sight, are much more authentick then those which are taken in by the Ear. Dancing satisfies both senses, and conveies such strong impressions, that a certain Lover passing through the Theater was cured, by seeing the ill successles of Love; and though he came possess'd with a deep melancholly, departed cheerfull, as if he had drunck some potion of Oblivion; or, according to the Poet, Some draught of *Nepenthe* against Sadness. Now the sign of proper Action, and that the Presentment is universally understood, are the tears shed by the Spectators, as often as any calamitous, or tragicall passage is brought upon the Stage. The Bacchanall manner of dancing, exercised especially in *Ionis*, and *Pontus*, being also Satyrick, doth so inchant the people, that at certain times appointed, they neglect all other businesse, and sit whole daies to see the *Titans*, *Corybantes*, *Satyrs*, and Clowns acted, which are danced by the most noble, and greatest personages of every

every City, who think it no dishonour, but rather value themselves more for such performances, then for their Births, Attendances, and Dignities of their Ancestours. And thus having deciphered the vertues of Dancers, give me leave to decipher the vices too. Those of the Body I have shown already. Those of the Mind you may thus observe. There are many, who out of ignorance (for 'tis not possible that all should be wise) commit great Solécismes in Dancing: such, I mean, whose actions are irregular, and not to the Tune, as they say; when the Foot sayes one thing, and the Instrument another. Others keep proportion to the Musick, but their Presentments, as I have often seen, are disproportioned to the right time. For you shall have one, who endeavouring to act *Jupiter's* Birth, and *Saturn* eating his Children, danceth *Thyestes* sufferings, for the affinity of the Fables. Again, another being to act *Semele* burnt with Lightning, likens *Glauce* to her, born long after. Yet is not Dancing to be scorn'd, because there are such Dancers; nor is the exercise to be hated, but such Actors to be held unskilfull; and they to be praised, who, according to the right rules of their Art regularly make their performances. In a word, a Dancer must be every way exact, do all things with order, decency, measure, like himself, beyond detraction, blame, and imperfections; have thoughts of the best composition, an Education quick, a deep Apprehension, and especially humane: whose applause must necessarily follow his performances, when every Spectator beholds himself acted; and sees in the Dancer, as in a Glass, whatever he useth to do, or suffer. For then men cannot containe for pleasure, but poure themselves forth in tumultuous praises, when every one sees the Images of his mind presented, and owns them. For the *Delphick* Counsell, *Know thy self*, is by such spectacles so artificially instill'd into them, that they depart from the Theater taught what to choose, and what to shunne, and instructed

structed in those things which before they knew not. For as in speech so in Dancing, over-affectation is the fault of many, who strive to exceed the bounds of imitation, and strain beyond *Decorum*. As when some great passage is to be presented, to show it over great; or if some soft passage, to present it too womanish; or to stretch some manly Atchievement to savagenesse, and bestiality. As I once saw a Dancer, formerly much approved, and in his other performances discreet, and worthy to be admired, I know not by what mischance disgrace himself by over-action. For being to dance *Ajax* after his vanquishment distracted, he failed so grossely, that some thought he acted not a madnesse, but was himself distemper'd. For he rent the garment of one of those who stamp in Iron shooes; and snatching a Corner from one of the Fiddlers, struck *Ulysses*, who stood by, insulting for his victory, such a blow on the head, that if his Helmet had not saved him, and borne off the violence of the stroke, the wretched party had perisht, and fallen prostrate at his feet. Though the whole Theater of Spectators, as mad as *Ajax*, stamp, shewted, and shooke their cloathes. For the Routs, and Idiots, who knew not *Decorum*, nor were able to distinguish false action from right, took this as a great expression of fury. And the better bred, and more understanding, though they blush'd at what was done, yet show'd not any dislike as much as by their silence; but colour'd the Dancers folly with their commendations. Though they plainly saw not the madnesse of *Ajax*, but of the representer acted. Not herewith content the Gentleman plaid a prank much more ridiculous. For descending into the pit he sat down between two who had been Consuls, much affraid lest he should have mistaken, and beaten one of them for a sheep: which passage some extolled, others derided; others suspected his over Imitation.

on had cast him into a true Madnesse. Others report, that after he came to himselfe, he was so ashamed of his action, that upon the true apprehension of his distemper, he fell sick for grief, and plainly profest it. For those of his Faction requesting him to act *Ajax* over again to them, When I come next upon the Stage, said he; In the mean time 'tis enough for me to have once play'd the Madman. But his chiefe discontent sprung from an Antagonist, or Anti-Actor, who represented *Ajax* Raging, so gracefully, and discreetly, that he was much extolled, keeping himself within the limits of dancing, and not breaking forth into any unproper action. These few examples, and exercises of dancing, of many, have I, my Friend, recounted to you, that you should not too much relent my thirst, and desire to frequent them. If, therefore, you will vouchsafe to partake of the Spectacle, I assure my self you will be inveigled, and become in love with Dancing. Nor shall I need to apply that saying of *Circe* to you,

I wonder by my Cup you'r not encharm'd;

for you will be enchanted; not to have the head of an Asse, or heart of a Swine, but your understanding will be much more confirm'd, and you for pleasure will leave little of the Potion undrunk. For what *Homer* sayes of *Mercury's* Golden Rod, that he thereby charmes up the Eyes of whom he lifts, and rewakens them from sleep, is truly verified of Dancing, which wakes, and unlocks the eyes of the Beholders, and rouzes up their minds to all the passages of Life.

Crato. You have perswaded me, *Lycinus*, and have at once open'd my eares, and eyes. And, therefore, remember when hereafter you go to the Theater, to take me along with you, that you only may not return from thence the wiser.

The Sale of Philosophers.

The Speakers, *Jupiter, Mercury, a Merchant, Pythagoras, Diogenes, Democritus, Heraclitus, Socrates, Chrysippus, the Philosopher.*

Jupiter. MAKE you ready the Scaffolds, and provide a place for the Commers; stand you behind to produce the Lives, but first adorn them, that they may look well favour'd, and allure Chapmen. Do you, *Mercury*, make Proclamation, and, in the name of good luck, summon Buyers to appear here in the Market. We will that you proclaime Philosophers of all sorts, and of all sects. If there be any who cannot pay ready money, he shall be trusted till the next year upon security.

Mercury. See, they are already assembled, so that you need loose no time, or delay them.

Jupiter. Proceed we, then, to Sale.

Mercury. Whom shall I first produce?

Jupiter. That Hairy Ionian, with the grave, and reverend look.

Mercury. You, *Pythagorean*, descend, and present your self to the Assembly.

Jupiter. Now make proclamation.

Mercury. I sell a rare, and venerable Mortall; who will buy him? who desires to be something more then a man? Or to know the Harmony of the Vniverse? or to live often?

Merchant. He hath a promising countenance; Which way lies his knowledg?

Mercury. In Arithmetick, Astronomy, Interpretation of Prodigies, Geometry, Musick, Jugling; He is an excellent Soothsayer too.

Ccc 2

Merchant.

Merchant. May I ask him some questions?

Mercury. A Gods name.

Merchant. What Country man are you?

Pythagoras. A Samian.

Merchant. Where bred?

Pythag. In *Ægypt*, among the Wise men there.

Merchant. Suppose I should buy you, what will you teach me?

Pythag. Nothing but to forget.

Merchant. How?

Pythag. First by cleansing your Soul, and scouring off the dross of it.

Merchant. Suppose I be already refin'd, how will you instruct me then?

Pythag. First you are to undergo a long and speechlesse Silence; and in five years to say nothing.

Merchant. Pray, my Friend, be Tutor to *Crasus* son; For I mean to speak, not to be a Statue. And what shall I learn after this five years Dumbnesse?

Pythag. Musick, and Geometry.

Merchant. This is pleasant Education, first to be a Fidler, then a Wise man.

Pythag. Next, you shall learn to number.

Merchant. That I can do already.

Pythag. How?

Merchant. One, two, three, four.

Pythag. Perceive you that what you think Four is Ten, and a perfect Triangle, and the number we swear by?

Merchant. I never heard more Divine or sacred discourses.

Pythag. Next, my Friend, you shall be taught the nature of the Earth, Air, Water, and Fire, and what is the force of each, what the forme, and how they are transmuted.

Merchant. Have Fire, Air, and Water a Form then?

Pythagoras.

Pythagoras. A very visible one. For you see their motion is not formelesse, or detormed. To this you shall know that God is nothing but Number, and Harmony.

Merchant. You speak Wonders.

Pythag. Nay, more then this, you who seem one thing, shall know your self another, and another after that.

Merchant. Say you, then, that I am another, and not my self, who now talk with you?

Pythag. Now you are, indeed, the man you are; but have heretofore appeared in another body, and under another name, and will in time undergo other changes.

Merchant. By your saying, then, I shall be immortall, and passe through severall shapes? But enough of this. Of what Diet are you?

Pythag. I eat no Flesh, but all things else, except Beans.

Merch. Why loath you Beans?

Pythag. I loath them not, but hold them sacred and mysterious. For first they are wholly generative: and if you blanch them green, they resemble the procreative parts of a man. If boyled you lay them certain nights in the Moon shine, they will turn to Bloud; and what is yet more, 'tis the custom of the *Athenians* to choose their Magistrates by Beans.

Merchant. Discreetly, & Religiously spoken. Pray strip your self, for I much desire to see you naked. O *Hercules!* he hath a Golden Thigh. Sure he is some God, no Man: I'll buy him at any rate. What's the price of him?

Mercury. Ten Drachms.

Merchant. I accept him at the price.

Jupiter. Register the Buyer's name, and country.

Mercury. He seems to be an *Italian*, of the Coasts about *Croton*, and *Tarentum*, and that part of *Greece*. Besides, not one, but almost three hundred do buy him among them.

Jupiter. Let them take him away, and produce another.

Mercury. That slovenly fellow of *Pontus*, do you mean?

Jupiter. The same.

Mercury. You Fellow, with the Scrip over your shoulder, stand forth, and walke round the Assembly. O yes, I sell a stout, vertuous, well-bred, free mortall: Who buyes him?

Merch: Do you sell a Free-man, Cryer?

Mercury. Yes.

Merchant. Are you not affraid he should accuse you of Man-stealth, and summon you before the *Areopagus*?

Mercury. He cares not to be sold, but thinks himself neverthelesse free.

Merchant. To what imployment may a man put such a slovenly ill-lookt fellow, unlesse he should make him a Delver, or Water-bearer?

Mercury. That's not all, set him to keep your house, you will need no Dogs. His name is Dogge.

Merchant. What's his Countrey, or Profession?

Mercury. You were best to ask him.

Merchant. I fear his crabbed, grimme looks, least he should bark, if I should draw neer, and bite me. Do you not see how he lifts his Staffe, and bends his Brows, and how threatningly, and Cholerick he looks?

Mercury. Fear him not, he is very tame.

Merchant. Of what Countrey are you, my Friend?

Diogenes. Of all Countreys.

Merchant. How?

Diogenes. Thou beholdest a Citizen of the World.

Merchant. Whom do you emulate?

Diogenes. *Hercules*.

Merchant. You are club'd, indeed, like him; but why wear you not a Lyon's skin too?

Diogenes. This ragged Coat is my Lyon's skin; in which I make war, like him, against pleasures, not forced but voluntarily, of which I purpose to purge Mankind.

Merchant.

Merchant. An Heroick enterprize. But by what Science may we style you, or what Art do you professe?

Diogenes. I am a maker of men free, and a Physician of their passions. Briefly I desire to be a Professor of truth, and liberty.

Merchant. Well, Sir, if I should buy you, what will you teach me?

Diogenes. First, I will take you and strippe you of pleasure, and confine you to poverty, and apparrell you in a patcht Coat. Next, I will enjoyn you to labour, and toyle, to sleep on the ground, to drinke water, and to eat what comes next. If you have any wealth, by my directions you shall cast it into the sea. You shall take no thought for Wife, Children, or Country, but esteem them Toyes. Leaving the house you were born to, you shall inhabit either some Cave, forsaken turret, or Tub. A Scrip you shall have fill'd with Lupines, and endorsed bookes. Thus furnisht, you shall call your self much happier then the greatest King. If you be beaten, or rackt, you shall pretend no torment.

Merchant. Shall I not, say you, when I am whipt feel pain? I wear no Tortoyse, or Lobster shell.

Diogenes. You shall imitate that saying of *Euripides* a little altered.

Merchant. What is't?

Diogenes. *Although thou feele the payn,
Thy tongue shall not complayn*

But the things which you are chiefly to learn, are to be impudent, bold, to barke without distinction at all, both Kinges, and private men. A way to make them regard and admire you, for a valiant man. Let your speech be Barbarous, and your Elocution rude, and Artlesse, like a dogge. Let your look be forced and your Gate be agreeable to your look. In a word, let your whole behaviour be beastly and savage. Be Modesty, Gentlenesse, and moderation

moderation far from you, and all blushing quite blotted out of your face. You are to frequent, also, populous places, and there to walk alone, and unaccompanied, and neither to salute acquaintance, or stranger; for that were to destroy your Empire. Then, you are undauntedly to do that in publick, which no man else would do in private, and to performe the Acts of *Venus* after the most ridiculous manner. In a word, out of resolution you are to eat a raw Pourcontrell, or Cuttle-fish, and so to dye.

Merchant. These are most beastly, and unmanly Instructions.

Diogenes. But easie, Sir, and obvious to be attain'd to. For hereby you will neither need Education, or Studies, or such like trifles, but will arrive at Glory a more compendious way. Though you be an Idiot, or Tanner, or Salter, or Mason, or Banker, yet these are no hindrances, why you should not be admired, if you have impudence, and boldnesse, and can artificially rayle.

Merchant. Ineed you not for such imployments. You may, perhaps, in time, make a Sayler, or Gardiner, if the Seller here will part with you for at most two pence.

Mercury. Take him, for we would fain be rid of him, he keeps such a noise, and clamour, snarles at us all, and talkes so scurvily.

Jupiter. Call for the next; that *Cyrenian*, in purple, with a Chaplet on his head.

Mercury. O yes, draw you all neer. Here I present you with a costly purchase, and fit for the rich; a delightfull, thrice-happy mortall. Who loves pleasure? come and buy a most luxurious Philosopher.

Merchant. Stand out, you, and tell what you can do: for I will buy you, if you be good for any thing.

Mercury. Pray, Sir, trouble him not with questions; he is drunk you see, and cannot answer you, his tongue trips.

Merchant. What man in his right wits would buy such a debauched, intemperate fellow? how he smells of perfumes?

fumes? and how reelingly, and unballast he moves? do you therefore, *Mercury*, report his qualities, and what he can do sober.

Mercury. Briefly then, he is a Joviall companion at meales, a good Reveller, and fit for an amorous, prodigall Master. He is well studied in Banquets, and a very skilful Purveyor; In a word, he is a very Sophist of Luxury. He was bred at *Athens*, served certain Tyrants of *Sicily*, by whom he was much favour'd; his chief end and choice is to despise all things, to enjoy all things, and to seek pleasures wheresoever they may be found.

Merch. Pray look about for some rich, and wealthy Chapman, I am not fit to buy such a Joviall Attendant.

Mercury. 'Tis to be feared, *Jupiter*, this fellow will not be bought.

Jupiter. Remove him, then, and produce others: the two yonder, the *Abderite*, who laughs, and the *Ephesian* who weeps; for they will sell together.

Mercury. Stand forth in the midst. O yes, I sell a most rare pair of mortals, and cry a couple of the wisest of all Philosophers.

Merchant. O *Jupiter*, how unlike they are! One alwaies laughs, the other seems to lament some body, and incessantly weeps. Why do you laugh so, my Friend?

Democritus. Because all your businesse, and selves seem to me things to be laugh't at.

Merchant. How? do you laugh at us, and slight our affaires, as things of nought?

Democritus. Even so. They have nothing considerable in them, but all things are vanity, an endlessse heap of Atomes.

Merchant. 'Tis not so; you are rather a vain man, and unexperienced. O Contumely! wilt thou not cease to flee? And why weep you, good Friend? For I hold it much better to talk with you.

Heracitus. I, stranger, hold all humane affaires wretched, and deplorable; wholly lyable to Fate, which makes mee thus pittie, and bewayle them. The things present do not much touch mee; but the calamities which are to happen hereafter, I mean the conflagration and ruine of the universe, are things I thus lament; As also, to consider that nothing is certaine, or fixt, but all things are wrapt up in a confusion; the same thing pleaseth and offends, knowledge and ignorance, great and small, high and low, wheele in a circle, and shift order in the May-games of time.

Merch. What is time?

Heracl. A Boy playing at dice, throwing severall chances.

Merch. What are Men?

Heracl. Mortall Gods.

Merch. What are Gods?

Heracl. Immortall men.

Merchant. You speake riddles, my friend, and build Labyrinths; and, like *Apollo*, speake nothing clearly.

Heracl. I am not to humour you.

Merchant. Nor will any man in his wits buy such a fellow.

Heracl. My custome is to bid all men from their infancie to weep, as well those that buy mee, as those that buy me not.

Merchant. This is an humour next to madnesse; Ile buy neither of these.

Mercury. These will lye upon our hands too.

Jupiter. Crye another, then.

Mercury. The smooth-tongu'd Athenian yonder?

Jupiter. Yes.

Mercury. Come hither, you. I crye a vertuous and discreet Mortall; A most sacred Philosopher; who buyes him?

Merchant.

Merchant. Say, where most lies your Learning, Friend?

Socrates. I teach young Boyes, and am a Philosopher of Love.

Merchant. What shall I give for thee? for I want a Schoolmaster to a handsome Son I have.

Socrates. Who is fitter then I to converse with a fair Boy? who am not a lover of their bodies, but hold their souls only beautifull. And though they lye with me under the same Rugge, yet you shall not hear them complain of my misusage.

Merchant. 'Tis incredible, being a Buggerer, as you are, you should only affect their soul; especially having them in your power, under the same Coverler.

Socrates. I swear by a Dog, and Plane-tree, 'tis so as I tell you.

Merchant. O *Hercules!* what a disparagement is this to the Gods?

Socrates. Why, is not a Dog, think you, a God? what think you of *Anubis* in *Egypt*, and of the Dog-star in Heaven, and *Cerberus* in Hell?

Merchant. You say true, I mistook indeed. Pray what is your profession?

Socrates. I build to my selfe a City, observe a strange Policy, and prescribe my own Laws.

Merchant. I would fain hear one of your Institutions.

Socrates. Hear, then, one of the greatest concerning Wedlock. I would have no man have his Wife to himself, but in common with any that should desire her.

Merchant. Would you have the Lawes concerning Adultery repealed, then?

Socrates. Yes, and all such petty Statutes.

Merchant. How would you dispose of amiable boyes?

Socrates. They should be for rewards to the vertuous, who had atchieved any famous, and youthfull Exploit.

Merchant. How bountifull you are! And pray what is the summe of your wisdom?

Socrates. Idea's, and patterns of things. For of all these things which you see, as the Earth, things in the Earth, heaven, and Sea, there are certain invisible Images, and Idea's out of the world.

Merchant. Where do they reside?

Socrates. No where. For if they were any where, they were not.

Merchant. I see no such Idea's as you speak of.

Socrates. No marvell; the eye of your mind is blind. I plainly see the Images of all things, you unappearing; my self elsewhere, and, in a word, all things double.

Merchant. Well, Sir, since you are so wise, and quick-sighted, I'll buy you. What will you take for him, Cryer?

Mercury. Two Talents.

Merchant. I'll give what ere you ask. To morrow the money shall be paid in.

Mercury. What may I call your name?

Merchant. *Dion of Syracuse.*

Mercury. Send you a good penny-worth. *Epicurus*, I call you next: Who will buy this Philosopher? He was Schollar to that Laugher, and Drunkard whom I cryed before; only he excells them in one thing, that is, he is much more an Atheist. In all things else he is a pleasant, Joviall companion.

Merchant. What's his price?

Mercury. Two Drachmes.

Merchant. There they are; but pray tell me first what Diet he is of?

Mercury. He loves Sweet-meats, and Preserves, especially dried Figs.

Merchant. These are of easy provision. I will buy him Figs by the Freyle.

Jupiter. Call forth another; that rough skinn'd, sower lookt Stoick.

Mercury. You say well: The whole multitude expect him. O yes, I sell Vertue it selfe; a most accom-
plish r

plisht mortall. Who desires to know all things alone?

Merchant. How say you?

Mercury. Marry that this Philosopher is only wise, only beautifull, only just, valiant, a King, *Rhetorician*, rich, a Law-giver, and all things alse.

Merchant. Pray Sir, is he a Cook too?

Mercury. And a Tanner, and Mason, and what you will.

Merchant. 'Tis very likely. Come hither, friend, and tell me your Buyer who you are. But first, whither it grieve you not to be sold, and made a servant.

Chrysippus. Not at all; for these are things not in our power; And whatsoever is not in our power, is to be held indifferent.

Merchant. I understand you not.

Chrysippus. How? Do you not understand that some of these things are proegmenicall, others not proegmenicall?

Merchant. Nor yet do I conceive you.

Chrysippus. No marvell; you are not accustomed to our *Termes*. Nor have you a capable fancy. But a student, who hath learned the Theory of Logick, knowes not only such words, but what accidents are, and præter accidents, and how they differ.

Merchant. For Philosophy sake without envy, tell me what is accident, and præter-accident. For I am confounded with your quaint *Termes*.

Chrysippus. Without relervation, then, if one be lame, and through lamenessle stumble against a stone, and unexpectedly receive a hurt, his lamenessle was accidentall to him, his hurt præter-accidentall.

Merchant. Miraculously acute! What else do you chiefly professe to know?

Chrysippus. Nets of speech, by which I entangle, and ensnare those I talke with; make them hold their peace, by putting a bridle to their mouth. The name of the power by which I do this, is celebrated Syllogisme.

Merchant. By *Hercules*, It must be of a strong and resistlesse vertue.

Chrysippus. Pray marke. Have you a good childe?

Merchant. Why aske you?

Chrysippus. Suppose a Crocodile should catch this childe, finding him walking neer the river, and should afterwards promise to restore him, upon condition you tell him true what he hath resolved with himself concerning his restitution, what would you say he had resolved upon?

Merchant. You propose a question hard to be answer'd. For I doubt whether I should say, that I should receive him againe. But for *Joves* sake answer you, and save the child before he be devour'd.

Chrysippus. Fear not. I'll teach you things yet more wonderfull.

Merchant. What are they?

Chrysippus. The Concluder, the Commander, but above all the *Electra*, and *Cryptick* question, or concealment.

Merch. What is the *Cryptick* or *Electra*, you speake of?

Chrysippus. *Electra* was *Agamemnons* Daughter; who at the same time knew a thing, and knew it not. For *Orestes* standing by her unknown, she knew *Orestes* to be her Brother, but knew not him to be *Orestes*. Next hear what the admired *Cryptick* question is. For let me aske you; do you know your own father?

Merchant. Yes.

Chrysippus. Suppose, then, I should bring one veyld into your company, and should aske whether you knew him, what would you say?

Merchant. That I knew him not.

Crysippus. But 'tis your father. If, therefore, you know not who 'tis, you know not your father

Merchant. I, but, Sir, as soon as I undisguise him, I shall know the truth. But what end propose you to your

your wisdom? And by what means will you arrive to the height of virtue?

Chrysippus. First I busie my self about the chiefeſt things in nature. As riches, health, and the like; but first much labour is necessarily to be undergone. The sight to be accustomed to small prints, comments to be compiled, Solœcismes, and absurd speeches to be noted. In a word, no man can be wise till he have drunke Hellebore thrice.

Merchant. Your studies are very generous, and manly. But to be a Banker, or Usurer (for such a one you are) must a man drinke Hellebore, and be perfectly vertuous?

Chrysip. He must. For 'tis fit only for a wise man to let out money, whose propertie only is to make Syllogismes. For to let out mony, and to compute the usury, have neer affinity with making of Syllogismes. So that as the one agrees only to a vertuous man, so doth the other, who is not to take single increase like other men, but use upon use. For do you not know that there is a first, and second use, and one the off-spring of the other? You may perceive it in this Syllogisme;

He that receives the first use is to
receive the second,

But he hath received the first use, *ergo*
He is to receive the second.

Merchant. Holds this, I pray, for the rewards too, which you take for reading wisdom to your Schollers? Methinkes vertuous men should ayme at no reward but vertue.

Chrysippus. You are my Scholler. I receive pay not for my own, but the givers sake. For if he be liberall and I frugall, I by exercising my frugality exercise his liberality.

Merchant. On the contrary, suppose the Scholler thrifty, and your selfe a prodigall.

Chrysip. You flout me, Sir; but take heed lest I retort an invincible Syllogisme.

Merch.

Merchant. What perill accompanies your dart?

Chrysippus. Doubt, and silence, and overthrow of your understanding; and, what is yet more, if I please, I will presently demonstrate you to be a stone.

Merchant. How! A Stone. You seem not, Sir, to be a *Perseus*.

Chrysippus. Thus. Is a stone a body?

Merchant. Yes.

Chrysippus. And is an animal a body?

Merchant. Yes.

Chrysippus. And are you an animal?

Merchant. I think I am.

Chrysippus. Why, then, being a body, you are a stone?

Merch. Not so, Sir. But for *Joves* sake restore me, and make me a man again.

Chrysippus. 'Tis not difficult. Be, therefore, a man again. For tell me, is every body an animal?

Merchant. No.

Chrysippus. Is a stone an animal?

Merchant. No.

Chrysippus. But you are a body.

Merchant. 'Tis true.

Chrysippus. And as you are a body, so you are an animal too.

Merchant. I grant it.

Chrysippus. Therefore being an animal you are no stone.

Merch. Trust me, Sir, you did almost benumme me like *Niobe*; and I felt my limbes growing stiffe. I'll buy you. What shall I pay for him?

Mercury. Ten pound.

Merchant. There 'tis.

Mercury. Do you alone buy him?

Merchant. No; but all these you see.

Mercury. They are a strong shouldred number, and fit for the concluding Science.

Jupiter

Jupiter. Waste not Time, but call another.

Mercury. You famous, rich Peripatetick, I summon you; stand forth, most worthy to be sold; who alone knowest all things.

Merchant. Whose this

Mercury. A temperate, modest, orderly carriaged, and what is yet more, a double Philosopher.

Merch. How double?

Mercury. He seemes one thing without, and is another within. If therefore, you buy him, remember you call him Inside, and Outside.

Merch. Which way lyes his knowledge most?

Mercury. He holds there are three sorts of good, one of the soule, another of the body, a third extrinsecall to both.

Merch. He hath the learning of a man. How do you value him?

Mercury. At twenty pounds.

Merch. 'Tis too dear.

Mercury. Not so, Sir; he seems to have money of his owne, so that you will not repent your bargain. Besides, you will ere long learn of him how long a gnat lives; at what depth the Sunne shines into the sea; and what soul Oysters have.

Merchant. By *Hercules*, most exquisite knowledge.

Mercury. you shall hear farre greater subtilities then these, concerning nativities, and generations, and the forming of *Embryo's* in the wombe. how a man is visible, and an asse not, nor able to build, or sayle.

Merch. You report most venerable, and usefull Sciences. There's twenty pound for him.

Mercury. Take him. Is there any yet left? O, you Sceptick, *Pyrronick*, stand forth, you are next to be cryed. The multitude departs apace, and the market is reduced to a few; who'l buy this Philosopher?

Merch. I will. But first tell me, what thou knowest?

E c c

Philosoph.

Philosopher. Nothing.

Merchant. How so?

Philosoph. Because nothing seemes to me to have a being.

Merch. Have you no being then?

Philosoph. 'Tis more then I know.

Merchant. And hast thou no being?

Philosopher. I know this much lesse.

Merch. O ignorant! But what meanest thou by these scales?

Philosoph. I weigh Arguments in them, and reduce them to an equality; and when I see them exactly equall and of like weight, I know not which is the truer.

Merch. What canst thou do else?

Philosoph. All things but pursue a fugitive servant.

Merch. Why is this impossible?

Philosoph. Because I cannot apprehend him.

Merchant. Likely enough. Being so lazy, and slow-paced as thou seemest to be. But what is the end of thy knowledge?

Philosoph. Ignorance; and neither to hear nor see.

Merch. Art thou then deafe, and blinde?

Philosoph. More, I want both reason, and sense, and differ not at all from a worme.

Merch. Well, I'll buy thee. How doe you sell him?

Mercury. For an Attick pound.

Merch. There 'tis. What say you, friend, have I bought you?

Philosoph. 'Tis uncertain.

Merch. I have bought thee, and payd the money.

Philosoph. I do thinke; and consider of it.

Merch. Follow me, therefore, as a servant.

Philosoph. Who knowes whether you say true?

Merch. The Cryer here, and my money, and the standers by.

Philosoph. Are there any standers by.

Merch.

Merchant. I your master putting you into bridewell, will perswade you by a worse argument that there are.

Philosoph: I doubt that.

Merch: By *Jove* Ile make it appeare.

Mercury. Cease your contradictions, and follow him that hath bought you. To morrow good people, if you come, I vwill cry Ideot, Mechanick, and vulgar Mortalls.



The Fishermen , or Philosophers revived.

Socrates. **T**HROVV, throvv shovvres of stones at this mischievous fellowv, pelt him vvith Clods, and Brick-bars, knock the detractour dovv vvith Clubs, see hee scape not. Throvv, *Plato*, and you, *Ehrysippus*, and you. Let's all take Armes against him.

Let *Scrip* aid *Scrip*, and *Staffe* lend help to *Staffe*, For he is a common enemy, and there is not one of us which he hath not injured. Now, if ever, *Diogenes*, use thy Cudgell, and cease not. Let the rayler feele his reward. How now? What weary, *Aristippus*? It ought not to be;

Be wise, and call your sharpest fury up.

Aristotle, quickly come hither; so, so the wild beast is taken. Have we caught you, Mischiefe? We'l make you presently know, what kind of men you have abused. How shall wee deal with him? Lets contrive various death for him able to satisfye us all, for he hath deserved to be slayn of us seven times a peece.

Plato. My doom is that we crucify him, but whippe him first, then plucke out his eyes, and cut out his tongue. What's yours, *Empedocles*?

Empedocles. That we cast him into the Cavernes of *Aetna*, there to learn that his betters are not to be jeered.

Plato. 'Twere better wee dismembred him like a *Pentheus*, or *Orpheus*, found piece-meale in some rocky place, that every passenger may carry away a limbe.

Lucian. Hold, and spare me, I beseech you.

Socrates. You must not scape so. You know what *Homer* sayes:

'T'wixt Men and Lyons no sure league can be.

Lucian. I also can beseech you out of *Homer*, since 'tis likely you reverence his verses, and will not scorn my collections:

*Save mee I'me innocent, and for your hire
Take Gold, and Silver, which you wise desire.*

Plato. We want not a reply for you out of *Homer*, hearken, therefore.

*No offer shall thus liberty perswade
Though cloth'd in Gold, since thou art Captive made:*

Lucian. O Calamity! *Homer* my greatest hope sayles me. *Euripides* then must be my refuge; and may perhaps preserve me.

*A Suppliant to kill,
Hath been unlawfull still.*

Plato. But doth not *Euripides* say too,

*No punishment's unfit
For them who Crimes commit.*

Lucian

Lucian. So, then, with this sentence you meane to slay mee.

Plato. By *Jupiter* yes, for he sayes in another place,

*He his owne fate doth draw
Whose free tongue keeps no law.*

Lucian. Well, since you are resolved to kill mee, and since there is no way to escape you, pray tell mee who you are, and what haynous injury you have suffer'd from mee, so intollerably to provoke you, and thus to apprehend mee for my death?

Plato. Aske thy selfe, mischief, what harme thou hast done us, and thy trimme workes, in which thou hast injuriously defamed Philosophy her selfe, and heapt disgraces on us, by offering wise men, nay, which is yet more, men free borne, as it were in publique market to sale. Moved therefore with indignation, wee have risen from the dead against thee, and as many as thou seest here, *Chrysippus*, *Epicurus*, *Plato* My selfe, *Aristotle* there, and silent *Pythagoras*, *Diogenes* also, and as many of us as thou hast libell'd, have for a while left the inferiour world.

Lucianus. I am relieved. Nor will you slay mee, when you know what my conversation among you hath been. Cast away your stones, therefore, or rather keep them for deservers.

Plato. Trifler, to day thou perishest; 'tis decreed, thou shalt expiate thy offences with a stone garment.

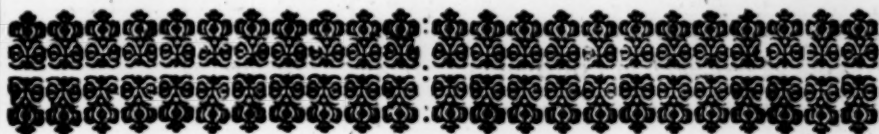
Lucian. But I am one, wise Sirs, whom of all men you ought to praise, bred among you, well instructed, of your opinion. And (if I may speake without being burdensome) an advancer of your studies. Consider well therefore, whom you slay, if you slay mee, who have undergone so many toyles in your behalfe. Consider also whether by this course you shall not show your selves

elves like the Philosophers of these times, ungratefull, Cholerick, and senselesse towards your benefactour.

Plato. O Impudence! are we to repay your detractions with gratitude? Do you think you talke with bondmen indeed? or that we are to requite raylings and intemperance of speech with favours?

Lucian. Where or when have I injured you? who have constantly admired Philosophy, and alwayes extoll'd your selves, and convert with the workes you left behind you. From whence have I taken all my discourses but from you, which like a bee having gather'd from your flowers, I have made publique to men? Who both praise, and acknowledg every mans flower, and perceive whence, and from whom, and how I gather'd it, and speake with emulation of my Collections; but more truly through them admire you, and your gardens, which have brought forth such various, and many shapt productions. Which if one know how to mingle, and interweave, and proportion, so as one shall not disagree from another, can it be possible thus taught he should detract from you? Or disparage those good men of which he strives to be thought one? Unlesse like *Thamys*, or *Eurytus*, he be of such an ill nature, that he dare challenge the Muses, of whom he learnt to sing, or *Apollo*, who taught him to shoot?

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